

MEMORIES OF HIM & ME

VOLUME 1



MIGUEL SERRANO

BERSERKER

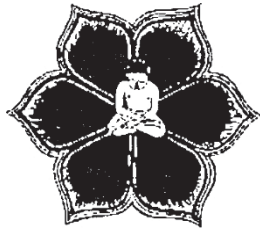
BOOKS



Miguel Serrano

MEMORIES OF HE and YO

Appearance of the "I" - Away from "He".



YEAR I II7

Edicione.s The New Age

I thank my nephew Alvar o Castellón Covarrubias for his valuable research on the Fernán dez Concha y Fern ández de Muras family. And I thank, above all, Sabela, granddaughter of Galicia, druidesa of the Celtic lands, who helped me to write these "Memoirs" and, with her White Mo í a , neutralizes and defeats the Black Magic of the cornĩruta dor.

'O

*Paradise has existed since it was lost.
Air.te s, iio existed....*

cl guc lo lla perdido".

P. M'uruel Lacunza

INTRODUCTION

Today, June 25, in the year 105 of the Hitler Era, year 1994 of the Judeo-Christian era, on the Winter Solstice, in the old city of Valparaiso, in the country called Chile, I begin these Memoirs.

The father of the "Memoirs" was not Pitias, from Marsell a (M assili a), who sailed in search of the remains of Hyperborea, nor Julius Cosar, warrior in Gaul, nor Ba bar, Conqueror of India, nor Marco Polo; it was Benvenuto Ce llini, who recommended writing them no later than forty years of age, before his memory was lost.

But it turns out that, with the curious acceleration of time -The life of man is also lengthened, as a necessary compensation, it seems, as an inexplicable phenomenon such as the disappearance of the sun, which leads one to suspect the existence of an "external, extra-stellar agent". Today, men can preserve their memory and publish their biographies in their eighties. As the only rule I would say that man -not all men, of course- should write his memoirs when he begins to be overcome by nostalgia for the past and to remember what he has lived as very distant events, and that, at the end of his life, he should write his memoirs as soon as the nostalgia for the past begins to invade him and he remembers what he has

lived as very distant events.

Sometimes, it hurts your eyes to think that it was once, just once, and that - who knows - it will never be again.

I've come to my room, next to my tales and memories and next to the head of Si va's piř-'lra, to my German shepherd dogs, Thor and Freija, loyal companions of so many years and comrades, to help me evoke and miss those who have gone, because they see the ghosts even better than I do.

There, beyond the m- , ' r on the summit tte "La Cam pana", rises the immense snowy peak of "Aconcagua", the highest of the Anrles. Today has been a clear smell of winter, and I also met my eldest son, who has just returned home after years of absence. We have had a very important generational variation. This time, in ól ha lia blahlo *Pól iix*. He has told me about the tremendous thing that is coming upon us, lacking no longer a n y means: the "virtual reality"; that is to say, the reality of an alien, artificial imagination.

I am not going to use buoyant terms, either crested or taken from the "new science" techno-tonic, psychotronic, cybernetic, or even quantum, or even "quasi-aric". I will not leave my ancient, ancient, simple and human language, in order to mark in this way the most reliable difference between my own and that of the other that will plunge us, flooding us like the wave that submerged Atlantis. I am going to mark the last limits, we will wage the final combat in this war, which is more than rational penis, because it is cosmic and even proto-cosmic; against the Dem onium of technology and the machine, against iron and against plas tic, against the visual im age n, Prod ucto ry la m aqui na and ry an Ontolopic Evil, prior to the earth. War that only in a secondary aspect today was to be ex pressed in the generations.

Oscar Wille rle rt ec t: "Nature imitates n a t u r e ". Today nature imitates the machine; that is to say, the furnace imitates it, it puts it in the position that the furnace is also the art of nature. And this, by making the machine a jmorí ucto 'le lliom bre, which was born imi tan river to the na tu ra ra le za -the flight of birds, for example- or to the brain of the horn bre -the comjiutarlor-. Thus, children today are born "computerized" and fully capable of handling the most complex devices. They are born with computers when my grandparents were not born with cell phones, telephones or airplanes. My grandmother used to gi- liabl ar Jior tele fOI2O, I've didn't understand that

their voice could be heard at that distance. Today, moreover, children are born with their eyes open. Hesiod, more than a thousand years ago, said: "When children are born with their eyes open, we will be in the terrible Iron Age. The last, that of the end of this cycle, of this *Rnfla* of the Eternal Return, the same that the "E'lt a" called *Rnp-itorál*, ' "Twilight of the Gods", and the *liind úes*, *Kcili yii a*, of the Goddess Ko /i, 'le the Des truction, when everything, even the Gods die.

Hesiod never dreamed, for sure, of telephones, let alone computers; but he was able to believe that in the next thousand years children would be born with their eyes open and that this would mean the end of this world, in the constant path of entropy, of inuo/ration. Not the mechanistic myth of evolution.

This is the essential difference between those who were born with their *physical eyes* closed and those who are born today with their eyes open. In the past, the Spiritual Eye was open, even if it was only for meals, to call it the "Third Eye". Today it is no more, and no longer. The *liombi'e* is becoming a machine product, a purely reserve station, a reserve station, a "virtual programming" that, without the power to the public, will live in many simultaneous realities, at the touch of a button, without being in any of them, without being in any of them, without being anything or anyone. He will not even be a schizophrenic, for his *esq ui zofre nia* will also have been programmed, synthetic, virtual.

The path of the fall, the descent into involution, has been enormous, far and dark. Already in the time of Hesiod himself, even if it *had been so* long ago, the potler and the key had been found. And the most wonderful *com pu pu tarlor*, the human brain, created to express here, in the plane of earthly energy, the power and *occ/órt* of the mind, as its "re pi'esentation", and to act upon the outer and inner matter, began to atrophy by such a supreme use, in its two al ternate limi spheres. The Aryans of India tried, with varying success, to recover the ancient technique, the lost science, which would permit the activation of the marvelous treasure of the human brain, that perfect machine, biology and blood, of insurmountable power and logic, and which only from the inside out, from the Invisible Mind, could be used and reused. These were the technique and the science of the leaf, which could "renew", "put together" again the 'liemispheres of the brain at will; the only one, the *ini gu ala ble* "Com jítarlor H uma no". In truth, only some do

They succeeded, and that was enough in the great sowing of the cycles, for this is not a matter of the masses. Less so today than yesterday.

But it was difficult, very *difficult*. Even my generation tried. When we pretended to be Gods, those of us who were born with both eyes closed. And because of this, and rarely ever, we will make the difference with those of today. A great war was fought in the world, between those two sides, and I was with the losers, with those who heroically tried to resurrect the Gods, the God-Man, by putting the machine at his service, which would only have been possible by using the human brain in a way superior to the maximum and seemingly infinite capacity of the machine, so that the machine itself would no longer be necessary. All the powers of the Divine Mind in expression, through the totalized brain. The brain, as a functional part of the nervous system and of the .s/io/im.s, vortexes and centers of experiential consciousness, "voluntaty and representation", is the human Mind, but also our own. *iPorq ne 'lo and ef Pal re soino.s one mi.sino*").

We have always believed with Hesiod's *sciber* that what was at stake in that war was the destiny of man. Today we were not on the side of Hitler and Hitlerism for political, socio-economic or even racist reasons. We were on the side of the war because it would have made possible the mutation of man, the recovery of his divinity and his immortality, with the recreation of the Super-man, of the Man-Absolute, of the Man-Total Man, of the Man-God. It was this that was intended in the tantric- alchemical laboratories of Weizsacker, of the SS, in the *Altiteilerbe* and in other centers of initiation. Social and economic justice *inter-pores* and racial cleansing would come about by themselves, as a magical consequence. It was not necessary to seek them, nor to declare them. Technology, science, starting from the "Spiritual-Body", were reduced to an instantaneous situation, like the "Essences", which the angels are said to have. And, with even more reason, the Gods.

At the most unstable crossroads in the History of life on the planet Earth, as this "co.en" on which man has existed is called, the Gue mea -because it could never be materially won- was lost. The triumphalists found themselves in a position to give new impetus to the conspiracy-involvement, planned from the "message of angels with the leashes of men".... And today the children are born with their eyes open and fixed on the screens of the "virtual images", of the

video-games, and their little fingers are fixed on the screens of the "virtual images", of the video-games, and their little fingers are fixed on the screens of the "virtual images"

pressing the keys of the computers, with their little heads ready to be blinded by the "chiji" that will connect them directly to those robots, which will eventually make of them another mechanical robot, ~~isolated~~ in total solitude and without any possible communication with another in ilivi d not of their species. All this is an "Ersatz", a diabolical substitute, an imaginary reactive, like the mli-ogas, which were the immediately preceding attempt to replace the effort of Yoga and the ecstasies of anthesis and mysticism, as Aldou s Huxley explained to me in a verbal introrl ucation that hemade to me in Incl ia to his book "*The Door of Pe-rccptioii* ", with its e-l'eriencies of the m ezca lina. There are no tiesi jio," he told me, "for these long asceticism and tortures; today a tablet of LSD is enough".

And so it is that the "v encedors" have already destroyed up to three generations, before they were able to fill man with the machine, with technotronics, with ~~cybernetics~~ psychotronics and the sinister manipulation of the human brain. That this has been a centuries-long conspiracy, with an extraterrestrial -The extraterrestrial *ologist* to the life rlel from ire on this Earth-Thing, which at the present time, reaching its limit, is ~~evident~~ to me. It maintains the same legendary im pronta. The ac tu als consi'iraul ers are called "futurists" and, like the "c r is ti a ns" a nt es , "mai-x ista s", los "fre u d i a ns", los "Einsteinians", fanatically announce that the past disappears, because it was in the error o f "sinning"); poetry, music, *philosophy* are over, like paganism anti quo, and a completely new era is now imposed, that of the computer, of the robot, of "chlorine", of "realism", of the Internet, of "telepresence". The rest is no th i n g, it was nothing.

What we are experiencing today is so serious for the efforts of man's transmutation into the divine, into God-Hombi'e, into Superman, into N/dd/mi, that it shocks th o s e of us who are able to grasp it. The facts of life can always make that possibility impossible. Without However, it is not at all unsuspected for those who have tried to glimpse the process from the first manifestation of Being. It was foreseeable. Deriti'o riel non-time, it was already prefixed by the presence of an exti'aiio factor. What we see above us, what is already here, is the "lun th cion of the 0c-rclacl", the "i rriit ion of the Sa yerli.oiiibre", the "t /ri ita tion/i ble/ li out bre -D ias", of the *Sid dlta*. It is called "re a li hail vii tu al" and rel'resenta the an ul ation of a

possible transmutation of man. Technotronics, cybertronics, psychotronics, etc., are not only already "natural" in an increasingly "natural" way the possible work of the two hemispheres of the brain, the human brain, but they are also destroying the virtual reality of the .eli. The "astral body", as products of a discipline, by replacing them by the "cybernetic suit", the "cybernetic body", which will become the "astral body" in the future, a false *"Horiib re H/jo of the Horiib re"*.

1. Thus, according to Aldous Huxley a further nihilism, the drug, cocaine, LSD, would reenliven the visions and experiences of the nihilists and the saints, the "cybertronic", the "cyberbody" will also be able to effortlessly and automatically disengage from the "astral body" in an effortless way. We are at the beginnings of an even more subtle and extremely sophisticated cyber-electronics that will lead us to become able to move our feet through a "skin-tight skin", in *such* a way that everything becomes automatic and even permanent. But, the bio nic man, the cybernetic man, will always be a caricature of the Superhoniore and of the God-man, a *"Byl cia it"*, a caricature of the De ruoio, of the Deniuro. For the question to be asked is: Who governs all this, who guides it, what group of deities here on earth, or outside of it? In the Aeneid language there is a term: *Ersy lz, si gn ifi cando* "reenijila zo". That is, *"iniif oc'riri de lvi ue rcly cl"*.

The "virtual reality" 1.1 will become more real than reality, as our biological-optical computer will be replaced by the Saturnian traps of Jahave (Jehovah Jehovah), the Priest God of Deniuro. And none of it will belong to us anymore, it has been imposed on us from outside. The recovery of the God-Man, of the Hyperborean, of the *Divine*, of the *Divine*, will be forever lost.

The "virtual reality", in a next stage, even more sophisticated, can be no more real than this reality, transported to very distant time-spaces, to live cosmic or planetary events of the past and of the future. It has become customary, but never given by us, or even by our children, even if they are already grandchildren or plastic, but biological, cellular, genetic, products of an "artificial," non-technical "intelligence" in which today even the Churches are involved. However, even if the man is acting as a God, he will not be one. A technocrat, a "scientist", a "taxonomist", as someone defined the astrologues, is only a creature; so too are the

In order to save the lepid treasure, all that remains for us "*Prozac - iti/ores*" is to re fu gure ourselves in a bubble of unrestructible time, in a ru erli o riel tlesasti-e that is already returning to the €ier' - pl anet. I' = - I' 'ler with ti nu ar in the alq uimic work of rejection riel *Si€lrli'i n rt ivino*, which before 'le la *Plcis noc ióit* we were, ríe mode rte reileseu brir the p' rler of *Ariel, Odol, Odil, del Vril*, of *MoRo* , that allows us, with the single ray of the Third Eye, of the N/tolera *AJita*, to erl ucir to the n arda and the chaos, of don rte procerle, the Demon Sincro, exj)u ls En rlolo of the "Great Liagri ma of the Cosmos", in which today it is con ríe."

There was only one attempt in our world to change the course of Destiny. The Catholic Church participates in its origins in the conspiracy. Today it is associated with the Jews, installing in a point of the Middle East a joint laboratory for brain manipulations. The Dalai Lama, too, has become a tra- gical personage by receiving the "Nobel Prize for Reason" and traveling to the Middle East.

The troMoms, the technicians, the cihərMutical iM eMieros, the dJ rectors of the *Noso*. Si M u no of those who a ctuári as Gods are in ver da d uM Di os-ltesucit: do. ÚM ca*'ibi o, the powers d i vi n os that the *Hi'T'lli a* recul'era, were a ristocratic and selective, hara uua elite. The new "vi r tu a le s" powers, in canihi o, are at a high level of all, from uT\<J m-rai'zías to "de 4+ocr ética" of re tras two n+e'ztales, di ri idos and controlled s ;'or uri small group of cri mi za ls and subhonibres, both ei lo nora l and eu lo esl'i ritu:z l, at the service of la lo tel i ence of an extraterrestrial De mon io, of a Dark E xter4er i a , which acts from the outside if the Mti szz ians do not know it. II muM do is h i jHzoti zed, couio the ;'risiorieros of El i n sor, in C/in.Kier *Ma ruci lla*. This event was already ex pues to to and a n a li za d in schema s and in q-ráifi cos, in the O rphic Cosrn ogon ia of "Anti.yes. *By the Howii lire qne Veii'lró*". But this *Horn li re...* see d ná already?

I'm writing these notes in the year in which the supli cio -vol un ta rt a ndly jirojiicized-d e Jú jii ter in the Un iver so. Of this God tanibi éii j i rt si oii ero del Deniiu r, o.

2. It is not only coi uci den ci ii that the name of *!AIDS* has been given, to the "synthetic evil" which is projiated at the great speed of the plan and which has so much to do with the term s'i n scri to-h i pertó reo, *SIDDHA*, the name of the s'i di di vi n os a n tep asados de alt u os hornbres. Soii the cl aves that the De iii onio eii treq-a a s í iii isi o, jtor va ni d ad and orq-ull o, and that tarnlai én nos il un ii nan o los que rreros.

by the world being to use it. It has thus dealt a death blow to Mahayanic Tantric Buddhism. If Aldous Huxley, Alan Watts, or Arthur Koestler, were aware of what they were doing, as an important part of the postwar Conspiracy, with Toynbee, John Lilly, Timothy Leary and more agents of the *littelligenceservice* -or of other "intelligences"-, they were not. In any case, they have been very useful servants for the realization of the plans of the non-Aryan and anti-Aryan "futurologists", who have led to the destruction of the white race. But the gv-an wave that submerged Atlantis will also do away with the Rabbis, for their archetype foreshadows it. the *islem* desoporece with set *crea Jor*. A C re púsculo ike the Gods upside down, no-a rio.

Savitri Devi, and some others, have dreamed that it is Nature that will bring a solution to this problem, putting an end to the evils of man, who contravenes its laws and pollutes it, by means of a planetary catastrophe. But it seems to me that illusions are being made, because *they are* only "customs", "bad habits". What does exist is a "synchronism" between man and the earth, so that the collapse of Atlantis was also caused by man ; because the earth is a thought, a projected embodiment, which has been fixed and corrupted -by Demiurgic action-, when the Divine-Magician fell, by "mixing with the daughters of the earth" (with those genetic robots projected by the Shadow), and ceased to be a Magician-Creator, no longer imm united to the influences of the *Eiieiii iz-o*.

The *Kaliyuga* is not a natural event, it is not outside but inside. And the flogiioro/" will destroy outside and inside, even the Enemy Shadow itself, which now also mixes with its invention, the computer, entering to cohabit with the plastic robot.

And at this juncture, we, the survivors of the Cosmic War and of the last attempt to change the course of Fatality, entrench ourselves in the last positions, in the confines, defending that which should never die: the Poetry of Pindar and Holderlin, the Music of Wagner and Bach, the Philosophy of Plato and Heidegger, wrapping us in their mantle, remembering the Heroes and the Dead Beloved, so as to reach with them the New Day of Resurrection.

For this reason, here, next to the highest window of this Castle, contemplating the Ocoano and the Valley of Paradise, I begin now to

write "The Memoirs of Him and Me", with an ink pen, the same one I used in my old writings, and that I already used in Inilia.

As he hurried the moment when the Great Wave that submerged Atlantis, the Lemuria, with the White Giant and the Continent of the Spirit, resurfaced from the bottom of the frightful waters of the Pacific.

Part I

“ÉL”

'Norma stë!

Sheludo I heard Dior in you."

THE MOST IMPORTANT THINGS HAPPEN AT THE MOST UNIMPORTANT TIMES

This was several years ago. I traveled south in a bus, to the city of Puerto Montt. I do not remember if it was at dawn or dusk. Suddenly, I was in a kind of sleepy sleep, neither asleep nor awake. And there appeared a being without form, clear, luminous, that was not myself, but that, in some way, it was. And this gave me immense security, for that being was indestructible, as well as eternal.

It is extremely difficult to be able to reproduce that; besides, with time, the impression is erased, like the image of a dream, and only a sort of reflection remains of the experience, which is not the same thing. I know that this happened to me. And that seems to be all. It will be everything. Because I don't think it will ever happen to me again, although I'm not sure. It was a gift, in advanced years. Nothing like it had ever happened to me before and, more and more in my memory, its image will be as mysterious as the event itself, and one day I will have to ask myself: How do I remember that? Where *and* when did it happen? If it weren't for the bus ride, it would have faded by now. I was sitting in the back, to the left and I think next to the aisle, although I'm not sure. Who else was there?

Was it going or returning to Puerto Montt? And that being -that *Being*- where was it and who was it? Was it something more than a light, a paid relay of

WITH WHAT DO YOU RECTIFY?

I was born in Santiap-o d el Nuevo Extremo, in the old Santo Domingo street 661, at 3:45 a.m. on September 10, 1917. I am, therefore, a Virgo. In Europe the cannons of the First World War were thundering. I was born with my eyes closed and unable to breathe or cry. Years later, my father told me that they must have thrown a pitcher of cold water over me. And he showed me the glass pot, saying: "That pitcher brought you to life. It was on a piece of furniture somewhere. All this did not happen to *me*, but to that child, who was then me. Will it leave any trace? The water that gave me life, will it be taken away one day? The Great Wave that

submerged Atlantis?

Today I went back to look for the old house on Santo Domingo street without finding it. It is no longer *there*. There is another building, next to a small church or school. Of that I remember nothing, or almost nothing. The only thing I remember is that the street was a dirt road, with dirt tracks, a few meters high, and it was crossed by carriages. There was a large library with a balcony overlooking the street. It was ~~grandfather's~~ library. The father and mother lived in the country and had come to the city for the birth of their first child. My memory of this house goes back to the age of two, maybe less. I see a child standing on the balcony of that library, holding in his right hand, firmly, the ring of the sky. A gold ring with a blue sapphire, with the initials of his name also worn in gold. The women - the grandmother, the mother, the maids - rushed to take it away; they feared that he might throw it into the street, or throw it off the balcony. I still remember the terrible shock. That little boy was deeply offended that they could believe he would do such a thing: lose that treasure! In that haze of time gone by, this is a clear, precise memory, which becomes even firmer as I look back on it today. And it is strange to think: With what memory? Where can all this be stored? That child was not "me", he did not have an "I" yet. His appearance is much later, and I have already taken the time to talk about it. But that child, that being, was older than me, at least older, being surprised that people he knew to be newer, less wise and more inexperienced than "I", called his attention to him and did him violence, snatching him away from his grandfather's ring.

This is an extraordinary subject that many years later, at the I m i i a and then in S n i z a with Professor C. G. Junp-, I have dealt with without ever penetrating it or understanding it completely. And it is probable that this is so, for the mystery will always be a sign of something that transcends us and that it is better to let it escape us.

Professor Ju np- was surprised that men with paralyzed cortex functions in the brain could remember images and visions taken in that state. And he asked himself: With what do they remember? And also of some dreams of children without an "I" yet, and that mark them nevertheless for the whole life.

What do they sound with? i, And the script is the one that sounds?

In Delhi I had an important meeting with a very interesting woman, Mrs. Leela Dayal, wife of a civil servant.

I think in Africa, I think in the Congo. He told me: "The difference between us and the Europeans lies in the fact that they relate to each other in a personal way and we relate to each other in a personal way. Even if not too, by the way". And he went on to explicate me with an axis. The UN Secretary General, Hammarskjöld. He was a very special, shy, introverted, introverted personage, but he had logarithms with her and his

is a profound and very intellectual relationship. In the impersonal, necessary.

Hammarskjöld went to visit them in Africa. She arrived one night of surprise. She was alone in the house. They sat down on the terrace and without knowing that she began to tell him about a dream she had had the night before: A river of clear water was running in a torrential stream. Suddenly, a large pile in the current, stopped in its course and flowed more leniently. This led to a profound anguish and despair. Now, as Hammarskjöld fell asleep, he was again moved, unable to hold back his tears.

He didn't say anything. He changed the conversation. Only after waking up, he told her that he had brought her a gift, that he had left it on a table at the entrance of the house. When Hammarskjöld found it, she went to look for it. There was a package there and, when she found it, she came across a pile with a shape similar to the one on the river and the dream, a small one.

Example of an impersonal, eternal relationship.

Nietzsche said: "Objects, things come to us as they are, not as we want them to be".

But we do not live through "I", but "He".

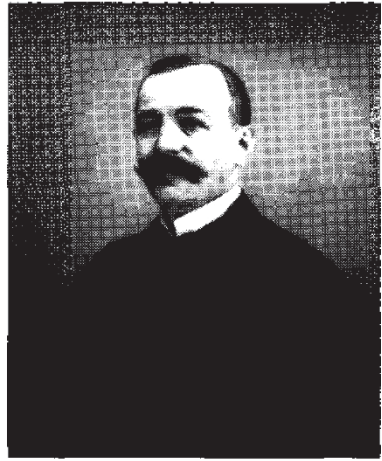
Hammarskjöld died and, perhaps, so did her friend. Where will they be now? In that "Pile", put it in the flow of the river of Maya for my instant, all the metamorphoses of the forms. Turn well so that it goes to the memory. The memory of the ring and of the jar.

My grandfather, the owner of the magic ring, was don José Miguel Serrano Urmeneta, his son don Diego Serrano y Castro and his daughter Dolores Urmeneta y Ovalle. What beautiful and well-cared hands he had! I remember them at dinner time, sitting on the table, showing off that



Don Diego Serrano y Castro.
Of tragic destiny. His
resemblance to Edgar Allan
Poe is manifest. This painting
has accompanied me since my
adolescence, traveling with me
around the world.

Don José Miguel Serrano Ur-
meneta, my paternal grandfather,
son of Don Diego Serrano y
Castro and Doña Dolores Urme-
neta ~~azuriz~~.



Doña Fresia Manterola
Goyenechea, my maternal
grandmother. She was an
extraordinary woman who
took care of all of us when
we lost both parents.

blue sapphire with gold inlay. In the mornings I would take my younger brother, Diego, to his bed, and I would give him a watch by winding his Longines watch, a "ch ol i to", as they were called, which I still keep, along with a silver plate with his name and the date of his birth.

February 14 ble 1879, ble the War of the Pacific in which he participated.

The original name of the factory was García-Serrano, removing the name García, as Vicente Huirlobro also did with his name, García-Huirlobro. I have never known why. I remember that a former president of the Supreme Court, Don Pedro Silva Fernández, one day stopped me in the street to tell me that Diego Serrano y Castro's "Memoria" as a lawyer was listed as Diego García-Serrano. The truth is that no one in my family ever talked about Diego's death, as it is one of those well-kept secrets. It seems that he took his own life due to some serious gambling loss. With me, I read through the world the picture of this great-grandfather, painted by W.H. Walton, always remaining by my side, as I was in my teens. I had it overturned in Austria by an Italian restorer, in the Merk Convent. I am more attached to this antepasado than to any other whose image I have known. I find a certain resemblance to Edgar Allan Poe, in his hairstyle and attire. And perhaps also in his misfortune. Something of a poet and a laughing artist.

My grandfather, Don Jose Miguel, was orphaned at a very young age, being the only man in the family, in charge of his mother and two sisters. At the age of fourteen he had to go to the north of Chile to work in Antofagasta, in the factory of an *uncle* of his, Errázuriz Urmeneta, who used to weigh the loaded sacks brought by the *ocheros*. He would send nine to his mother and she would complain with only the rest. He worked his way up the ladder until he joined the Estero railroad company. With twenty Indians and a woman who cooked for them, he pulled the first railway line from Arica to La Paz. At that time he had met his future wife, my grandmother, Doña Fresia Manterola Goyeneche, in the town of Copiapó, so important in those years of mining and political activity; a center of intellectual and revolutionary life, with the founders of the Radical Party of Chile, the Gallo, the Matta and the Duest-Gana. Names like Manuel Antonio and Guillermo Matta, Guillermo Blest-Gana, Amalia Julio de Amor, Margarita Montt, Mercedes Aguinaqa, Delia Matte,



Don Martín Manteola Paramá, son of Josefa; my paternal great-grandfather.



Statutes of the "Club de Señoras", Santiago; first feminist organization in Chile.

Carmela Matta, daughters or relatives of heroes and even heroes themselves, were relatives or acquaintances since childhood. From Carmela Matta hereiló the private library of Guillermo Matta, with the first edition of "Azul", dedicated by its author, Rubón Darío, among other valuable works, in addition to the handwritten letters to President Santa María, when he was his Minister Plenipotentiary in Berlin, during the conflict with the English for the saltpeter, after the War of the Pacific. All these valuable belongings I lost them after the Second World War, with the sanctions imposed by the Black List of the "Allies" to which we were supporters of the Germans. I had to sell them to survive.

However, my maternal grandmother's family was not originally from Copiapó but from Valparaíso, through the branch of her father, Martín Manterola Param á. *She* was a direct relative of Doña Isidora Goyenecliea, responsible for the fortune of the Cousiño family, owners of the Park, the Cousiño Palace and the Vi na of the same name. C reci receiving visits in our house of Mrs. Olga Cousiño and Mrs. Luisa de Mussi, widow of Cousiño, owner of Puerto Rle Quinteros. I still see her Rolls-Royce arrive at the door, entrusted by a Japanese chauffeur. She was slender and dressed in black, with her French accent. They felt great affection for my grandmother, not exempt, I think, from a sense of guilt for having taken the Cousiño family's inheritance from Doña Isidora, who had taken it from her most direct descendants. Also there, Mrs. Deli a Matte de Izquierdo arrived, with her huge hats, former President of the Ladies Club, where my grandmother Fresia was the Vice President. That Club initiated the emancipation of women in Chile and supported liberal presidents against the councilors. Although she was a Catholic, with a rosary on her tars, my grandmother was "prog'esista" and without any "peclioña", honoring the trailición libertai'ia of the relatives and friends of her paul re. He put my sisters in state high schools, instead of the nuns' schools where the young girls of the aristocracy of the time were educated. Very early on, he put me in the Barros Arana, founded by President Balmaceda.

To the po that I remember today with a smile and tenderness, but who

The reason why it seemed so strange to us children was my grandmother Fresia's concern to hide us when Doña Olga Cousiño, an emancipated woman who wore monogrammed pants and was the protagonist of society scandals, with her parties and

customs. My grandmother's fear was that she might kiss us and make us sick.

The history of my grandmother's family is extremely interesting, even if I am able to know it, which is not much. I came from Val paradise, from this port of legend, where I now live, without knowing why. I can, however, go back four generations, when in the last years of the eighteenth century, a brigantine anchored in Val ~~paráiso~~, with a strange captain, Don José Param á Bernal, a native of Salamanca. There, after a Sunday mass, he met a beautiful woman, Doña Elena Viñas y Cortés. He fell in love with her and delayed his ship's departure until he married her. When he sets sail again, on a voyage of no return, he leaves her two chests, one filled with gold coins and the other with parchments referring to mysterious things, to orders of which Paramá was a member: one, of the White Cloak and the other, of the Red Cloak. In addition, Elena has become pregnant. A daughter is to be born. I can imagine the beautiful young Elena, intensely scrutinizing the horizon and this sea, which I now also with fear, to see that ship that would never come back again. So great was the love that the sailor awakened in her, that she named her daughter Josefa, in memory of her husband, Don José. Thus, if the captain was shipwrecked at sea, she was shipwrecked on the land, to paraphrase Byron.

What happened to clone José Param á? Nobody knew him. Who was he? The White Cloak and the Red Cloak are colors of alchemy, of the *albedo* and the *rubedo*, last stages of the *Opus Rez "ol*, for the production of the Gold rail of the chest with the coins) and of *fiéis*, the Androgyne. Before his departure and final disappearance "on this earth" an archetypal symbolism is fulfilled, which to me, his descendant, allows me to decipher the symbol and to think that he was only a link in that Oral without time, of the *ciurea catena*, which obliged him to abandon everything, to go beyond the limits and break the boundaries of a human love, in order to enter into mystical death and resurrection. There must have been, however, in this magical zone of the south of the world, a physical seed that would have made possible the continuation of this attempt to save man and to recover the immortality of the Gods. Was Param á aware of this archetypal plot, or was it only an institution of a great destiny?

His daughter, Josefa, would be able to partly reveal the mystery, or make it even more inscrutable, if I were the one to take it in,

I intend to lose it, because it touches me fully and obliges me. Always and in the most curious way, Pepita Para má, as she was called, my great-great-grandmother, has fascinated me, even without having any reliable information about her and not a single image or portrait that could make her visible or recognizable in "her presence and her figure". Nothing, absolutely nothing, only a voyage through my blood, like clone Josó through the frightening sea.

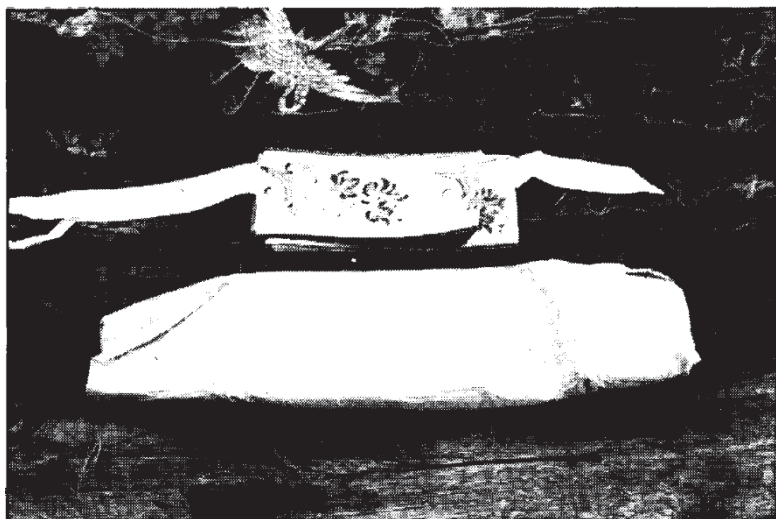
Here it is that Josefa Param á, around the year of 1862

-I imagine, it is rleci r, more than one hundred and thirty years ago, and a year before his death, which occurred in 1863, according to documents, he made the foreigner's alp-o. Contem planet o this sea, from sepuro, he began to wear a very beautiful garment, a sash from the navel of a child not yet born, a descendant of a child who had not yet been born.

The first one to come to this land in 1917, that is to say, 55 years later. Josefa lta boril arlo that pi enrl for her great-great-grandson; for me; as there is a written record on a paper that wraps it, in the pen and handwriting of a great aunt of mine, who also lived and died without moving from this port of Valparaiso, in the suburbs of Playa Ancha. It says: "This venerable pren ria was burned by the hand of our grandmother's grandmother, Josefa Para má, and destined it to her great-great-grandson's belly button. It was found by my grandmother, Fresia Manterola,

After the death of her older sister, Ilona María Luisa (the "Nina", as we loved her), among her belongings and in one of the secret drawers of her father, Don Martín Manterol a Param á, which I inherited from my grandmother's house, and in which I wrote for years.

I have imagined the date 1862 for the erasure of this ritual sash, which will never be used, because it will not have been designed for the office of a comarl ron, but for the mission of a mysterious and esoteric muscle-recontl ious and esoteric essence, surpassing even my own in te ntion of its author, who will be the author. Although it is not toy sure, because Pe pi ta will have served an extra and secret being, wrapped in gj-an so le'l a"!The only one who was responsible for the act was Martin Manterol a Can tu aria, a rationalist and, perhaps, atheist, "Volterian", as it was then customary to call him, educated, literate, a son of the France of the Revolution and of the anti-absolutist anti-Imocracy, who was responsible for the act of "liberal fanaticism" and positivism, so to speak, o f burning one day in the courtyard of his house the parchments that belonged to Clone José Param á, the Navigator, Captain Tiel B uque Fantasma, the "Wn/e/ii", considering them as titles.



The little sash embroidered for me by my great-great-grandmother, Josefa Paramá, and the paper wrapper with the handwriting of her granddaughter, my great-aunt, María Luisa Manterola Goyenechea.



Doña Manuela Goyenechea y Ovalle, wife of Mr. Martín Manterola Paramá. The grandson is my father, her grandson.

of nobility, absolutely contrary to their republican mentality and training. Thus, the hidden history of the White Cloak and the Red Cloak was also shipwrecked in the Great Ocean. But not in the design of Josefa Paramá, who transmitted the secret to her descendants, to "mí", who was the appropriate; better still, to "El", continuing that Chain, that in the great French navy she knew how to preserve and transmit, as the antique *Noritos*, or as the Frisian Mothers, custodians of the "magic lamps", the Sacred Fire, after the sinking of Hiperbórea, the *Atlaiicl*.

The colors of the sash are white and red, *the albedo* and the *rubeclo*, of the *Oyr,u Alcli i.iii.ica ut* that I should try to fulfill by mandate of the Great Captain of my Blood, clone José like Paramá, the one who perished in the sea. For I too was born drowned and now am on land.

When I start to practice the opus, the meditation of the King, the Hero and the Warrior, with the sword in my right hand, to defeat, fight and love the *Seryie/tfe*, I put on the *Fajero* of my magical and divine lineage, on the *pure Sltalira Mont*, where I was precisely incarnated. And Don José and Doña Josefa come back to life, resurrecting in me.

As I have said, I have thought of the year 1862 as the year of the elaboration of that premonition, because it was 55 years to the birth of the great-great-grandson, which I was. Five and five, numbers of the Hyperborean Kabbalah, the *Hi'rott ycip "arb'il.'obdlta*.

That Pepita Paramá was a woman out of the ordinary and of her time, can be discovered in her tomb in the Cemetery of Valparaíso, which I have found it now. There is no cross there, only a large marble cup, on which is placed a bee of the same material, which stands out and attracts attention. Was this her decision, or was it her husband, whom I have perhaps prejudged, treating him too harshly? The bee is a symbol of immortality, coming from Egyptian antiquity. In the impersonal, in the return to "*Him*" or "*Her*", in *death*, the Golden Bee weaves, embroiders (like Pepita) the "Panel" of immortality. She makes it possible.

I will one day rebuild my great-great-grandmother's grave, the tombstone shattered by some earthquake, and I will put in its place the Cup of the

Immortality, the Cup of the Grail, on which the golden Bee still drinks and wrote an epitaph, which must be Lord Byron's verse: "He was shipwrecked at sea and I on the beach". Adding to it. "In 55 years, one of our lineage will be shipwrecked on land again. He will be recognized by the stole I have embroidered for him."- "Josefa Paramá, 1862".

If I were to be buried somewhere, I should be glad if it were here, next to my ante-mapical ancestor, that extraordinary woman, who would carry her message to me through time and through the dark years; also through the Great Ocean of the Collective Inconscient of the *infinite*, where the Archetype of the Astral Family is born. Yes, but there is also another, more recent tomb which calls to me and which belongs to the legend of my "I" rather than to that of "He". But, "*He*" must die to become "I" and vice versa. This is indicated by the history of the mystical life. For this there is also the ancient cremation, in precious woods the sandalwood, as in India and at Baldur's funeral. However, all these solutions are now impossible for me, because Fate has placed me at a crossroads. Neither one nor the other possibility belongs to me, for in both my body would be desecrated by the satanic rituals of the Enemy. Today, there is no burning in wood of santalus, but in furnaces and iron machines. But, only that "He", or the Archetype, who resides in some point, inside or outside of the Galaxy, or Don José, or Doña Pepita, will find the solution for his descendant, also a member of the timeless chemistry of the White Cloak and the Red Cloak, and will take him away with his body in a Chariot of Fire (of the Red *Cloak*), when the exact hour approaches and the "*fierce children*" will not eli...

The son of Pepita was Mr. Martín Manterola Para má, who married a woman of Basque origin like him, Mrs. Manuela Goyeneche, directly related to Mrs. Isidora, the one with the immense fortune and also to the Matta Goyeneche family, with Guillermo and Manuel Antonio, as we have already mentioned.

Don Martín, a lawyer in Valparaíso, where he was to die, had only one son, also named Martín, and three daughters, María Luisa, Clara and Fresia, the only one married and who knew my grandfather, José Miguel Serrano Urm eneta,

in the northern city of Copalim moved to practice his profession for a while.

And so we return to the laistoria tale of the uncle, don José Miguel, novel and archetypal as that of Paramá, although without that explicit atmosphere of esoteric saga.

Don José Miguel is on the rise in the north of Chile and has become a high chief of the State Railroads. He will be transferred to Santiago, already desirous to do with Fresia's clone.

He was having lunch at home one day when he was told by his mother that a

the menlipo the menlipo looking man had knocked on the door telling him to come in to talk to ol. Extra ii there, my grandfather gets up to greet him. He meets with one of the intlios who at his orrlenes worked on the extension of the railroad line from Arica to La Paz. He embraces him with affection and makes him go inside the house, asking him if he has eaten it. The boy says no and my grandfather takes him himself to the kitchen with the other survivors. Then they meet in his office and he asks him about the reasons for his unspecified visit. The man tells him that he has found a gold mine in the north and has registered it in my grandfather's name. Don José Miguel, in surprise, aggravates him, returning him to his discoverer. The intlio insists and my grandfather becomes the possessor of a gold mine that will make his riqueza, as a rare gift from Fortuna.

That scene, with the sense of the northern pampa, of the desert, perhaps a descenderly the *al ii tnciritncis* of Tiahuanacu, is not difficult for me to imagine in it. Standing there, the Indian, in front of his blond, blue-eyed god, my grandfather, so humane and fair in his treatment, brings him a present from the most profuse of the earth and of history, as Atahualpa must have done to the Spanish "viracochas": the *gold* and also the alchemical gold in his synchronistic image 1.

What will that mythical messenger have to do, to come to him the What did my grandfather do for my grandfather? It was Alberich, again.

My grandfather knew nothing about mines. But he had a friend from Vilupatas, who did and was in a bad situation.

I-I-so take charge of the company. For a year his friend worked in the north with no major results. My grandfather insisted, financing the work. And the gold mine entered his

secret metal. It was one of the richest mines in northern Chile: the "Bolaco", which made the great fortune of my grandfather and the Villegas family. Don José Miguel left the Railroads and moved to the Valparaíso of the great times and, later, to Viña del Mar, to a mansion that I got to know when it had already been acquired. by the Liceo of that town.

Don José Miguel and Doña Fresia saw only one son, Diego, my father. They lived in that wonderful mansion with carriages, servants and luxurious attire, made in London and Paris. My father was dressed as a "prince", with velvets and moths. He had marble statues sculpted and paintings painted for him by the fashionable artists of the 19th century. When, in London, I also had my suits cut in Saville Row, or bought ties at Edward & Buttler, they remembered my grandfather's and the Cousins' names, as if they were highly valued customers. Extraordinary people, those old Englishmen, from more than forty years ago! They said that only the South American gentlemen (their descendants, of course), the Serranos, the Cousiños, the Menendez, still preserved the good tradition of dress that had been lost in England. I remember going to Ed Ward & Buttler with my son when I was Ambassador to India and introducing him to one of the owners. That gentleman said to him: *"Lisleii son, i{you are in London without your {ather and uiithort enoaglt stoney to go to lee the criliet, don't worry and come to me. I'll invite you"...*

When we were children and even in later years, my grandmother opened old trunks full of clothes with fine men's and women's fabrics. My sisters still wear furs and brocats and I still hang in my house curtains of a fine burgundy velvet from those bygone days.

In the north of mining and saltpeter Chile, as in Valparaíso at the end of the 19th century, English and German influence was predominant. Trade and commerce made Valparaíso the main port on the Pacific, with maritime traffic passing through the Strait of Magellan. The mansions, today uninhabited or in ruins, still speak to us of that past, with their fine woodwork, parquet floors and marble. The house in which I live is a sample; it was built by a German who lived there until his death. My grandfather, being so Chilean, resembled a British gentleman, also in his demeanor and manners. My father learned English before he learned Spanish,



My father, the little prince.
grandfather



Statue of the little prince, my
and my grandmother, eua
parents.



My father in his car at home in Viña del Mar, on
September 18, Chile's National Day.

with a governess who was in charge of his early education and who came directly from England.

A great friend of my grandfather's in Valparaíso was Admiral Cómez Carreño, who became famous during the devastating earthquake of the early years of this century. He established martial law in the port, shooting thieves and looters on the spot where they were caught. He often visited the house in Viña del Mar and one day he said to my grandfather: "If you want your son to become a man, give him to me for my Naval School, because what is here in your house and dress him up in your clothes, things are going to go wrong..."

My grandfather found a reason for it. And so it was that my father entered the Naval School, being trained there in his iron discipline, his *es tu dios* and his *de portes*. He became the "Drum Major", or "Guaripola", of the School Band. I have a historical photo of those times, of the patio of the old Naval School of Playa Ancha, with all the Band formed and my father at the front, holding the guaripola. This photo is historic because there are also the military instructors with their uniforms and Prussian helmets. I have given a copy of it, in my own handwriting and dedicated by me, to the Agrupación de Comandos de la Marina, my good friends. Thus, my father has returned among his own, to that Navy that he loved so much and had to leave behind because of a wrong decision of his parents, of my grandmother, I think, an anti-social and domineering woman. He did not manage to sail around the world on the School Ship, which he had wanted so much. In it was given the seafaring heritage of his great-grandfather, non José Paramá, the Captain of tomos us.

It is there, at that moment and in that decision, where the rope of Destiny is tightened, with decisive and inscrutable consequences that no one, in the future, will be able to calculate. My grandparents left Valparaíso for good, moving to Santiago. And in this determination so *irreversible* and *definitiva* has had to see mainly the love. A great love of my father. Perhaps the only one, the deepest of all his short life.

In Valparaíso and Viña del Mar in those years, at the beginning of the 20th century, the elegant youth of the aristocratic families and the most beautiful Creole women of German and English descent met; the Wilms, for example, sisters of Teresa Wilms Montt, the writer, friend of Ramón Ramón del Valle-Inclán, of a unique beauty, universally admired, mother of other beauties, and of a unique beauty, universally admired, mother of

other beauties.

and of very tragic lives, as was also that of Blanca Errázuriz who, frustrated in her great love, married an alcoholic American, whom she killed with a bullet in the United States. The judicial process moved the whole of Chile. The young woman was finally acquitted. She was a fragile beauty, with very white skin, almost transparent, a face like an antique medallion or cameo, adorned with dark hair, with reflections of precious wood lights, and eyes between green and seaweed. Long legs, narrow waist and hands with thin, long and careful fingers, such as no longer exist at this time. She was capricious and perhaps changeable in appearance, because inside, deep inside, she was a tormented and suffering being, concentrated in a single love, for all her life. I want to believe so, because that love was my father. They met very young in this port and in Viña del Mar in the nineteenth century, when he was a cadet at the old Naval School. For many years I have also dreamed of such a woman, as if my father was my father.



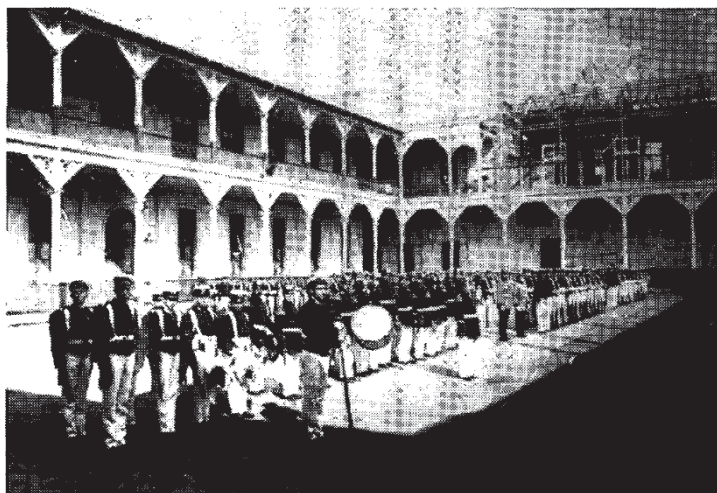
Picture painted in Italy, with the atmosphere of a Fellini film. My father with his wooden horse; my grandmother Fresia, his mother, with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Dolores Urmeneta; above, his father, Mr. Martín Manterola, with his eldest daughter, Mrs. María Luisa (who appears here younger than Mrs. Fresia). And in the background, the Chilean Andes, as imagined by the Italian painter.

I would have transmitted his image with the penises. That he loved her passionately I have no doubt, although he never spoke to me about her, since I was his confidant-nine of other adventures and dreams. He did it out of delicacy and out of respect for my mother, I think. What is certain is that Blanca Errázuriz was instrumental in the victory of my part and, consequently, in mine, in my appearance in this world. She was responsible for my grandparents taking my father out of the Naval School and moving to Santiago. They found that Blanca Errázuriz was a danger, because of her temperament and habits, for my father's future life. Thus they interrupted that love. What Blanca did was enough to convince them that they had acted well. But a love does not end with its non-fulfillment here. On the contrary, it becomes imperishable, it becomes eternal. And so I believe it was for my father and also for her. If that love had been prolonged in the marriage, it would certainly have been destroyed. Like Elena's love for José Paramá, it grows in sleep and distance. If Don José Liberti was returned, what would have happened? Paradise has existed since it was lost. Only since it was lost.... And it will never be recovered. It is not due.

I realize that in all these stories I have only been talking about love. Love as the background of essential family events, which in one way or another will modify individual lives in the mysterious game of Fate. And all this has also been, and will always be, linked to the history of a people and of a homeland, which at one time was once hope-ful in its class of people; for we were few.

My father I have loved above all things in this world. He was my first friend, my first comrade. Between him and me (between him and him, first) a relationship of equals was established, since I was two years old and no more. Sometimes he was older than me, but sometimes not, because I also saw him as a person who was less experienced and whom I would have liked to protect and advise. He went to the bottom of his soul and his coldness with him. This, beyond words, which would have been insufficient, or not easily understood for the incarnation in a child.

His body was slender, tall, and spindly, as can be seen in that photo from the Naval School. He had a dark complexion, black and light hair, green eyes and a dimple in his chin that made him irresistible to the opposite sex, as well as a great sympathy. He was athletic and manly, a boxer, equestrian, fencer and swimmer.



Above: my father in a historic photo, from the 1909 Naval School, with Army instructors in Prussian uniforms. My father is the Drum Major. In the courtyard of the old Playa Ancha School, as it is still preserved today. Below: my father, cadet at the Chilean Naval School.



After years of separation, he met again with Blanca Errázuri z, I think already married to my mother, at some furtive moment, and they loved each other madly, passionately. This was not because of him, as I have said, but because of a great member of the family, Dr. Arístides Aguirre Sayago, who told me one day about the confession that my partner made to him about his sorrow and depression for having made that irreal love. Now he had nothing left, he had lost everything; the dream, the superb and sublimated image had been "disconstellated". Beethoven, in a similar trance, it is said that he fled from the beloved who offered herself to him, exclaiming: "I would have nothing left for my mystique! And also the Greek lover who went to the slope of Mount Olympus and there I took handfuls of snow that was wetting his chest, to lime the fire of love that consumed him, shouting the name of his beloved. She listened to him and came. The man looked at her with a curious look and asked, "Why have you come?" "I have come because I heard you call out to me," she replied. Ah," he replied, "it is because the love I feel leaves me no time for you..."

Parlre, I understand you, because our lives have been pointing like arrows in the direction of the eternal feminine and of woman on this earth, the greatest adventure in which we have risked our lives and immortality. This we have inherited from our ancestors, perhaps from that Captain, who put in us a mind with a grain of Alchemy and who departed in the direction of the Lost Paradise, laughs Hyperborea, of the City of the Caesars, irrecoverable already in the Great Sea, like Pythias, or escaping, like Beethoven, to save the dream, beyond "the presence and the figure".

How difficult, how tremendously difficult all this is for us, who have so passionately loved the woman's body, even knowing the laws established by the Sea, the Great Ocean! And the "Bhagavat Gita", which postulates: "As two wooden legs meet in the Great Ocean and then separate, so is the meeting of the creatures"... But I am still in the fight, father, and if I ever reach the enchanted shores of Hyperborea, where She, the Eternal Beloved, will be waiting for me, I know that I will go on and that She will also be called White, or will have the White Face, my Beloved, because you and I are still together, I also feel for you that the dream of Eternal Love has reached me...



My father, Don Diego Serrano Manterola.

A cousin of my father, son of one of my grandfather's sisters, Jorge Ariztía Serrano, had married Cristina Fernández y Fernández, daughter of Joaquín Fernández Blanco y Pedregal and Carmen Rosa Fernández de Santiago Concha. At his cousin's house, in Santiago, my father met Berta, Cristina's sister, the youngest of eleven siblings. She was only fourteen years old; but, in those days and at that age, they were already marriageable women. Beautiful and with an irresistible sympathy, blond, blue-eyed, very

with a beautiful voice, she sang the tales of Spain and France and the songs of our land. hJi paul i'e did not ^{hesitate to be} fascinated by her and, very soon, they became sweethearts.

Berta Fern á ntlez and Fe rnan ten wish to come from a family with a long pedigree in Chile, Peru and Spain. From Galicia, to be more precise. The Santiago Conc ha apelli'jo is common and origina- rio Mc Hcras, in the mountains as ble Bn rgos. Santiago is the name of the monastery, it is also related to Quevec!o, the ancient poet, and it is the name of the patron saint of the Spanish Cathedral, who fought against the Moors in the Battle of Santiago. I jirefer 'lar le to these surnames comjPues tos, a conno- tation m ís tica that I'ueila liacei rte conti'ajunto a la saga of don Josó Param ú, with the color 'le his c- i' °, justifying thus therama and the sacrificio rte a am of' li um ano, I'ersonali zat lo, to be the result of an alien decision, positively ex te rnal and mysterious, aimed at completing and prolonging a personal, esoteric, esoteric, im- personal, rooted in gothic and cholic, precristian Spain, even if its actual essentials were to clothe the secular and apostolic r i'-jes s of its Si Gaul. Because, is he in verrlail the one who is buried in Com poste la? U nam u did not believe that he was such an Apostle Santiago. Arle more, i, who is that Ajiósto1 -the Lesser or the Greater- that apai'ece

together to atanores 'le la Al qui min en el liórtiCo ríe pie rl ra the catedral com pos tel an a'? Perhaps what is being written there is Breogan, the Celtic Osii'is and ilespeila zarlo. We did not forget that the Ca mino de

The Pei'eg-inos rte San tia go also home jtor Bn rnos, Tierra fl cl cl Cid Camjeador. And the shell, which symbolizes the oar of Poseiclon or Neptune, the savior of the Flood, the flood of Atlantis-Hippo, is also the symbol of the goose, the emblem of the pilgrims of Santiago. From there, then, Santia o-Concha. Of the Pilgrims the San ti ago tte Com poste la Id the "Campo ble la

Star"). And this time the Cajii tá n, the Navegar te des pl iega las ve las ríe las ríe his ship by the most ample sea ríel fí rma me nto, in search of the Hijierbóre a cel es te, i use rtir en unir Es ti ell a, q ui zás en Ven us. Se

try to find there the pieces of the Cosmic Hombi'e Hombi'e Cosmic Hombi'e 'lesjied a zarlo, the total irl a' 'errl ill a, of the Horn bre-Gods ml the Celtic Breopan, laughs Osiris), that once out, before the hu nrli mie n to ríe Hiirerbói'ea; rlel Ki'istos laughs Atlan tida, jtor mel i o of the anti gua rle cie nce the Al qui mia rte James the Less, in the Constel ation mel Gr an Can. La es ti rpe ríe los náu tra gos <le tierra y mar deberá reenconti'ai'se jiai'a volver a embarcar y dar así

continuity to the Great Adventure. Somewhere outside of us
£/ go back to blowing out the candles.

Just as the surname García Serrano in Chile became only Serrano, the Santiap-o Concha in Spain and Peru, when mixed with the Fernández de Muras, in Galicia, also became only Fernánrl e Concha here. The first Fernán ten ike Mm-as of which we have news is rlon Mateo, General riel King of León, don Rami- ro I. In the year 814 he participated in the Battle of Clavijo, precisely where he fought alongside the Apostle Santiago. In reward for his services, he received from the Monarch the *seriorío* rl e Muras, in addition to privileges and exemptions and jirerrop-ativas, for himself and his descendants, which were successively granted by several sovereigns, among them the trey ríe Castill a rlon Enrique IV, in reconfirmation of one o f the year 862. This reconfirmation is found in the Cédula of September 10, 1472, at the same time that the sovereign builds the church of Santiago and instigates the Oí ríen of the same name, arming his General Fern árnl e z de Muras.

I visit Mu i as, near rie Oro, in Mondonedo, in Galicia, neighboring Lugo, ci urlarl call it so l'or the vernacular God, of the Atlá nti d a and of the Suevi, Luz.

The first Fei'n ian ten ike Murasto come to Chile was Don José Antonio Fernán rlez Maserl a, bñnin Oi'o in 1754, son of Don Cosme Damiá n, also 'le family of military men and with reports of nobility ríe the Chancellery rte Valladoli d ; he went to Havana, Lima and Santiago ríe Ch ile. He was granted Chilean citizenship by Decree of October 13, 1820. He married Doña María Recí o y Parrlo de Fi g'ueroa, born on the Island of Juan Femá ndez. A son of **his**, Tlon Pe tiro **Josó** Fernánrl ez Recio - the "Chief of the Tribe", as my cousin, Francisco Ariztía Fernárnlez, called him - will be the one destined to unite his Galician lineage to that of Santiago Concha, when he married in the church of the Cathedral of Santiago de Chile to Rosa Rosa ria Santiago Conch a y Cerda, in the year of 1823. The Santiago Conch a have their main branch in **Lima**, where they have come in 16ííí0. One rte his rlescendants will belong to the Oral in rte Cal atrava, another one, according to don Nicolás Palaci os tells us in his fun'lam in such work "Ra za Chilena", will be comi siona- do in Cliile by the Virrei nato rt e Lima jàra put r order with the com erciantes and esjiccul arloi'es sefarylitas that here l have l bequeathed to il esjiojai- ríe their lands and he rrelailes to the old descendants of conquistailores visi gollos, for' merl io rte the usura. It is don José cle

Santiago Concha Sal vatieri-a, tion Caballero rte Calatrava already in 1705, Oirlor 'le the Real Audiencia rte Lima, in 1715, Governor and Captain General of the Ejei'ci to and interim President of the Real Audiencia de Cliile. He arrived in Valliáraiso on March 5, 1717 and founded the town of San Martín de la Concha on November 11, 1717 -today Quillota-. The King approved that fu ntlation on October 17, 1721. And it is stated that "his government in Chile for nine months was good and positive". That is to say, he put orrlen and punished speculatlores, usurers and deprerlarlores. He is the author of a "Memoria del estado y necesi llames del Rein o 'le Chile". He embarks back to Lima, finishing his mission on 9 rie rli ciem hre rte 1717.

Dona Rosa 'le Santiago Concha y ble la Cei'da is daughter ike clone José ike Santiago Concha Lobatón, who nto Marquós de Casa Con- cha íhap- note that even today the best rte the wines of Viña Concha y Toro bears the name ríe "Marqués de Casa Concha", as the best of the Viña Santa Rita bears the name "Marquós rte Casa Real", title of the García Hui ilobro Fernárnje z J, and Josefa de la Cerd a de Santiago Concha, who was his niece and whom he married in the church of the Cateili'al ríe Santiago, on June 13, 1797. This event is reiterated in the family almost one hundred and forty years later, when an uncle of mine, my mother's sister, also married, with the Pope's permission, a niece with the same name Josefa.

What a strange thing! Don José, not being a great supporter of independence from the Spanish Crown, had to suffer various limitations, among them that of "not walking the streets of the city", and his widow, Doña Josefa, had to file a claim for a pension, which was denied, despite the support and advice of Don Andrés Bello, founder of the University of Chile and author of the Code of Civil Laws.

When the poet Vicente í García) Hu idobro Fernánde z, my uncle, writes his book "Mío Cial Camj'eadoi" and claims to be descended from that great warrior visip-O(10, he does not think he is right, since the name Cerda, or ike la Cerda, comes from the Infantes de la Cerda, of the Cantar de Gesta, those who have ile sposailo to the daughters mel Cid. And I would like to raise another suspicion, since the surname of the Cerda would be making reference to a sow that on the chest, or on the back, marked these infants of royal lineage, perhaps of the M e r o v i n g i a n line, being one o f the symbols that symbolized this fabulous race, a sow, an almost non-human mark. Another uncle of mine, brother of my mother, affirmed that our ascen- dence was a

He was also related to the Prince of Esquilache and to the Borgia, or Borgia family of Valencia, and therefore "had mystical and lertine tendencies".

I can remember from oítlas that Rosa de Santiago Concha y ble la Cerrla, whose matronly image can be seen in her photographs, was known in her family as "la m amita la santa" (the little saint). She was born in Santiapo, in 1602, daughter tiel Que married her niece, almost like the pharaohs egr pcios, or the Inca kings, who married their sisters. He dedicated himself to charity work and built the main convent of the Congregation of the Good Shepherd. At his death, his children transferred their residence to this congregation and the Colegio Rosa the Santiap-o Conc ha was founded, and t h e San Perf ro Church was built.

His husband, Con Perl ro José Fern ánrl e z necio, of whom we have already spoken - the "Chief of the Tribe" - was a very distinguished man, a lawyer who held important positions in Chile, Secretary of the Supreme Court, Bachelor of Theology, having studied at the Convent of San Agustín and at the Royal University of San Felipe, Collegiate of the Convictorio Carolino de Nobles. He was deputy for San tiago to the Provincial Assembly in 1829, Minister of the Supreme Court of Justice, by election of the National Congress, Doctor in Law and eminent jurisconsult, member of the Faculty of Law of the University of Chile. He wrote the "Filotea Chilena", a book that he declaimed to his children. At the death of Rosa, his wife, he was ordained priest, taking his vows in 1873. It is said that when his children were asked where they would go on Sunday, they would answer: "We are going to hear my father say mass".

Don Pedro Fernández Recio died in ValjParaíso on February 4, 1883, at the age o f 87.

And it is here where the saga of the Fernán de z Concha and Fernánrl e z and Fern ánrl e z begins, in Santiago ble Chile of the New Extreme. But this saga, in order to be well told, cannot be separated from a very important sector of the land of Chile and the imposing Andean Range, which faces the **main** city of the Kingdom of the New Extreme. The region of Las Condes, today a **populus** and select commune, which preserves its very name.

Carlos J. Larraín, in his monographic study on Las Condes, traces the existence of this solecism back to three generations of Condesas de Sierra Bella, my great-grandmothers and great-great-grandmothers. The villagers called the place "Las Condes" after the Countesses. The first Count of Sierra Bella was Don Diego Cristóbal Messías y León Garabito, Councilor and President of the Real Audiencia de Simancas, who never traveled to Chile nor knew the place that gave origin to the title: "Sierra Bella", which was obtained for him by his son, who did know it, Don Cristóbal Messías y Valenzuela, Knight of the Habit of Santiago, true author of the noble title, in the XVII century, for having obtained it in Spain for his descendants in Chile and Peru, for his son Don Diego Messías y Torres, Mayor of Santiago, for Oidores of the city of Lima, for Marquises of San Miguel de Híjar and Counts of the Vega del Ren, for the Counts who died *and* the widows who succeeded them. But the historian Larraín does not think that the name of the region of Las Condes has its origin in the title, but in a deformation of Anales, since it is previous to the XVII century. I do not think so, however, and I am inclined to think like my predecessors who attributed the error to the popular language, which gave the region the name of its dueños: the Condes de Sierra Bella, among whom my maternal grandmother is counted. The current name of the Municipality of Las Condes is the Condes de Sierra Bella.

All this matter of noble titles and inheritances never interested me much in my youth and adolescence, due to the influence of our paternal grandmother, Doña Fresia Manterola, descendant of the one who burned the parchments of Paramá. However, she herself regretted it and, more than once, reminded us that her father was also Count of the "Siete Linderos" or "Siete Mojones". But she added that her father made jokes about it, saying that his coat of arms should show seven boundary stones in a row.

Many American and even Spanish titles were purchased; however, they were not granted to "new Christians" and to anyone who did not prove lineage and lineage. Even more illicit was the incorporation of new Christians and those who did not prove lineage and lineage.

The same Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga had great difficulties to enter the Santiago and Calatrava. To know it is that the same don Alonso de Ercilla y Zúñiga had great difficulties to enter the Santiago. That my ancestors Fernández de Santiago Concha were in both, so exclusive and honorificas, gives me separation as for my blood.

If my grandmother Manterola did not like titles and privileges, she was inflexible, on the other hand, with race and class. On the other hand, even if the titles were not always deserved by their holders, it is certain that little by little, at least in those times, they exerted a kind of resistible pressure on them, "liaising with the best" and forcing them to act differently. Because it is true that noble faith is obligatory. That is why I know that my ancestors used to act kindly, with noble simplicity and with patriarchal, paternal kindness towards their children. When times changed and the landowner became the true master of society, no longer aristocratic but plutocratic, they moved away from that ruling class, taking refuge in the solitude of their manors or in the pride of their **austere** economic situation, sometimes even poverty. This had already happened to the most ancient families of the conquistadors, to the Visigothic warriors of the Esjañas, who in this region of the Milano, "never tamed", had lost their patrimony and peasant families to the invasion of the traders and the centralism of the metropolis.

The enormous extension of that region to the orients of Santiago and in the outskirts of Iran was once known as San José de la Sierra, the Cordillera de los Condes, or the Dehesa de los Condes. It included today's Dehesa, Lo Barnechea, Quebrarla Arrayán, Lo Fontecilla -Macul-, El Principal -llo y El Golf- and Funil del Carmen, today Calle del Carmen, all the way to Avenir la Matta. It was also enormous, starting further along the **Canal** San Carlos and reaching the Argentine, for almost impossible passes to cross between the highest peaks. It encompassed today's fields of Los Andes, La Parva and Valle Nevado. It also included the copper mines of La Disputada. The Mapocho river, which crosses the city of Santiago, rises in these high cliffs. The hacienda llegó a medir 62. 132 cuadradas. Its first owner was a soldier who arrived in Chile with don Diego de Almagro and then returned with don Pedro de Valdivia, Antón Díaz. It passed later to Martín de Zamora, whose name is now on a street in Santiago,

I think that for having belonged to its science, since it has no other mori tos for it, Zamora has been a captain vi zcaíno without greater relief. In those times, that region would have been a paradise, and as such it was described by Marino Ríe Lobera, one of the first chroniclers, with fruit trees and flowers, with trees and vernacular birds and the vision of the snow-capped peaks of El Plomo, La Paloma and Mount Pa rz ival, the Inca's sanctuaries, surely with other names.

Without even knowing that those were the lands of my family, when I was very young, many times I crossed the river channel, then of clear waters, through rustic bridges and I went into the valleys with a book under my arm, in search of invisible beings and with my eyes lost in the ancient cities. I would return when the sun was setting and everything was filled with that purple color that envelops in nostalgia and with the yearning for a peaceful world. What would exist beyond those peaks, in those red ci uilarles on the horizon? Today I wonder if they have experienced the same anxiety as my father and Idid, in the afternoons, in his old Mansion of Las Condes, when they entered the chapel to pray with their families and servants, or in the pilgrimages to the Hermitage of the Rosary, in the highlands o f t h e Andean mountains.

InMITA DEL ROSARI O

I believe that another null is made, or is rlesliace, on this side of the blood of my maternal fa mi lia, with the marriage of clone Ped ro José Fern ánde z Recio and ríe doñ a Rosa rte Santia o Concha y ble la Cerd a. The blood of the Fe i'nán ike z de M uras enters to mix with that of Santiago Concli a y pie i'de -I don't know why- the Santiago, since the children of the marriage will now be Fernánrle z Concha a secas. Doña Rosa is the daughter of an uncle and his niece.

Before advancing mias in the history, I want to rletten a little here, in this fact rt ecisivo, already mentioned, although rle step: the endogamy, the union of the family with itself ; finds its justification in la America irnl ígena, es pecialmente in Peru, by the black race ble the slaves, that in Chile not prolife ra by the cl ima. There is an instinctive need to preserve the race out of fear of m ulatism and m essage, just as in antiquity Peru did the caste of the lion lion "k" emarlors (to indicate that they were Aryan and white Vikings) and the Egyptian pharaohs, for the same reason.

tlesposing their sisters, or their mothers. And here I repeat my suspicions about the Infantes de la Cerda and the attempt to preserve at all costs the "fabulous race" -as one historian has called the Merovingians, semi-divines, or semi-humans-. What happens with this mythical race that disappears so mysteriously, like the Mayas at the same time, almost by a mandate, giving way to the Visigoths? As if they had received an order, emanating from a secret and common center, perhaps from the Bul tic? From the "Oral in Green"? And is this need to preserve their substance, perhaps, the root cause of the conflict of the Infantes de la Cerda with the daughters of the Visigothic Cid, using as a pretext the loyalty to the King? A conflict of love and hatred, which leads them to rape their own wives? Of the Merovingians, it has also been said that in Occitania they are related to the lineage of Jesus, the Galilean (from Galicia?), and that the "Priory of Sion" conspires to install one of their descendants on the throne of the *King of the Muudo*. "The Visigoths, the Merovingians, the Suevi, the Vannals, the Celts are the true 'ele gr do people', that of the Hyperboreans," Pastor Jürgen Spanuth told me, understanding that all these tribes are descended from them, and that then the Juraeans have appropriated from their law (the "twelve tribes") the denomination of "chosen people", which belongs to the tribe of the Merovingians and the Visigoths. The "Goths", the "Sons of God".

In the XVII century, in Ileras, in Burgos, where the Cid and the Infantes de la Cerda also passed, the Santiago Concha people had already mixed with each other, before coming to Peru and connecting here with the Cerila people. The ancient legend also makes Maria Salomó arrive to Santiago de Compostela in search of reuniting the pieces of the body despedazado of Osiris- Breogán (the "Raza Fabulosa", her Husband **and her Son**. All those peoples, tribes, families or castes that know they are the depositories of a legacy, of a mission, of a "divine principle", are instinctive guardians of their blood, because they "know" that it is there that the message is guarded and transmitted. And what better than inbreeding to preserve the legacy? They are terrified of betraying the mission, an almost visceral, instinctive terror, as is the attraction they experience for the same skin and the same blood of family and race, as an irresistible impulse, a command, an order repeated from the deepest essence. This is what happens with the Merovingians, with the



Don Pedro José Fernández Recio, the maternal "Chief of the Tribe".



Print of Mother María Fernández Concha, with the text in English. Her canonization is pending.

**MOTHER MARY SAINT AUGUSTIN or JES
FERNANDEZ DE SANTIAGO CONCHA**

Visitor of the Congregation of our Lady of

Argentina, Uruguay, Brasil and Paraguay, in which Countries she founded 35 Houses of the Congregation. Died in odour of sanctity, in the Provincial Monastery of Buenos Aires, on the 13th of January 1928, 93 years of age and 65 years of religious life.

The "Renovaçlo Pact" is the result of the appropriation of the Jews, who have self-imposed it on themselves. And if it is true that the Merovinpians carry blood *"iris Alce"*, introil uced in Languedoc and in Com pos tel a, then there is also a m esianic com pulsion, which is reactivated by the energy of a new blood, of the mystic and com postel ana Galicia, 'le the Fe rn ández de Muras, which introil uced another type 'le san gire compatible and not dissimilar. This produces, in the first generation, an explosion of richer qualities, all marked by a suitable mystical-religious, secularly messianic profile. And also in a hidden pride, not always shown, by the subconscious knowledge of a semi-livine origin which distances them from the rest of the people around them and with whom they are obliged to live together here in Earth, whether in Spain, Peru or Chile. So they withdraw to their mountains, or take refuge in a convent, or in a church and in the love of God, *'sol i/ aico serintejan.te"*.

Narli e has told me more about this so tremen llo, this possible key, this branch, than my uncle, the poet Vicente Huilobro Fernandez. One day he told me: "Do you know, Miguel, why our ancestors loved God so much? Only because of the orpull o, which did not allow them to bow to anything but El.... And *that is why they knew that God exists...*".

This is the saga of Pride and Love of God.

Thirteen will be the children of the children of the mati'imonio Fernández Recio and Santiago Concha 'ie la Ce rela, five women, all without descent, as they will become nuns. They are foundresses of congregations, such as that of the Good Shepherd, builders, with their own fortunes, of convents and schools. One of them is in the process of beatification, as Sister Maria de la Immaculate Conception. She was Doña Rosa Fern ánile z Concha. In front of me I have her beautiful face, in a honeycomb made for the case, with a piece of the habit she used to wear. It was given to me by my uncle Joaquín Fern ánde z y Fernán rte z, when he was Minister of Foreign Affairs under President Juan Antonio Ríos. I think that she will never be canonized, since she belongs to another era, to another school, and is not useful for the use of the ecclesiastical propaganda in these days, nor to provide miners to the churches. She *already* gave everything to this effect.



The picture of Don Pedro Fernández Concha, painted by Ciccarelli. Something tells me, when we look into each other's eyes.



Do n Ped ro Fern á ndez Concha and his wife, his cousin, Carmen de Santiago Concha.



Cover of the book of my great-uncle, Mr. Rafael Fernández Concha, "Derecho Natural".



See the portrait of my grandfather, Joaquín Fernández Blanco, my mother's father, with the portrait of President Balmaceda presiding at the funeral chapel.

Undoubtedly, the most exalted exponent of that family generation is Don Rafael Fernández Concha, Illustrious and Most Reverend Bishop of Epifanía. He studied Law like his father and was Bachelor in Humanities and Law. Graduated in Law and Political Sciences, Lawyer, Professor of Canon Law at the University and at the National Institute, where he was educated. Admitted as a member of the Faculty of Law and Political Sciences of the University of Chile. He is elected to the Constituent Congress for Rancagua. He enters the Conciliar Seminary to take the priesthood in 1859 and receives the tonsure the same year. Along with numerous works and writings, it is worth mentioning his "Philosophy of Law, or Natural Law", a work that is still taught today, and his study "Of Man in the Psychological, Religious and Social Order". President Riesco appointed him State Counselor. Truly, he was a prodigy of penetration and erudition. His "Mystical Theology" was commented on by German scholars. He is buried in the crypt of the Metropolitan Cathedral. In my work "EL LLA, Libro del Amor Mágico" (The Book of Magical Love), in verse with imapinariamente, in "La Casa de la Familia" (The Family House), the old Casona de Las Conrías. And perhaps, Don Rafael is also responsible for one of my greatest talents to try to "illuminate the obscurilad c!el Creatlor", as Professor Jung would say.

In my hands, I have his biretta, which is kept as a relic by a cousin of mine, Andrés García Huirlobro.

Out of him, it is his he rma no Perf ro ro Fernánde z Concha who interests me more, for being my great-grandfather, grandfather of my mother, and who ad wants the propierlad rte Las Con rías, part of the inheritance of his wife, his cousin, doña Carmen rte Santiago Concha y Vázquez de Acuña rte la Fuente y Messia, Con desa de Sierra Bella y Marquesa de San Miguel ble H ijar. It was, a'lemás, the ti neno rte San Pascual, today Apoquin river, as we have iliclio, of Lo Fontecilla and ríe the Chacra "El Carmen". Conju n tannen te with his hei'mano Con Domin o, the grandfather of Vicente Huiilobro, are blue nos del Poi-tal ríe Sierra Bella, today Portal Fernántlez Concha, that ocu pa tod a cuailra in the Plaza de Armas 'le Santiago, n uestra capital, al frente de la Municipa- list al and a u n costa'lo de la Cateil ral. There you can see a large Virgin in its central front, sculpted by Domingo García Huidobro, extraordinary sculptor, brother of Vicente, the poet. Their grandfather, don Domingo, is also the builder of the church of Cerro Santa Lucia, which bears his name, and laughs the tomb of Vicuña Macl "enna, the founder of this ch u r c h .

brothers il us three! Don Petlro was rle all, In te noten te of Atacama, Gobern atlor tte Cal 'le i a, benefactoí , funrla'loi riemel ió'licos y de empresas. Don Domi n go is the vei-ila clergy creailor in Chile melvi miento Social Ci is tiano, preocupu pian rt ose ríe the poorest. El Club Domin o Fern á n ten Concha was read by the Democraci a Christianity, for this very reason. Both brothers laughed and dye their fortunes to religious works and the cariel all. Don Peri ro also studied at the National Institute, like his brothers. He was offered professions that he refused, even though he was elected several times by the Conservative Party, during the presidencies of Errá zuri z Zañartu and Santa María. He did not participate in the Revolution of 1891, as he was a friend of the P i esi ríen Balmacerl a, like his nephew, my grandfather, 'lon Joaqu ín Fernán ríe z Blanco, who was imprisoned by the ve rice Flores. This sympathy, as we have seen, was also shared by my ancestors. At the death of my grandfather Joaquín, a large picture of President Balmacefl a was hung in the wake, above the coffin.

Don Pedro, in his youth, wished to go to California during the so-called "gold rush". Something like going in search of the City of the Cosars in Patagonia, or 'lel Monte l(ai l ás, in India.

Don Perf ro was not extroverted, but of a withdrawn character and of simple and patriarchal customs. With a mystical and religious temperament, he withdraws to his own lands and to his large house in Las Condes, where he lives in the first floor and organizes pilgrimages to the "E rmita del Rosario", which he himself built, with his children, on those ancient summits. It is there that he establishes his dialogue with God; the only dialogue he already accepts.

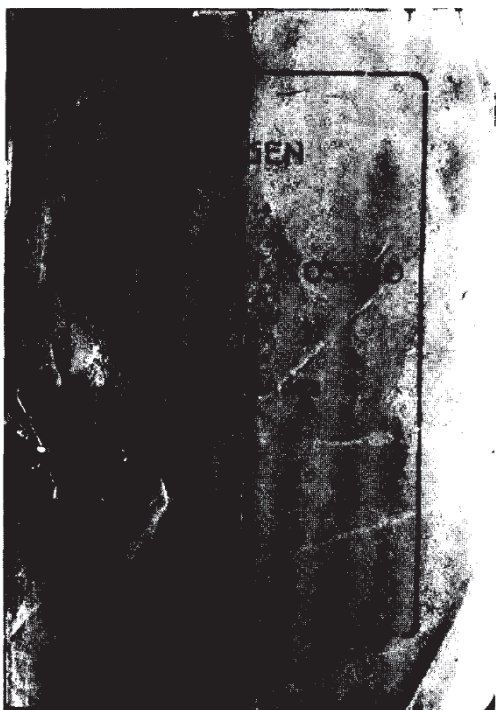
'i -'

~~He~~ Perf ro Fern á n'lez Concha who is in charge of telling us, in a letter that he dictates, l'ensamosque perhaps to his son Carlos, for being the eldest at that time, and mliri gr ria we do not know well if to his uncle, We are not sure whether it was to his uncle, Josó Joaquín Joaquín Joaquín Fernández Concha, or to his brother, Don Joaquín Fernánrle z Concha -who was in Mari rid- the reasons he had for building the E rmita 'tel Rosa rio on the ancient heights. His mother died in Barcelona at the age of twenty years old, on the eve of the wedding of her two children with Ana Sofía Valero y Alcalá Galiano, mother of Empress Eupeniya.

Since the dates do not coincide, we conclude that the letter was addressed to the brother of her husband, whom her son also calls uncle.

We think it would be better to reprint this old letter, from 1886, in order to feel again the unique atmosphere of those peasant times, of work and effort, attached to miracles, to apparitions, and respectful of family traditions, of family *and* rural traditions, where veneration and love united the humble laborers with their employers, on a ladder that did not stop at them, but ascended to heaven. The symbol of this structure, or theocratic architecture, was expressed in the baroque chapels of the lun rios and, especially in this case, in the E rmita rlel Rosario de Las Condes, built by my great-grandfather on those anchor peaks, 1,290 meters above sea level.

In those years toc!o became in a special atmosphere of legend and naive faith, but pi'ofu ntla. The houses of Las Condes had it. It was said that no one would ever walk its underground corridors in their entire length, except for a priest from Menrloza who would come there on Saturdays at night, say Mass on Sunday in the church of the estate and return that same evening. These secret corridors would also extend to the Plaza de Armas in Santiago. Bones were found in them and I myself have seen their pillars tied with leather straps. In my book "ELE LLA", I find there encatlena'lo to the "Great An tepasado". There is something archetypal in these ancient mansions, as in the old medieval castles, which symbolize the soul of the lineages and their penological essences, their Collective Unconscious. They are inhabited by "He" or by "It". Especially in their terrestrials. And they go out to communicate with their own, through those who have followed him to try to express their secret message, to execute their meloróia, their Des tino, their most recondite aspiration Eternity, of preferen- cia in the chapels ríe the hererlades. In this case, in the E rmita de la m ontana, where i'evis ten the form o f the Vi ríen del Rosario, or other saints of the christic pantheon. In ancient times, the Great Ancestor spoke through the mouth of the Gods. He is still speaking to me.



Leaflet about the
Ermita del Rosario; it
has a medal with the
image of Mother
Mary, my great-aunt.
It was given to me by
my uncle Joaquín
Fernández y
Fernández.



Photo of the Ermita del Rosario, on the road to Farellones.

"Mr. Du. Joaquín de Santi ego Concha
Madrid

My dear uncle:

I have been writing to you for a long time and since I am now going to give myself this pleasure, I will take advantage of the opportunity to give you an account of a very particular event that I believe will be of interest to you.

On Monday, September 14, 1885, on the occasion of the holiday given to us at the 'San To mias de Aquin o' school, my brothers and I were asked to go to 'Las Condes', so that we would *not* spend so much time in the city. We went that day to the hacienda houses, to leave in the morning, Tuesday the 15th, to the luxury hotel called 'Coiie-Tierra', in front of the roadside ruin of the mii nera ls, to insect the works of a new irrigation channel, which was taken from the Molina estuary, on the slopes of the gentle hillsides of the spot called El Roiueral, where several paddocks had been forged.

In order to better exploit this point, roads were built and bridges were built. The first one is almost at the foot of the small hill of 'Come-Tierro', at the junction of the hills of San Francisco, Molina and Cova rrúbias, main tributaries of the river M-i'ochó and which was the subject of a thousand years of history that I will tell you.

Having arrived at this place on Tuesday, March 15, while we were resting from our trip, my father climbed the hill with the idea of placing a Christian sign on it. The Virgin of the Rose was the first one that came to mind. She graced so beautifully from the sky, and proved, as we will see later, that this place was the right place for her image to be venerated and for those who walk in pursuit of fortune to pay a tribute of study and sincere faith to t h e Mother of men.

Having t a k e n my father, we sat down to lunch and had a pleasant conversation. After we finished and had a little rest, we went on horseback to see the new irrigation ditch.

The following were in attendance: my father, Don Deniófí lo Correa, the manager of 'Las Co nd es', Zacar ías Cor val an, the ni ayordonio of that point, R mel Herre ra, his son Lúcas, my brothers, me and our coachman. We passed quietly without anything happening to us. Having arrived at the new irrigation ditch, we went along it all the way to its end; seeing the work done and making sure of its good direction, we started our way back.

When we were on our way to the Fountain, we saw on the opposite side, a troop of children who had come back to the other side of the river, and we saw the shattered Judgment of Dad, and he asked several workers who were on the other side, if the troop would be able to help him. No selor', le

with Lestaron, 'shortly before he arrived, his tEerced, broke alone; 1a troop just turned back because 1o eMcoi tró broken.'

Then came the n o n o u r al reflections.

Which of us, or all of us at once, depending on the order in which we would have gone to it, would have fallen down with our cabal ad uras in the midst of the great rocks below that peak, or been endowed by the waters of the river? How would our Moors have remained or our Moors a nioru a or any one who would have been over vi vá do or an event of this kind? Were these con si de-

raciones como la más horrible pesadilla.

A few hours before we had landed, in droves, on the bridge, if there had been no demonstration of wildlife outside of its timbers being broken. The last person to pass it, at the top of the horse, to join us was our coachman, M3x im o Moreno. No one passed him afterwards, neither on the way out nor on the way back. It had been less than a year since he had left, passing through a continuous stream of animals and even horses.

We therefore had to take some action to begin to reach the houses in Las Cond es. As the river was rising, we had to resolve to pass through a bridge that had been left unbroken. The good guys helped us, the brakes were removed from the cabal los and they were thrown out of the bridge.

Who so mercifully delivered us from such a dangerous air? Would it be the Catholics or the God of God? Would it be the Virgin of the Rosary, who, in her gratitude for the prompt correction of my father's death, wanted to save him, his children and grandchildren from certain death? So we all believe with our faith.

And special coi n ci d en cies!

The place that riii p;ipá had chosen to place the Vi r en, before the bridge was built and on which it was later placed, gave a precise view of the site of the event. T'iiiibi én the third of Sto. Doni i n o, eii among which are located tra ru i pu pb, celebrate all the int os, on that day, the ru ilagrous par tion of the S'ri tísiiaa Vir-en, in the sanctuary of the convent of Sori a ii o, to give to her humble and poor r e l a t i v e s, a foothold on which was d i v i n a m p l y p r n t e d the irna,=en of the pr " run d d adorer of the ros a r i o.

From then on, my jrapá, became more attached to the idea of placing a statue of the Madonna, and I was able to start work on it.

On March 28th of this year, 1886, six months and thirteen days after the event referred to, a very beautiful image of the 'Vi r-en d el Rosar io' was placed on the small hill, near the bridge.

It was only planned that the party would be among the people of the family for a few years; but, since it was brought to the attention of others, it was hoped that the party would be held at the end of the year.

ting the most exposed tannage in your siasm. Miners, peasants, farmers, workers and employees of neighboring farms prepared to attend the event.

Prior to the presence of the Episcopal Church, the R. Fr. **Frai** Agustín Lucero, anti=uo prov incial of the Dominican Order and Bishop elect of AMcud, was commissioned to say Mass in that place.

On the same day, four cars left early in the morning from the houses of 'Las Condes'. Father Lucero, my father, the serior Mr. Cfinos Walter Martinez, a constant supporter of the ideas of conservation, and a great representative for Maipo; Mr. Joaquín Walker Martín ez, distinguished representative for San tia o, the esteemed gentleman and writer Mr. Francisco González Errá zuriz; my cousin, Joaquín Fern ández Blanco, deputy for Ma ipo, and others.

My aunt Rosario, a tireless cooperator of good and my brother Pastor, were waiting for us there.

People from different places and from far away also went in cars and carriages to take part in this demonstration of piety.

Al lle=ar the distinguished priest, my father and those who accompanied him, we were greeted with rockets, flying lights and cheers of enthusiasm.

At one end of the corridor of the house that had been built at the foot of the hill, there is a magnificent tribe arranged on the tar.

The ceremony began with the blessing of the precious image of Our Lady of the Rosary.

Before the Mass, Rev. Father Lucero, addressed a beautiful plaque to the congregation, encouraging devotion to Mary.

It was the first time that the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated in those places at an altitude of 1,290 meters above sea level. She was assisted by two religious of the Recollect Dominicans, who accompanied Rev.

The mass was heard in full regina=on and was solemnized with a choice orchestra of seven children.

For the first time the sweet melodies of music resounded on those heights; and for the good, in praise of Almighty God, who allowed us through the intersection of the goodness of the 'Vir=en del Roserio', to see it brought to us by the mysterious power of the priest.

Shortly after the end of the rou nd, a modest gathering took place. To the farmers of the field and to those who came from others, sheep were distributed that had been previously kept and some goats.

Then they separated into groups by the fat of the hill and it was easy to see how they were happy, roasting their sheep and dogs in a string on a stick.

All were served coffee, tea and chocolate.

The number of attendees was about eight hundred people. After the astoril
ta ri j astoril was over, the people were called out to con the people
to con tiri ua the religious j'i'i rte.

The V i men was placed in an appointment with the Directors, appointing
those who were to be appointed to the meetings.

dándoles esclavina para llevarla en procesión hasta la glorieta que
se le tenía preparada.

Se acordó rezar los quince misterios durante el camino que se iba a
I was in the middle of the road, which was ruited with Kai id eri tas, II
o res i rani as. There was a special place in each steri o, where a pa usa
was made, In the first room, there was an orc he rm bearer with a sign
that read: 'G lori o a Me ria'.

We arrived ii lii lorieta that was adorned with rarrios, uir na ldas
i coron a s i u n ped estal of copper stones i pl ata, which was given to him
by the ni iners.

Mie i after was placed to 1.1 prices'z Izzz'z-ei eu said pedestal, was ca
"taro").1s Set." i.1s, eMtoo,i zdose desl'ues v a ria dos i herzzzos os cá
Mticos os desj'ed id.\ eis h ola or de 1.\ very '1m'z d '1 'tte ina del Cielo i de la
Tierra'.

Then, roses were said, and the words were repeated to all of us. The poetic
cornjtos ici on s that Don C úrl os Walker Martín ez, dear friend of my
jrapá, corn p uso rúpi d am ente to con nien iora r that fech,i; ii iubas te las
i ucl uy o.

Since that day, which was one of Easter, this place has been called 'E rm ita
del no sa rio'.

Such has been, that rid or uncle, that fi esta, which by many nioti ves is
well

pleasant for us.

I warmly embrace you, your nephew.

April t88G".

To understand what would have been the inauguration of the burial
mound of the Virgin Mary and the consecration of the Ermita, on that
Andean summit, with the only access being a steep dirt road bordering
it, the same one that today, and only recently paved, goes to the I' ria
.s:/ rte Farel Iones, La Parva and Valle Nevarlo, Think of the "Fiesta
de Cuas imodo" of Lo

Barneclie a, an Aletaño hamlet that also included part of the ancient
Liact en ti a. H ua sos laughs to the full, with its blankets and benches,
rustic carriages, carts and oxen. The elegant carriages of the noble and
noble families, the deputies and politicians of the time, some of them
famous, such as Carlos Wall'er Martínez, who wrote a poem for the
occasion, or the very

President Riesco, who will participate in other pilgrimages. So does Don Benjamín Vicuña Mackenna and almost all my family, including Vicente Miniño, his brothers and his mother, who appear in the lists of the "romeros", which are still preserved. Only my mother is not on the list, as she was too young for those years. But my grandfather, my grandmother and all my uncles and aunts are there.

There is a description in the newspaper "El Chileno" of March 20, 1902, which gives an irreal description of what it was, an antontic popular party laughs a people laughs mon tanas; as, rtesure, would be the ci//o.s .sacroriicntole.s or religious and the leerte e.ases in the fiefs of the European Edarl Merlia, cuarnlo lords, súbrlitos and servi dores zclaban me igualail os before the "E LLO" of the highest. This was also possible for me to experience and contemplate in the Himalayan villages, in Sikkim, for example, when the Maharaja and his servants danced and sang Tibetan operas together.

The newspaper "El Chileno" reports:

"It was hernious to see the huasos on horseback with their horses, the carriages adorned with small banners and bows of myrtles, carriages and carriages full of people from all walks of life, old, young and old, poor and rich, who, praying and praying, went in haste to pay homage to the Virgin of the Hermitage, out of their deep faith".

And Don Carlos Walker Martínez, in his poem "The Virgin of the Rosary of Las Condes" f Recount of the placement of the Image, on March 28th, 1886):

"On an aggressive penon,
That to the clouds ilesafia,
Of the Annals in the region
The Christian ifevoción
Raised a hermitage to
Mary.

He lifted it up in the duty of a
grateful soul.
He worships his poiler
For she saved his life,
About to perish.

The arches would go
through the times,
And she will continue to be
there, blessing and
consoling those who kiss
her feet.

On her sacred forehead
will roll the fears of the
Lord, but she will not be
extinguished.
From his heavenly eyes.

The rough and twisted sen
ria that crosses the
Cortillera is the true image
of the path of life.
There sometimes
suspended In the region
of *emptiness* That freezes
the eternal cold, And
sometimes in the deep,
dry, infertile abyss,
And inert, sad and gloomy!

Up the immensi dail
Fades with its al tura,
Down the dark night Kills
with its sole darl ...
I so rte one in another age
I in one and the other way
Man is a pilgrim who is a
pilgrim, who is a pilgrim in the
mountains.
The course ike its rlestino.

What to do? to invoke as a
north and as a lighthouse, as a
port and as a haven over land
and sea?

That is why he calls you in
 the rivers Roads that go to the
 river you go, Those who Igor
 here you pass through.
 De h u mana fortuna en pos.
 alice in uom bre laughs God
 Come and seek comfort
 Eu my arms and in my love
 I am the beach I am the
 beach I am the beach I am
 the beach I am the beach I
 am the beach I am the
 beach
 I am the way to heaven..."

In 1946 the missions came to an end. The Fernandez Lecaros family, who were still the owners of the Ermita, although not of the Las Coniles patronal houses, gave the sector to a foundation with the name of the morphic Marcial Rive i'a, who was the secretary of the later President of Chile, Clon Gabriel Gonzalez Videla. Those were the times when it was still thought that high altitude climates helped to cure tuberculosis. In any case, the Ermita, besides "La Casona", is the last pearl of those lands that remains in the family, since the rest has been sold and sold, I run "El Arrayán", whose main street belongs to my uncle Pastor Fernández. "La Casona" is still there, the Ermita still stands solitary and neglected, a lallo, off the main road, agitated by the winds and storms in winter and goes by the suns cordilleranos. Once thought of acquiring it and did not succeed. Better so, for she will go on with the past and also with the present, with the name of their funillatlores, that already nailie remember, that not even with open, with the sombiestas their loose and illusions, soon 'lesvanecirlos.

I get up, old to time my table of downstairs, I contemplate the sea, still illuminated in this in view by the lights like the hills like Valparaiso and by some stars. It is a cold night at the beginning of August 1994! One hundred and eighty years have passed since the inauguration, laughs the Ermita and laughs the **poetry** laughs Carlos Wallter Martínez, and ninety and rivers the chronicle of the newspaper "El Chileno". Salpó to the gallery rlon tic cue cue read the cartoons 'le the family. There are my grandfather, clone José Miguel Serrano Urmeneta, my father, rlon Diego Serrano y

Castro, and my grandfather, clone Pedro Fernández Concha. It is a magnificent Jintu i'a 'le cuei'pio entero, 'le Ciccarcelli, the creator of the es cue la ríe this estilo, in the Museo de Bellas Artes.

of Santiago. I stand close to him, I fear him, I look deeply into his eyes, I try to penetrate his secret, I laugh at his message. There he is, in 1861, at the age of 33! He has a sash over his chest, wears a frock coat and puts his left hand in glove over the Poi'tal Fei n3 rifle z Conch a's plate; he holds under his arm the som brei'o ríe copa and, in that hand, the other glove. He is tall and slender, his moustaches droop and his chin is close to his chin. It is the type the Napoleonic attire of the time. But what is most striking is his pale, fine complexion and the hard, proud look in his eyes, almost fixed, with a sudden bruit of irony, an ace rama hum or, pe rfyng in the void. But not for me, not for his own, for whom he is a tender kindness. It is as if to say to me: "Go on, go on, go on, go there where I know I won't be able to get there, to the snowy summit of our Mount Parzi val. There, *'doitde grows the íz-ii.co lyre of the Airior Eterii.o'*. Your evil will pass you the message . . . But it is encrypted in the blood, and it is difficult to grasp. It carries with it a great danger, an evil that is transmitted and cut like a spar of sharp rivers. If you succeed in overcoming it, and only in your youth, it will open a door for you, towards a region where we do not reach: the suffering of the *world that you can reclaim*. Do it...!".

However, it is 'lon Rafael, the Bishop emeritus, who comes closest to me. I'm sorry, I don't know why. But not having his "presence and his figure", I do not know how to engage in a dialogue. Will there be time? Perhaps the way is by a secret route, hidden, far away from the ancestors, in the subway passages of the Family House, those that the monk traveled through, and that go away towards a beyond, crossing the confines, opening everything, even the most intimate inheritance, taking on his shoulders the cross that grabs, to immortalize us in its fire. . .

I see don Pedi ro, now in a photograph, on the arm of his cousin, Rosa de Santiago Concha y Vázque z de Acu ña; the wife of that new "inl'aico marriage", of the "pharaonic endogamy". Her fresh, almost transparent flesh is very delicate. Then, he appears to me already very old, in his field, seated under a tree, surrounded by relatives and a bridge, covered with a blanket, or perhaps a cloak. And always his gaze, always... .



Cover of the brochure about the Casona de Las Condes.



Interior of the chapel of the Casona de Las Condes. Here my ancestors used to worship their God.

MY GRANDFATHER AND MY MOTHER

My grandfather, my mother's father, Joaquín Fernández Blanco, was not a son of cousins. His father, Don José Fernández Concha was a Peruvian brother. But he, don Joaquín, returned to the arts. Being a semi aristocrat, he travels to Lima and there he meets his cousin, Doña Carmen Rosa Fernández Concha (Santiago Concha), who was visiting Peru, and was the daughter of Don Pedro. What a mystery of the attraction of family blood! He falls in love and leaves the Seminary to marry her.

It is also said in the family that there is another reason to

The Chilean branch frequently travels to Lima in search of its own blood. It is a story that happened during the War of the Pacific, in the Battle of Miraflores and Clorillo. It was thought that it was going to be the last one and many young men of the upper class enlisted in the Army, for the same reason. The regiment was found in that Peruvian locality, where a sister of Doña Rosa de Santiago Concha y Vázquez de Acuña had her house, and lodging was given to those young men, who found nothing better than to steal the jewels from the house's

owners. Since then, it is said that the Fernández Concha family preferred to relate to the aristocratic branch of Peru, disentangling itself from the Chilean upper class. There must be some truth in this, because I do not remember that my uncles or aunts, my mother's brothers, maintained close relations with the plutocracy of this country, they were not even members of the Club de la Unión, center of the aristocracy and classist politics of those years. Their family style was that of the Lima aristocracy of the Viceroyalty, even in their peasant villa, of monastic type or of cloister.

My grandfather Joaquín was an illustrious man, playing a very active role in national life. Deputy, founder of newspapers, Intendant of Santiago and later of Valparaíso, where, with his own money, he built the flat road that joins the Port with Viña del Mar. His work here was vast and of national resonance. He created, furthermore, the "Escuela de Música y Declamación" of Valparaíso. He was called to the Presidency, proposed by a sector of the Liberal Democratic Party that he himself founded. A supporter of Balmaceda, as we have already mentioned, he was imprisoned at the end of the Revolution that overthrew him. In 1918, a year after I was born, he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary.



Don Pedro F
ernandez
Concha,
family and
friends at his
Hacienda in
Las Condes.



Mi abuelo Joaquín
con sus hijas Car-
men y Berta.



My grandfather
Joaquín
Fernández Blanco
with his uncle,
don Pedro
Fernández
Concha, in the
house of Las Con-
des. My mother
Berta is standing
behind, on the
right.

The Chilean president in Spain, where he remained for more than four years, spending his own fortune - as was then the case - to better present the country. The then teachers were equal to today's Extraordinary Employers and Plc and Potentia ry Employers. In truth, and with the personal experience I now have in these matters, I believe I can confirm that rarely will you have met a more brilliant president of Chile than my grandfather at the Court of Spain. He came to be highly regarded by politicians, the television and artistic spheres and, especially, by the royal family. An example of this unique affection is the Carmel of the Queen, Victoria Eugenia de Battenberg, wife of Alphonse XIII, which she gave him and which my grandfather kept until his death. I do not know how it came into the possession of my brother Diego, inside a glass frame, with the initials erased on the back, already colored and fragile. The Chilean Legation, on the main street of the Carrera de San Francisco, was the house where all clients were welcomed in a paternal and hospitable manner. I followed this tradition, in the example of my grandfather, while I was Ambassador of Chile in India, in Yupoeslavi a and in Austria. From him I have also redeemed a beautiful diplomatic uniform and the sword, forged in Toledo and bearing his name engraved on the blade and the date of May 1918. With them he presented his credentials in New Delhi, escorted by the Bengal Lancers, and in Austria, in the halls of the Habsburg Palace, under the large picture of the great body of the royalty Maria Theresa. And there, too, he greeted the Queen of England, who was visiting that country, and her husband, Prince Philip f another Battenberg), who, outside of all protocol, exclaimed: "What a beautiful uniform!". "Yes," I replied, "I inherited it from my grandfather". The Queen and I smiled. They had just arrived from Chile, immediately impressed by the reception. There is a photo that testifies to this special scene, which attracted attention and was commented on in the Government and Diplomatic Corps of Vienna.

I have no personal memory of my maternal grandfather, since he left for Sparta a year after I was born and died two years after his return to Chile, in 1924, when we were living in the countryside. I did not know him and, in truth, I am sorry. From him and from those years I only have a portrait of him, which he dedicated to me when I was born, with the following legend in his beautiful writing: "To Miguelito Serrano y Fernández -may he always keep this portrait- and I am sorry for that.



My grandfather Joaquín Fernández Blanco, Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Madrid, with the uniform I inherited.



My grandmother, Carmen Rosa Fernández Concha, at the Court of Madrid.



Presentation of my grandfather Joaquín's credentials at the Court of Alfonso XIII, in Madrid, on June 24, 1918.

September 12, 1917." Only two days later he laughs at my birth.
Only two days later he laughs at my birth.

Upon the death of her father-in-law, Tlon Perfró, my grandmother bought the "San Pascual" building in Las Condes from her heirs, in addition to the part that corresponded to my grandmother. At present it is "El Golf", where Mrs. Elena Errazuriz Eclenique, who will also inherit, by collateral employment with the Fernandez family, part of those prestigious, edificated beautiful mansions for her and her children. Today, they will be used to erect these monstrous high-rise buildings, human towers, with the "laundering" of drug money, and if they are built on a river, they will be used as a timetable for the international plan of destruction of tradition and beauty on planet earth.

Who would have thought that I would come to visit those houses, during the Muñal Gueirra Muñal Segunra, invited by Doña Elena and her children, to talk about those transcendental bolic events, since they were also part of the Alemán's party! I did not know where I was, nor did they know that I was a descendant of the ancient Romans of those lands.

My grandmother lived in the Chacra de El Carmen, where the streets of Santiago Concha and Sierra Bella are still preserved today. I remember that there were about fourteen thousand headcili-as those that had to be taken by the eldest of her sons, Jorge Fernández y Fernández, upon the death of my grandfather. At the end of his administration there were only three left. All of this, as we have explained, was once part of the hacienda of "Las Condes"; the present-day Santiago farm, with its pre-cordillera. And it touched the family, plus the Portal Fernández Concha, in the very Plaza Armas of the capital of Chile. How did all that go? How did it vanish? With the solar wind, of a solar age, when the lords did not live on money, they were not interested in money, but in God - even though "they knew that God does not exist" and that, for this reason, He is more real than all that exists. And to *Him* - to that Non-Existent Flower - they gave their fortunes. My grandfather sold or mortgaged his wife and children to serve Chile, without receiving any salary in his Embassy in Spain. This was the style at the time. It was the custom of the public servants of this country, which included the presidents themselves. The profession of the sons of noble families was the ecclesiastical and the

Army, as in



My grandfather
Joaquín with King
Alfonso XIII,
September 19, 1921.

"¡Qué bonito
uniforme!", me dijo
el príncipe Felipe.
"Lo heredé de mi
abuelo", le res-
pondí.



*El impetuoso don Juan de
cristóbal comencé a vestirme de
nobleza y de un abuelito
Joaquín Fernández
28 de Agosto de 1918*

Foto de mi madre, dedicada a
mí por mi abuelo Joaquín
Fernández, dos días después
de mi nacimiento.

Spain. When my grandfather wanted his eldest son to learn that trade, he employed him in a bank that he himself had founded, but with the condition that he would not be paid a salary, since he would take the money himself. This was my uncle Jorge, who was to manage the properties of the old Chacra de El Carmen.

What extra not, then, for eleven quail to disappear?

When my grandmother died, we built one or two houses in that town. Old houses, poor, with a central courtyard. They were inhabited by little people, older workers and their families. On behalf of my paternal grandmother, and because I was the oldest of my brothers, I had to go to collect the rent more than once. A beautiful woman from the village, with huge eyes, whom I still remember, with her arms and legs

He was supposed to pay me... I didn't charge him. I did not charge him. How could I do it? Also the look of Don Perro would have reproached it to me.

.t ., " "

What today is "El Golf", what is "Apoquintlo" were idyllic fields. The whole of Santiago was a paradise; but those of us who lived there did not know it. The paradise that existed before did not exist. The pure, snow-capped, snow-capped mountain, standing out like a frontal wall, visible at all hours of the day and even at night, as if it had a light of its own. Only in Innsbruck, in Austria, have we seen the like. Those of us who were born in Santiago would no longer be able to get used to it in any other region of the country, and there we would suffer from homesickness, as would happen to Clone Pedro de Valdivia. This was an absolutely magical, unique place. Its contamination, poisoning and death, with the darkening of the sacred mountain, signals the end of the tragedy, the end of Chile. Because our centralism, fixed in the capital of the country, as in a natural and unquestionable center, could no longer be sustained for a while longer. However, Santiago was something that corresponded to the Hispanic country, with its string-pulled streets and its quarrelsome "blocks", with its poetic and guerrilla's strength. Valparaíso, for example, while also being panic-stricken, reflects another spirit, that of a cosmopolitan, English or German port. It is also a bit like Génova. There are no "quarries", no "blocks", its unique streets are curved, like London's Regent Street.

In the dawns of my adolescence, more than once I walked away through those fields of the old Apoquinilo and stopped at the edge of some narrow, dusty roads, stopping there as if facing the image of a dream and repeating the verse of our poet, Omar Cáceres: "Amanecer ble caminos sonoros que se cruzan.... .

THE CROSSROADS OF ROADS

Perhaps thought and reflection may have led my grandfather to try to change the destiny of the Fernán de z y Santia o Concha family, he would like to put an end to inbreeding and cousin marriages. Perhaps the blood of the Blanco and Ped regal, of his mother, would impel him. What is certain is that he married all his sons and daughters to non-parental families. It was a praiseworthy and laughable effort, although, at times, without much success. Several marriages failed and the men or women returned to look for their cousins. And the youngest of the family, who had remained single at my grandfather's death, married his brother's daughter, his niece, Josefa Fernández Sarratea, thus re pitiing his great-great-grandfather, Don José de Santiago Concha y Jiménez de Lobatón, the realist, who was forbidden to "walk the streets of Santiago" after the Inilepenilencia, and who in 1797 had married his niece, in the Church of the Cathedral of Santiago, Doña María Josefa, also called Josefa, what a "coincidence"! de la Cerda y Santiago Concha.

As if with teeth and teeth they were trying to defend, to guard a secret treasure, a message hidden in some memory of blood, an al9uimi a of immortality, even beyond certain insignificant individual views, which, however, have had the mission to transmit it to their descendants "merovinpios", and that in this action of dogs guarililianes, were faithful to the last, because they were not free, but orilen them, tlirigidos.

The marriage of my uncle and his niece took place with the consent of the Pope in Rome, in the old house of my grandparents, on Esmeralda Street, in Santiago. The only thing that remains of that house today is what was later the night club, "La Posada del Corregidor", and which in the good times of the family was the wing of the mansion destined for the billiard rooms and some rooms for the servants. Today it houses an exhibition center for paintings. It still preserves its old style and its colonial red color.



Part of the old family house of my grandparents, the Fernández, on Calle Esmeralda, in Santiago, and which was later known as the "Posada del Corre-



My uncle Pedro Fernandez, known as "el Caballero de la Noche", with his daughter Luz.

The most beautiful of my cousins, Josefa's younger sister, Luz Fernández Sarratea, was also married here. For having transgressed the "law", her life was a tragic novel. She married an Ecuadorian diplomat, Vicente Crespo Ordonez. Her marriage failed very soon, in a dark mood. Luz had to marry a stranger, she was destined for her cousin, Francisco Ariztía Fernández, who always loved her. Her death also happened somberly in some country of Europe, I believe in Switzerland, after having pilgrimaged from sanatorium to sanatorium, trying to cure her ill-starred soul. Her real evil was to be so beautiful. I remember her only in the encounters of our lives. Still very young, at a "Spring Festival". The two of us alone, along the Alameda de las Delicias, today's Avenida O'Higgins. It was nighttime. We entered a house, which still exists, when we reached Plaza Baquedano. She was desperately looking for someone, I don't know who. The last time I saw her was in a chance encounter, on a street in the upper neighborhoods, almost at the end of "La Reina", also at night. She was passing through Chile and lived as a guest in the house of Fernando Castillo Velasco, now Mayor of Santiago, a dear friend. I accompanied her for a while. We did not say much to each other. Her huge eyes lit up the dark night. I knew I could have helped her and so could she; but we were both already taken by the speed of an accelerating Destiny, which would never bring us together again. And nothing more, out of that morbid heat and light, out of that magnetism of the marble and porcelain of the Galician skin and of the Celtic priestesses, the ruins, like the "memories", of the Fernandez de Muras. I had on my shoulders the drama, the tragedy of the War and the *drama* of having to continue it until the end of my days here on earth. Because also "Honor laughs our family is called Loyal traitor". ..

It was in the marriage of my cousin Luz, in that red house, full of ghosts, where I met for the first time the poet Vicente Huidobro Fernández. He had just arrived from France.

The Message of the "Merovingian species", of the "Pharaonic" or "Inlaid" castes, cannot be prolonged in an indefinite time, unless a pact with a strange extraterrestrial "Being" is established. Because of this pulsive envelopment, the world becomes

shortens. And when the Law is transgressed, in search of in tuiti ve, sometimes reasoning, wishing to open a window to a new and healthy air, which will allow to acquire strength and refreshment, the world is in a state of stal 1a. This is paid for with madness, death or destruction of the proponents of the new lineages, which almost always fail, blind to the same fate of the Posesos families. Everything would be a vicious *circle* and would not come out, if only the two myths and rivers of myths, all from seemingly opposite confines, would not come together in a prehistoric descent, so as to "constellate" the "numinous" Archetype, from which they both originate.

Nevertheless, and even in this ven tui oso case, the trophic catastrophe is fulfilled and the unive rso i'ompe in perf a zos. For an earlier, "organic" law, almost unfeasible, has been transgressed; a severe order has not been resisted. The "a tom o si miente" r!e of the "merovi ngios" was alte red, even if the message, mel which was portarlor, the mission, at the end puerl to i'ea! izarse.

Physically, biologically, the merovin pos i l e s soon a p p e a r on the face of the Earth. And so do the Pharaohs and the Incas. So do my prop-enitors: first, "my Merovingian matlre"; then, "mi pa'lre visi go'l o".

[illegible]

But the "people of the river", having once been Gods themselves. And the Message is: "Come back to be the God you once were. ... *"I go out to the God who was and you"*... *Na uiasté!*

De mi m all re, i'ecuei'ilo so little. **He died** very young, at twenty-three years old. I was a ni no 'le seven years old, my m erior brother was only seven months old. We were four, in vei'ri ad we were five, for one sibling did not die at birth. They called him Pascual and went to bury him atJly, in the h acien el a. The recuei'rlo laughs my mailre is rather of the environment that surrounded it, laughs la at m

ósfe ra rle those years; the field, the ja rol ín, the floi'es, the mounts, the
na tu i ale za za and also the corridors, the corralloi'es and the cua i'tos
ble the old peasant mansion where we lived and horn le were born my
siblings. I see myself in a

photography, a lom os laughs a but-i a, affirm it poi- the invisible hands of my paul re. That donkey suckled me. It was said that donkey's milk was good for the mail. I wear the Phrygian cap of Mithra.

I was the oldest. After that, the women and another man. There we grew up, in the countryside, on the Popeta farm, on the slopes of the great mountains, in the localirl art 'le Remo, neighboring San Fernan- do, in a southerly direction.

These houses of Poliř-ta were as old as the one in Las Condes and with a chapel even more beautiful, with its altar made of lime wood by craftsmen from Cu zco, with a precious image in the river Vi ríen. It was surrounded by can mel a bros with the apuil a

two-headed Charles V, having for its cue i'jio a heart. I managed to save two of them, fifty years later, on a furtive visit to the land of my childhood. Here they are with me now and I contemplate them as I write these lines. On the slab of the floor of that church, there is a tombstone with a name on it. "Simón de Guzm án y Maturana". And the date of his death, September 10, more than a century ago. I was born on September 10, 1917. Who would have been Don Simón de Guzmán y Maturana?

It is said that the guerrilla fighter of the I nde tendency, Manuel Rodríguez, hid in the houses of this h acienrl.

But this place was not the property of my parents, nor of my paternal grandparents. They occupied it in arrien clo when my father had to leave the Naval School and my grandparents left Val paradise forever. They must have done it so that my father could get married and settle there to work; on the other hand, the house on Santo Domingo Street, where I was born, was not far from that of my paternal grandparents, on Esmerald a Street. The Pope ta farm belonged to the Bravo S uaznabar family, who were close friends of ours.

How difficult it would have been for my father, who was in the Prussian military army, to move quickly to peasant work, to an elusive, fertile land, not good for crops! His marriage was a long time coming and he, *there* in the countryside, was impatient. When the wedding finally took place, and he was able to take my mother to the houses of the liaciernl a, a kilometer before the roads were adorned with garlands and large canvases hung from the trees, with legends welcoming the "beautiful patroness", while huasos on horseback, with their blankets of



With my "mama", the donkey.



Above: the Virgin of the altar of the chapel of the Popeta estate, beautifully carved by anonymous artisans. Left: the two-headed eagle, with a heart. Carved in lemon wood by craftsmen from Cuzco. Twelve in number were placed around the altar, like candelabra, to illuminate the figure of the Virgin of Popeta.

colors and their best clothes, escorted the carriage of the newlyweds.

I have always wanted to remember, with some "unremembered" memory, that presence, so distant, so weak, so childlike, so helpless! She was to be taken out of her world of the Esmerald lime, of the Con ríes, ríe her environment ríe greenhouse, where only her blood could grow and open the flower ríe her blood. Her part re, her mother, her parents soon left for Spain and she, a young girl, moved to a different environment, a different landscape, with different people. She loved her husband and, although spoiled by her in-laws and servants, she would miss the shadows, the hair, the brocades, the expensive mirrors with the perfumes of her ancestors and other habits of her family. The píel ríe the grandparents, ríe the parents, ríe the siblings and pri mos. The "i nkaic" elite, in a word, the closed caste. From the first moment, she must have darkly realized that she was going to the sacrifice, and, like the bee, she must have drawn her lancet and pierced, first, her message, her "royal jelly". To whom of us, to Easter 1, the stillborn? Moreover, the second o f her daughters was White, the one who was born dead. She was not about to give it up.

The houses tte the liaciernl a of Popeta are still preserved the same. They have the form ríe a capital "L", ríe ailobe, with very old tiles and, at one end, the chapel. At the front there is a garden with orange trees and characteristic flowers and an entrance gate; at the back, another garden, where I took refuge as a child to watch the invisible, non-existent flowers grow, together with the birds and the birds, hens and roosters. In the corretlores Pie pilasters, if today I visit them with my imagination, I still hear the voices of the master Arados, who nailed the boards biting his tongue, and, if I go into the dark rooms, I see Dr. Raredes approaching to take our temperature, when we were afraid of "al fombrilla". Or else, it is Lucho, the brother of the rlom és tica, who comes to the foot of the bed to tell us stories that delighted us and that we asked him to repeat them tirelessly. They were tales of witches and bandits, where God and the devil also appeared, helping or tempting bosses and villagers.

How difficult it will be for the new generations of Chile and, even more so, for the inhabitants of the rest of the world to understand, or even imagine, this life in the fields of my homeland, not more than seventy years ago, and even less! It is not that

My mother, with
her older sister, in
the house on
Esmeralda Street,
with the brocados,
the mirrors and
the family
atmosphere in
which she grew
up and loved so
much.



at
mosphere in
which she grew
up and which she
loved so much



I was four years
old, on my mare
"La Novia".

nature is no longer *there* and is no longer the same as before. It is the social muntlo that used to share it that has vanished, like a mirage, like a dream never to be dreamt. The dream of an elite, a delicate flower, unique in the world -I would dare to say in the whole Universe-. Aristocracy that will never again be repeated, inside or outside of this Chile of ours. I have only read one book, written by a French novelist, Françoise Mau ri ac, "The Frontenac Mystery", which describes the po seme nt, a peasant and seriorial life, in a province in the south of France. And it is in the French province and nowhere else in the world, except in the Neñial, that I have found an atmosphere similar to that of the Chilean countryside and its old mansions. That nostalgia that also surrounds Alain Fournier's "The Great Meaulnes".

Yes, the great dark winter quai'tos, where apples were kept, with their drunken perfume, with nuts scattered on the floor; the jams and quince jelly, being prepared in the wood stove; the "charqui", or dried horse meat, hanging in the corridors; the carbide or acetylene lamps, with their blue light. The fire in the braziers and the noise of the infallible leaks on rainy days. The silence of the summer nights, with a sky full of stars, transparent. The great pine tree of the entrance, which still exists and to which I embraced when I returned, without being able to hold back my tears, like the oldest and most faithful friend of my childhood. The condors describing circles on the heights and, above me, always there, the peaks of the Annals, with their eternal snows. Those summits that are forever in my soul.

It was in the jarclin ble behind the house, rlornle I saw for the first and last time the flower that does not exist. There I took refuge and, although I never met dueniles, gnomes and other small characters, I know that I could have seen giants, like the trees, I felt the trees for sure those giants. I talked to them, or, rather, I was them. Even when the "I" was not in me, but rlifuso, lost in the environment, it was part of the landscape, so much so that this child did not need to speak or see, like others, those beings that inhabit nature, because he was in nature, immersed, suffering and loving inside it, and in the river with the birds and reptiles,

living his life, sometimes, in the branches of the trees and feeling the lightness and adventure of those birds, flying overhead, or growing with the grass and opening with the flowers. So, I never got cold when a hen flew over me, and if I got very *cold*, *I would* never be able to see the flowers.

attacked. It was as if it e-i'ulsara me riel jai'c]in and I believe that I never went back there. Pu llo coinciilir this with the al'-ition 'lel "I" and 'le a viii a se para 'la, would remember ríe la Naturale za, el Universo. As if the gral li na con fi i'mai'a. But even rcuerrlo the pe rfum e li úm it ike las

violets 'lthe new year, or in the month of september, when at sunrise 'tel 'aunt 10, the "mama" Delfina, our aunt, would take me to bed, in a can, with the candy and a cake with the number of my years in the littles littles littles. And all ornamented with those blue violets is laughs my childhood, even l'eri a rias rte rte drops tte dew. Today they don't smell like they used to. I only know it, because here, in my house in Val Jiaráiso, when I visited that old mansion with me. I took there violets and I took them in this port of leyenrl as. I contemplate them now inside a "violeteer", while I hardly move forward with these i ecuerils. But . . they no longer smell as they used to...

.. " ..

Why did don Joaquín n Fernánrle z Dla rico put the name of Bei'ta to my mail i'e? As far as I know, no one in the family had ever carried it. It is a Germanic name. The Merovingian mother of Ca rlomagio, was called Bertha. The law tells, or wants to make believe, that even today the "Pi iorato ríe Sion", or'le n secretísim a, n acirl a together with the Tem Plaria, works in the sub te te i'i'i'áneos ríe the li istoria, consjii rancio jrara imjPoner'un trey r!r!el munr!o rte san gre merovi ngia. Gei'ai"l 'le Serie believes it, in his book "La Race Fabulouse", and, even more, u nos investigailores in gleses that have recoi'rido the centuries in search rte com proba'aii as exti'aii proba'ons.

I remember that when I went to Galicia in search of the roots, of wizards, of menhirs, of dolmens and lyreans, more than Celts, I found Germans. The director of the Museum of Compostela confirmed it to me. It was a castle, but his Gallega wife was also called Beita. Al guie n there is lta commissioned to make him unharmed take the liuell as li istói icas rte the Swabians, the v/aiiil als and tiimbi én rte the merovi n gr os; But they are jPrese rvan in tojion imi a and

also in some people's names. And in the skin and eyes of their "meipas".

My mother was blonde, with beautiful hair and big blue eyes. When I looked at them, I forgot the sky, for there I could also see the flight of the condors and the peaks of the Andes. And in her hair, I found the perfume of violets, so that if she had seen it more, I would not have had to go back to the garden from which I was exiled, nor would I have been killed by the giants, nor the elves, nor the secret invisible flowers, those that no longer exist.... She was the true garden that I lost.

Together we would go for a walk on the farm roads in the neighborhood of our homes. Once, my mother found a peasant woman weeping at the door of her ranch. He stopped to ask her about the cause of her grief. The woman explained that her **daughter**, less than a month old, was very sick. My mother asked her to take her to our house for treatment. She did so and the child soon got better. That woman, in gratitude, named her daughter after my mother. I came to know it seventy years later, when I returned to meet a woman who served in the Bisquert family home -still living in Popeta- and whose name was Berta. When she found out who she was, she went in search of her mother. And that old woman, almost ninety years old, confirmed this story to me.

I can also see myself with my mother, riding in a horse-drawn carriage driven by a coachman from the hacienda. Behind us was a completely drunk policeman, wearing the blue uniform of those years, of those who were then called "pacos". He had lost his cap, was barely holding on to his saddle and was pulling violently on the reins of his steed, which was "rearing up". My mother was very frightened.

Another time, my father invited all of us in the house, including an uncle, my mother's younger brother, who had not been to Spain, to a boxing competition, which was held next to the horses in a makeshift ring. The spectators sat on chairs in front of the ring. Huasos and farmers from the hacienda came with their children to take part in the competition. My father put on my gloves and asked a peasant boy my age to come into the ring to fight me. How old would he be? Five, six years old? As always, he took the challenge very seriously. I remember coming out in a flurry to throw that kid to the ground. He was crying,

more than anything else for having had to face the "patronci t", the son of the big boss, with blows. However, I was even more confused than he was. And I still am, because of that scene, so distant now, but so ever present in my memory. How unfair to have had to fight with a tenant, who surely could not even defend himself, much less attack me! In those days, the bosses were seen, not fought. Even these pooled the most humble of men. Respect and love were reciprocal.

But not so with my padre. He treated his tenants *as* equals, and some of them were his best friends. It was perhaps with one of these that he then fell out, taking the brunt of the fight. He fell to the ground, and what followed is still in my memory as if I were witnessing it today. I see my mother leap into the center of the ring like a wild beast and begin to beat with her fists the man who had knocked my father down, while she said, "You wretched, wretched, wretched, wretched, wretched man, how dare you go after my husband.

My father, who had risen quickly, had to calm her down, laughing, while at the same time explaining himself to his opponent, mortally embarrassed and saddened.

But this story did not end here, at least not for my father. I don't know if the next day, or a few days later, we went out on horseback with the pretext of seeing crops and some animals, in the direction of the mountains. Ah, those beautiful stony fields and the scent of the ai-boles and the herbs, the bolls, the quill ayes and the pines! At the beginning I used to put a loop around my animal's neck, keeping the other end tightly fastened to his saddle and holding me, until one day, during a visit we paid to "Don Figueroa" -I don't remember the name-, he took the loop away from me, telling my father: "The 'huaina' is now grown up and can ride his horse alone". My father accepted the suggestion and, since then, I have been riding him on my mare. I had two mares: Violeta and Novia. And one evening, after dark, when the three of us, my father, the huaso and I, were returning from a trip to the town of Rengo, as we passed the slope by the river, while they were singing songs in duet, I immersed myself in the night and in the landscape. Down by the river, among the perfumed roses, up by the moon,

moving, it seemed to me, always ahead of us, with the shadows of St. Joseph, the Virgin and the Child-God on the donkey (also the donkey) on its pale *gold* surface. I did not know how my mare began to gallop, getting more and more ahead of the riders, lost in their singing. Surely, the animal sensed the proximity of the "querencia". It rounded a bend in the slope. What bend would that be? I looked for it now, in my dams, without being sure that I could recognize it. Then my father and his servant arrived there at a gallop, scared to death, believing that I had suffered a mishap. My father took me off my saddle and put me on his, and we continued galloping to the houses. Only once did my father punish me, and the memory of this I still have in my mind to this day, like the sequence of a slow film, which I watch on a screen, looking at the whole scene, as if from outside myself. And this because "I" was really still "outside". It was something similar to the event of the balcony and my grandfather's ring, and the impression was also the same: a mixture of humiliation and indignation, with an enormous sorrow that something similar could happen between me (or rather, between this "I", which I was then) and this adored being that was my father, since then we were both one. I see my father chasing that child with a long stick in his hand and the little boy running desperately through the yard in front of the house. I see him reaching for him and hitting him in the legs with the "colihue". The scene is so vivid, so present, that I can even describe the boy's white suit, his bare legs and the intense pain of the punishment.

At other times we would go *fox hunting*; my father carrying his shotgun and I a small toy revolver with "fulminates". We would look for fox tracks on the hillsides and we would also stop to rest among the big trees and bushes. I was my father's companion and he was my first friend, perhaps my only real friend, without a doubt, without hesitation. We were also accompanied by our little foxterrier dog, "Cocotte".

However, now the cat had a very different objective, unknown to me and to our companion, the good "huaso". Only my father knew it, and, very soon, it would also be revealed to us. And to our bewilderment.

We had arrived at a ford of the river. And there my father dismounted from his horse and urged us to do the same, helping me to

me to descend from my mare. To the tenant's total surprise, she began to take off her blanket and jacket, ordering him to do the same. He rolled up the sleeves of his shirt and said: "No, now we are going to continue the fight that my wife interrupted us; here, without gu before and without Berta, we will see who wins, who is the best...!"

The huaso hesitated aha, looking at me, as if looking for help. But that was an order given by the boss, by the "midshipman", and could not be disobeyed.

I was like that, there, on the banks of the Claro River -so clear-, of a fist fight between two men of my land, of this ancient Chile, of men, when men were men and two virile and warrior races fought and loved each other, the Viking, the Visigoths and the Araucanians. Without giving each other quarter, without any question of class or lineage, they beat each other and bled, until the huaso said: "Patrón, that's enough, think a little about Mrs. Berta and Don Miguelito, here watching..."

And then they both dropped into the waters of the Claro River and washed and wiped the blood from their wounds. The debt was paid, the ancestral feud had been settled.

How can I not love my father as I have loved him and as his servants in the field loved him?

That was the lesson of my blood, there mixed with the sap of the landscape, with the snows of the peaks and the waters of the rivers; a lesson of loyalty, honor and manhood, of the race and of the spirit, which I received in action and by the example of my ancestors. From my mother, defending her husband; from my father, doing justice to his servant in an interrupted "joust of honor"; and from my grandfather, José Miguel, already very old, rebuking and brandishing his cane against a vegetable peddler, who had disrespected my grandmother.

So deep, so deep, so deep, that the ordinary life of my childhood got into me, that once I thought of writing a novel that I could reproduce it. It was called "La Felicitad" and I remember that with my friend, the poet Jaime Rayo, com panero of Braulio Arenas and Juan Derpich, we typed it up. Then I burned it.

How I wished I could have read it now, to relive forgotten things there!

My father, the dog
"Cocotte" and me, in the
field of Popeta.



The lineage: My
grandfather, José
Miguel Serrano
Urmeneta; my father,
Diego Serrano Manterola
and myself.

My rides of those childhood years came to an abrupt end. One morning, I was riding around the front garden on my mare Bride, or was it Violet? Some oxen appeared in front of me and I wanted to "herd" them out of the garden. Then a branch of a tree became entangled in my blanket. The mare kept going, I had no strength to hold her and I fell off the horse. For the first time in my life, I lost consciousness. The earth turned over on me, the tree tops too, and I knew no more until I awoke in my father's writing room, who smiled with satisfaction to see me come to. He took me in his arms and led me to see my mare, tied up near the stables, still unsaddled. But she was no longer "my" mare, and I never rode her again. In truth, I never did it again, for it was as if that fall foreshadowed the end of that whole precarious world, so weak and delicate, as is the Paradise. ..

In those like Popeta galleries, in their corridors, I played with my sister Berta. My other sister was still very young and my brother had not yet been born. With her I was united by a mysterious web, a golden cord, which has never been broken, as if it had to do with some ancient incarnation, or with that "secret", or that "treasure" of the family (hidden in *Bertho's* name), which we tried to recover and hide again in our games, never interrupted, until now, through spaces, lands, seas and dreams.

Also in those corridors, she circulated silently, as a The "mama" Del fina, that aya who arrived at my grandparents' house a long time ago, at the age of fourteen, to take care of my father in Valparaíso, and who now took care of us. A woman from the fields of Chile, self-sacrificing towards sacrifice. No one knows today what the "institution of the mothers" really was in Chile. My cousins also had theirs, "mama Luisa". They became part of the families, even more important than the mothers, because they had taken care of the many children that they could not and did not know how to take care of with the same care, sacrifice and selfless love. I don't know if in this book I will be able to refer again to my mother Delfina -I hope the Gods will allow me to do so-, but let me just say now that there is not a day in my childhood or adolescence when she was not present, there, at the back of my mother's room, at the end of the room, at the end of the room.

that "roy o" - dawn or dusk -, as the indispensable accompaniment of the music of the *ta si pura*, accompanies our family melorlli.

Today she is buried in our tomb. If reincarnation exists in the way it is thought to exist, I only wish I could find it again, here or elsewhere, so that I could serve it, as one serves a queen, giving her back in part what she gave me and which I did not know how to recognize here. And if what exists is the Eternal Return of the Same, then may my work today, or these same reflections here exposed, allow me to *come back* at the right moment of the reunion, in that Round, to change everything, even myself, and, holding her in my arms, raise her to the throne that was always hers and, kneeling down, kiss her pastured hands and tell her that I love her!

When my mother used to sing the old and beautiful song, "Amapola", I dedicated it to my mother Dolphin: "*Ama-Pola, lindísima Ana Pola, how can you, tü, ni sir tan sola...?*". She lived alone, giving everything and receiving nothing in return. But what she gave was enough for her....

Another servant I loved was a young woman, with a very fair complexion and light hair -that's how I see her in my memory-. I kissed her bare arms, which smelled of mountain herbs. One night they brought her out wrapped in a blanket and dead. She had committed suicide by ingesting the sulfur from some lamps. Together with my fall from the horse, I see this as the beginning of the degradation of a world, which was sustained in an air that was too fixed and transient, "laboriously equipping its landscapes", as our poet Omar Cáceres would say. "An unlit blue", before which today, "*remembering my old self, what once was my sacred belongings, I feel alone as a monstrous one, repitierido the word 'e iitoi - ces'. ...*". "*For the tes b for, the plea with which all ancient solitude surprises us, rio is nós that the evidence that of human sadness remains...*". Yes. It is a "*Azit l Deslt.obitado*"...

Large groves of trees, thick canopies of branches that grow together, forming a green canopy and a wide avenue of leaf litter, leading to the "Crescent" of the rodeo. I was alone there, in that avenue. And suddenly, a child appears in front of me. He

He comes up to me, puts his arms around my neck and kisses me on the cheek. Only twice more have I felt such an impression in this life. One was near the ruins of the Cathar castle in Montsegur, on a cold day, with the mountain snow-covered and me contemplating the summit, prevented from reaching it by the ice accumulated on the steep slope. I seemed to "feel" that some arms were opening up high and from that ruin of stones an infinite love was transmitted to me, of immaculate purity, something from outside this earth. The other time it was next to a small plant that was dying. I sat in front of it and "knew" that it was saying goodbye to me, transmitting to me the same love, the same delicate substance. And this was also what she experienced, for the first time, when an "angel" threw her arms around my neck and kissed me.

It still belongs to El's biography, not to that of my "I".

Without being a question of age or time, the self sometimes seems to step aside, discreetly, to let an El take over, as on that bus trip to a southern city.

And in my childhood, who was that child who kissed me? Did he really exist? Was he, perhaps, a new incarnate? Was he my brother Pascual, who returned to earth and came to visit me?

There is commotion in the houses of the hacienda. A visitor arrives, almost a foreigner; she comes from Europe, from France. She is my aunt Clarisa Manterola, sister of my grandmother Fresia and granddaughter of Josefa Paramá. A special woman, she believes in reincarnation and travels the world alone, or accompanied by her dear friend Aidé. She never goes to mass, she does not believe in the Christian God, much less in priests. She passes on the intellectual heritage of her parents and the mystery of the "Captain". She was the first one to tell me about India, spiritualism and past lives. She is tall, has blue eyes and very beautiful hair, prematurely white. She is a friend of her sister Fresia; but she has interrupted all relationship with her older sister, Maria Luisa (the one who lived without ever leaving Valparaiso), because of some family dispute that is not spoken of. She always showed a special predilection for me and would take me on her vacations, or retreats, to San Bernardo, or to Quilpué, where she would go as if she were going to the "waters of Vichy". Once, in Quilpué, while I was lying next to her in her bed and she asked me

to take her to

suddenly experienced a very strange sensation: I felt that his body was growing and that he was a powerful being, without sex. Frightened, I got out of bed and left the room.

She did not love flowers, she said they were for the dead and had an apple tree planted on her grave. Not flowers, because she was not dead. The tree remains there and has not borne fruit. She was cultured, she read novels, philosophy and poetry. I showed her my first literary works. When she died, I was at her side, I took her hand and she squeezed it gently. Oh, how many things I could have talked to my aunt Ciarisa, to find out about the "Mystery For Mom", and I didn't do it.... It is already late; but... will it be?

One day I introduced her to Vincent Hui dobro. They spoke in French. And he told me that she looked like Voltaire.

When she arrived at the hacienda, she came in one of our large horse-drawn carriages, with which she had been picked up at the Rengo railroad station. Without getting off, she opened the door and shouted: "Hello, the Castilians!

He brought gifts from abroad. He gave me a box of chocolates, which was quickly snatched from my hands by my mother, my grandmother, or perhaps by Mama Delfina. I found it later on a table and opened it stealthily, took out a chocolate and escaped to the garden. It was the first time I had eaten a sweet like this. I found it bitter and spit it out. When they discovered at home that I had taken a chocolate from the box, they thought I had eaten it; it was a drama; my grandmother, my mother, my mother, all the women cried, sure that I would get sick, making comments about the customs and the perverse food of foreigners, city dwellers, who gorged themselves on harmful **delicacies**.

In Paradise only apples, quinces, figs, cereals and fresh cow (or donkey) milk were eaten. Never chocolates.

THE EMERGENCE OF THE SELF

In the old colonial mansions of the Chilean countryside, the rooms were dark and communicated with each other, with windows overlooking the garden or the interior courtyards. They also had independent exits to the corridors, which for security were closed at night with iron "locks", as well as the windows, with

large pos- tigers of beautifully crafted grids and artistically labrad-
ted gratings.

In our house there was a corridor that crossed from garden to garden, through which the employees walked. It separated the last bedroom, or perhaps the playroom, from the dining room.

I believe that it was here, in this room, before the hallway and the dining room, that this fundamental and defi nitive event took place in the life of the child, of this hitherto unseparated child, immersed in another Being, connected to Something very ancient, without beginning or end, who could converse without words and without even knowing it, with the birds of the sky, the birds of this earth, the trees, the plants and with the "inexistent flowers", which open and close in the gardens of a distant world, which in menu do was superimposed on this other.

More than o n c e in my books I have tried to explain this event, which separates my life in two and in more than two, since it seems that the old Self does not disappear completely, and may return at times, without great frequency, it is true, or without my knowing it often, although it is possible that, with the passing and increase of the years, it returns to take possession of me, but without displacing the "I" totally, or, better still, with the consent of that "I." If this were to happen, I believe that "He" and "it" would have triumphed equally well. If this should happen, I believe that "He" and "it" will have triumphed equally.

Well, *there, in* that room at the Popeta farm, I couldn't say exactly at what age, but between four and five years old.

-It seemed to me, suddenly -yes, suddenly-, "*me sert/ me*", I, myself. And looking from my "me", I began to see the other people walking down the corridor, from one side of the house to the other. And, with an anguished clarity, I asked myself the question: "Do those men and women passing by also feel "me", as I feel myself? Is it possible that this could happen? And why, in the midst of all of them, do I alone feel myself, myself, this 'I' in the midst of the whole Universe? Because it is a fact that they are not 'me' and no one, no one else can feel me, in any part, a s I feel here now. Because I am unique, separate and alone.... And those others, What are they?

Something then occurred to me, in an instant, as if another person came in, or took possession of me. Better yet, as if "Someone" left. Perhaps a switch was activated in the brain, on

its left side, and the one on the right side went off. I don't know. Or, the "Guardian Angel" of the Christians ceased to be responsible for my vigilance from the outside. Or did it go into me, or did it go away? Since that

At that moment I was responsible for myself and the "I" would no longer stop wandering between these poles of opposites, between good and evil, with an endless chain of questions and doubts. Before, the child would say: "The child is hungry, the child is cold". Now: 'I want such and such, I am cold. ...

Even today, if I concentrate a little on myself and manage to feel my "I", to feel "I", I cannot really understand how it is possible that in the whole Universe, that on this overpopulated earth, only I, only I, feel this "I" of mine, that I am, and I do not feel "another" or "another" feels "I". In the same way I cannot understand that, when this "I" is finished, if it is finished, when it is "extinguished", like the light of a candle, something can continue to exist, other "I's", for example. Of this I will never be able to be sure, since no one - that is, no "not-self" - will be able to *asepur-melo*. And I think that sometime, somewhere, in some world or Universe, someone will again feel me, just as I feel myself now. And that I, again, will be myself. This is my experience of the Eternal Return. And my only faith of "automatic" immortality, alien to my will, so to speak. And in this way I also understand reincarnation. Different perhaps to my aunt Clarisa... Although maybe not...

How difficult it is to explain this to those who have not lived it and do not experience it in *uiuences*' I have asked many, men and women. And they don't understand. Thus, I feel different and, in order to find answers, perhaps I extend myself as far back as possible in my memories, in search of the ancient and ancestral presences, of a José and a Pepita Paramá, of Don Pedro Fernández Concha, of Don Rafael and of that secret treasure of the Merovingians and the Visigoths, kept in a "divine blood", in the "Sang-real".

For, before an "I" "came", who was it, who was there? Not an "I", of course, although there was a *Person*, who must be immortal, eternal, as opposed to the "I", which is mortal and perishable. Professor C.G. Jung describes this event in an extraordinary way. When he suffered a heart attack and everyone thought he was dying, he says that he saw himself going in the direction of a Being who was sitting in meditation and cross-legged in the Buddha position. He was "thinking" his life - Jung's life. He knew that this Being would absorb him, melting into him. And Professor Jung resisted and came back to life.

I never talked to him about this great terna. And I am truly sorry, because I have not been able to find out if he had the sudden and sudden experience of a "me".

This is a Drama luminously expressed in what I call Kristianismo con K, Esoteric Christianity, which has been voluntarily obscured, to the point of being completely ignored. And I believe that our ancestors, such as Bishop Sabo, Don Rafael Fernandez Concha, for example, who came to understand it. And if not them directly, through me now.

What is *Kristos*, really? It is a Category, a ~~Godhead~~, a High Person, a Solar Entity, like the Buddha. Nehru used to say to me: "We are all Buddhas, or we can become Buddhas. Prince Gautama was. Jesus was the *Kristos*. Christianity takes much from Buddhism. It is a recurrent Archetype; old wine in new wineskins, with another language more suitable for the idiosyncrasy of the West. Jesus speaks of "his Pad re" and says: 'to and my Pad re are one and the same Person. to and f/. And if he had died earlier, without being "crucified" in the *Mystical Death*, that is, without achieving that last Mystery of an Initiation, of the Induiddiation, as Jung would say, his "I" would have been absorbed by the Father, disappeared in Him. But, when the Mystery is fulfilled to the end, the wine of the Divine Blood being drunk to the dregs (the Chalice, the *Chorale*, the *Sa ng- rea I* the "Spirit of the Secret Wine" of Alchemy, the "Blood of the Family"), he can say to the "Good Thief" (the disciples who will accompany him in the Initiation, or "Crucifixion"): "*You and I will be together tonight or in the Father's Cross*". That is to say, at his side, separated, *united*, without losing his "I". With an immortalized Self, with *Self-consciousness* (*Iesus - Kristos*, finally; Buddha). It can even "illuminate the darkness of the Creator" -Jung's words-. Because the Creator does not have a "to", he is not conscious of Himself. *He is conscious of us*.

"The Blessed feel nothing for themselves," said Hölderlin. "The poets have to feel for them." And the Rig Veda repeats more or less the same thing.

Now, none of this is theoretical, lucubration, the product of philosophical conceptions, but living experience, pure experience that happened in my early childhood, which I could well forget and even erase from my memory. In fact, for years, it passed unnoticed and stored as worthless, inside the chest of "memory-not-remembered", of "thought-not-thought", until, suddenly, it was forgotten,

He came to me there, "like a ladrone in the night," in the farthest perfumes, like the golden apples of Avalon.

And I close and open that *Co[re]* now, very late in the afternoon, to re-experience the same experience of those distant years, which has no years or age and which consoles and comforts me to be able to continue with the cross on my shoulders, until one day I reach the summit of the Parzival mountain of my lineage, crucifying and resurrecting the "I".

What is the "I", that "I" that suddenly appears, there, in the rooms of an old house? Where was it before, where did it come from? From inside, from outside? Does this phenomenon occur in a child only when its organism, its brain, has reached a certain point in its development? Is it a substance, a chemical - or alchemical - combination? And, in this case, why doesn't the same thing happen to everyone, does it have to do with blood, with race? Undoubtedly, it marks a difference and some determining distances. Novalis said: 'all men, by the mere fact of having a human body, are human'. Moreover, it would seem that it is only on this earth that the experiment and the possibility of "kristic" immortalization can be realized, for it is only here that the possibility of obtaining a mortal self and immortalizing it in an 'Absolute' is given. What Jung described as the *Iridividuacióri*, which would consist in reaching a point closer, or equidistant between Consciousness and the Unconscious, which he would come to call Sethe/. Nietzsche thought the same thing, although without explaining it so clearly, for his *Su perhomb re*.

An *equidistant point*, here is the key and its importance. Equidistant between the 'it' and the 'Being', between the *fftyo* and the *Father*. Avoiding also that the "works and the days", with the cristallization of the I, make forget the Being, the Father, the Creator of which the whole Process and the *Drania aduieneri*. And so the importance I attach to my experience, which occurred not long ago on a bus trip to the south, and which reminds me that I and the Father, in a way, remain always one and the same. And I still need to be crucified, so that I can sit at his *Tenth*, united and separated forever. The true "*Imitation of Kristos*," of Kristos-Wotan. In making a final reflection on the destiny of the Earth that shelters us, and which is linked to the Introduction to these "Memoirs", I insist on pointing out the immense danger that threatens us, when children today are "born with their eyes open", even more so when they are born with their eyes open, when they

are born with their eyes open, when they are born with their eyes
open, when they are born with their eyes open, when they are born
with their eyes open, when they are born with their eyes open.

a "I" from the first moment and without the Self, without an Almighty *Father*. Demoniacs, or mere robots, exposed to give up their "I" (they do not even have an "I") to be devoured by the machines, by the computers, by the "virtual reality", by the "telepresence", lacking the protection of the *Self*, which has been erased from memory, assassinated by the lo/em of the machine. "Seeing is dead!", Nietzsche would cry.

However, "Of" is still the one that "it" can resurrect it, within "It" and outside "Me", the *Personality* to the *Person*.

This is the mission of mature years, for during youth and adolescence one has been trying to defend and confirm the "I", even at the expense of the Self, because the "I" is always in danger on this earth of disappearing in biological death.

But, if there is a triumph, it does not matter what happens to the "world of others" (if such a world exists), to the Universe of the other mortal selves, for it is enough that one arrives - that one arrives - for the *Draina and the A oetture of the Self*, of the Archetype, to be resolved. Because the Self is One and indivisible and if it has been faced with justice and with science-living, the triumph of a single *one*, in any corner of the Universe, has total validity (Christ redeems Humanity with the "Sacrifice" of his Initiation).

The path of the I must be directed not towards its annulment, or its peration, but towards its *con.[rmation* in the *Absolute I*, in the *Absolute-Man*, thus giving it a place at the *right hand of the Father*, of the *Being*.

Many years later I should come to discover that this was the Tantric Initiation of the SS, in Esoteric Hitlerism, which would come to replace, or better said, to continue the true roots of Kristianism, in the C rucifi xion of Wotan and in the Mystery of the Resurrection of the Son, Baldur, in the Aquarian Consecration. The alchemical transmutation of the Absolute-Man, of the Absolute-Self. The Kristianism of Meister Elthard and lung.

And that is why I became a "follower-creator" of this Hitlerism.

THE REAPER'S GALLOP

She would arrive in the mornings galloping her horse, raising dust and wearing a long black robe, which was the dress worn by horsewomen in those days. She was called the "Pitigua" and would come from "La Chia mba" to bring her freshly made cheeses from the fields,

Very skinny, she resembled the Grim Reaper who gives life, the one who brings the fresh cheeses, *Cloto*, *Ur*, the *Noriici* of the Origin, in Germanic mythology. Also the Rune *Ur* (n).

But now the "Piti gua" has arrived in the late afternoon of a gray day and the cloud of dust that surrounds her joins the shadows of the sky. She does not stop, she does not bring white cheese; she gallops by on her horse, with her black cloak, and it seems that she is carrying a scythe in her hand. It is now the Reaper *Atropos*, the *NomSJ'u*/, who cuts the Thread of Life. The Rune *IR* (fJ) of Death.

The Fates, the Daughters of Acheron, the Mistresses of Destiny, the Daughters of the Night.

The "Pi tigua" lived for many years. It is possible that she is still alive. The Fates are immortal, the *Norms* only end with the world.

That black gallop, at sunset, foretold the end of the Universe, the sinking of Atlantis, the disappearance of Avalon, with its golden fruits, with animals and plants that talked to men.

Coincided with the 'lo" a parition.

MY MOTHER'S DEATH

My grandfather Joaquín returned from Spain in 1924. My mother wanted to go to see him in Santiago and my father and I accompanied her. It would be his last trip to the capital, without return. He was looking for the exact place to die, the house of his family, where he was born, with his atmosphere, with his family, his mother, his father, his brothers; with the Fernández de Santiago-Concha family, in a word. By the way, she did not know it consciously, because she did not even feel sick.

I don't remember anything about the train trip, nor about the visit to my grandparents, so I'm not sure I ever saw them. I do remember going with my mother to visit Aunt Maria, her older sister, who lived in a house on Esmeralda Street, next to my grandparents' house. Here is the image in my memory: I see my mother lifting up her skirt and showing her sister the stockings she had bought for herself. Her very white thighs were beautiful. I think the sisters were laughing and singing. Then, I am playing with some wooden soldiers, with very brightly colored uniforms, with red predominating. They must have been lancers or hussars, with

hulls. The light and color impression produced in me an almost hypnotic fascination and great happiness.

That night my father took me to sleep in a hotel in the Fernán dez Concha Portal, in the Plaza de Armas of the city. My mother stayed at my grandparents' house. Suddenly, she had felt sick. It is impossible for me to forget that first night in the city. I couldn't fall asleep because of the noise from the street. For a peasant boy like me, with the profound nights in the mountains, without a single noise, only with the clarity of the stars, the howling of the wind or the resounding of the rain, now the few horse-drawn carriages, with the rubbing of the hooves on the cobblestones, or the occasional voice, were something unusual. Already in those years, the impression of a Santiago still scarcely touched by the sea, foreshadowed its present agony. However, who could have imagined it then?

At dawn, I remember the smell of coffee in my father's breakfast cup and the toast with jam and butter, served by the hotel window, on a table set for the two of us, already dressed and ready to leave. My father had decided to take me back to the country, as he was very worried about my mother's illness.

I never saw her again. Not even after her death have I seen her again. And I say this, because my sister Blanca did, when I opened her coffin, forty years later. There she was, intact, just like her daughter, only younger. She died at 23 years of age.

My father took his family doctor, Dr. Aristides Aguirre Sayapo, of whom I have already spoken. He told me that my mother died of typhus. There was also talk, as always in these cases, that she had been given the wrong medicine. My mother's relatives said so. However, they are only symbols of something deeper: the blood of the Fernán dez, of the siblings and cousins, thus expressing their reaction against what comes from outside, including the modicum of my father's family.

The only truth is that *Norfia UR*, the Grim Reaper Atropos, the "Pitagua", galloping her black horse, had cut with her scythe the thread of my mother's life, there in Popeta, so that the Destiny of the Styre could be fulfilled, having deposited the seed, pierced the "seed atom" of a Great Fatality. It was also indicated by the numbers: she died at the age of 23. Two plus three is 5, the hyperborean number, of the return to the channels of the lost Divinity.

When my father returned to the countryside, I did not see him immediately. He spent a long time nestled with my grandparents at the desk in the house. I think it was after noon when he took me by the hand and led me into the garden; he walked with me and stopped under the trees, where I had my accident on the horse. He stood there and stood for a while looking at the tops of the trees. He stroked my hair and, raising one arm towards the slowly moving trees, blown by a warm and soft wind, he said: "Up there, your mother went away. Now she is in h e a v e n . . .".

This must have been the reason -I think- because I, until many years later, when I could climb on the roofs of our houses, I used to get down on my knees and look for my mother in the shapes of the traveling clouds....

When they opened my mother's sarcophagus to move her from the grave of the Fernández Concha family in the Catholic Cemetery to that of the Serrano and H4anterola family in the General Cemetery, they found, as I was saying, my mother's body intact, just as it was on the day of her burial. She was a young woman with golden hair, just like my sister Blanca. What I would not have given to be there at that **moment!** To see her face, to recognize *"her presence and her figure"*? *"Because the pain of love is only cured by presence and figure"....*

But, when this happened, I was in India, by the Ganpes Saprarlo, following there also the shadow of the clouds, which glide; the "path of the white clouds", which the wind of Fatality drives, in the nets of *Maya*, the Illusion. And next to the Invisible River, the one that does not exist, the Inexistent River, Swarasati, which descends from the head of Shiva, on the summit of Mount Kail ás. Divinity, the Lord of Yoga, who will take us one day to pass more beyond *May*, the Illusion.

CONVERSATION WITH A DOG

The family did not want to continue living in Popeta after my mother's death. Besides, the crops were not doing well. That mountainous land has never allowed us to grow good crops. We moved house and farm, but not far away, to "El Penón", a small village in the

small property with a mill. It was almost at the beginning of the slope above the river and its land was not much better.

I don't remember much of anything from here either. Maybe a lonely night, in a big, dark room, "surrounded by ghosts in order to think", as Omar Cáceres would say. To be able to *feel*. And something else, one morning, sitting in some corner, next to the mill, under the trees and on freshly fallen leaves. A big dog came and lay down next to me. He stayed for a long time and we engaged in a deep conversation of which I remember nothing. I imagine he asked me why he was a dog. The emotion of such a deep contact has not left me in this life, so that the "spirit of the dog species", his "group spirit", as the occultists call it, has had a special preference for me, or for that He who sometimes visits me and who was - I believe - the one who initiated the dialogue there in the field, for "He" knows the



A deep conversation with my dog
Thor, in 1993.

language ike dogs. And this is why the dog pei'diilo loved me in Antarctica; my little dog Dolma, gift of the Dalai Lama, loved me in India, and I loved her until her death, sweetly and passionately, and, now, we love each other with my pei'ra Fi'eija and my dog Thor, lying here beside me while I write these "Memoirs". Thor also makes me itlontic ꝑn-cgtinta and we talk at length, enveloped in such yias and suffi'imientos. b4iro the formo laughs his eyes and he knows that I understand him and that I would maria my viola -as he would maria his for me- to potter resꝑionrlerle and morli ficar his destiny as a Divine Being imprisoned in the form ble an animal on this earth. Of the God *Tltor* ~~sacrificed~~ one ꝑioc farther from the Paradise of Avalon.

I do not know if that dog 'le my infancy, the Prototype, that Sign, that Rune, was a dog 'le verrlatl, or was also a Flower Inexisten te, an Inexistent Dog, but mias real that the dogs that here wander and sorrow. And I took the note, the day after, to establish a dialogue with all the dogs that suffer on earth.

Part Ⅲ

From time to time I try to concentrate again on the event, so distant now, of the appearance of the "I." And it is difficult, because it escapes me, seeming to defend itself, as if the secret of creation and human life were centered there. And it is difficult, because it escapes me, seeming to defend itself, as if the secret of creation and human life were centered there. It slips away from me, at the moment when it seems that I am going to capture it. And the question is always the same: where was the "I" in the instant-before?

Or was it always there, in the child's body, and only opened, or activated, in the self-consciousness of the self? At the same time that another center was closing, in the other hemisphere of the brain, connected to another type of consciousness? Because, as Jung said, even in those times "before", or in those other states of consciousness, prior to the appearance of the "I", or of the consciousness of the "separate I", of the individuality, there is the "sensoc/on" of a *Person*. And *one has personal looses and uicettcias*, capable of marking a whole life. The child on the balcony, with the ring, for example. Dreams and experiences that can still *occur* in adult life, when the functions of the cerebral cortex have been inhibited by an accident or serious injury. How do you let go of these dreams, J. asked himself.

More than biological, chemical and physiological science, in order to penetrate into these very difficult territories, we should use the

The knowledge of the ancient people seems to have already traversed it, without the artifices of mechanics and present-day technology, but with superior experience and wisdom.

Since the phenomena experienced are so exact and real, it is only mysticism and philosophy that could bring us some help in the search for the verdatl behind the experience undergone.

Even long before the Kristi ani smo, Hinduism was concerned with these matters, codifying the experiences, so to speak, in a whole philosophy, or in several philosophies. Hinduism calls *Atmari*, *Brahma*, that *Person*, prior to the "I" and who remains there waiting outside, as "at the edge of a fountain", to perhaps

gather the experience that the "I" will acquire - upon the return of the Prodigal Son. There the self will return. It is lost or dissolves, for it is only *Maya*, the

Illusion. It does not exist ontologically. There is only the Atmiari. It is the Vedantine conception, of the Absolute *Vedaatta*. Then, the dualistic SomJ'h ya, where eternally exists the #urus/io (the *Person*) and *Praliril i*, the Matter of the self). Matter imprisons the Spirit, until the latter is liberated. But there is not only one *Purusha*, there are many. There are Gods, there are Persons, Monads, Vedantic Monotheism and Samlthya polytheism, to put it in a way more suitable to Western understanding. From the dualistic Sorni'iyō philosophy comes Yoga, as a technique to free the *Purrsha* from the prison of *Prahriti*. There is also *Taotra* as another powerful tool of liberation. Buddhism and Christianity have already been discussed.

But the most extraordinary thing is that, with the experience of a child-self, of a child who suddenly becomes a philosopher, all those ancient systems and religions have been reduced to the simplest equation: the "*Persona-aitles*" and the appearance of an "I". A God-Person *iPurrslta*) and man.

What it means is not a matter that can be penetrated by rational *r-!ozoF a*, by ~~deduction~~, nor by science, still less by technology. We can only use the *urgencies* that we can still bet our lives on. And to promote them, if this were possible, there is only *the Destiny of the Chosen One*. Of a *Ris hí* ("the one who sees"), who continues to live and experience, attentive to those apparitions that, like celestial birds, from evening to evening, cross the sky of the soul. Only they, the experiences, can perhaps still answer the great questions: Is the self only a small part of the Person who is incarnated in the human body, of an inhabitant of the earth, because She does not fit in its entirety? From the Vedanta and also from Christianity fcon "c"), it could be deduced that the *Atman*, or the

The Lord becomes divided or "represented" in all, a part in each one, being for this reason "brothers", as they are usually called "brothers in Christ"). A Circle, a Host, where "in each of its parts is the whole Christ". For Vedantism and Pantheism even animals and plants are "brothers", parts of God. Also for Francis of Assisi: "Brother Donkey". f "Sister Donkey").

For the *Samlihya*, it would be different. There is a *Purusha*, prisoner of *Praliriti*. For the religion of Wotan, the identity is not with all humans, but rather with one *race*, the Aryan, and, within this, with the *Amen* and Vonen lineages. With the *Werseian* warriors. Wotan being the "Persona," the "Spirit of the

Race", the "Collective I nconscious" that "/irt6fo" and is exjpresed in this "Collective I nconscious".

only blood.

To get to understand this better, we could try to express it with the "Religion of the *Ourii.s nio*", imagining what for Jung was a 0 u/ti, a Cii'culo, Archetype of an image of the Divinity (the Host). If, by law of synchronism, today Wotan were to descend to earth, he would visualize himself as an air ship, or a "flying disk", and if this death were to be materialized, this Divine Being, this *Siddha*, arriving here from another Parallel Universe, or from an "extra-sitition", would not fit in the earth. By constructing a Being (One Alone) larger than this world, it would have to be divided into a whole "crew", in which how *serious Wotan is*, each of the Asen. Beings who exist only in Wotan. That is why they are warriors and do not fear death; for nothing essential and only appearance can die in them. They are resurrected a thousand times in Wotan. In themselves they are nobodies, they have no self-consciousness.

In the Mythology of Wota nism it is revealed to us that tragedy and the loss of immortality occur when the "crew" is "mixed with the daughters of men". And it is there that the *Aseri* "sees himself naked" and comes to the surface, like a river over the immortals. And now he must win his viiii a, or lose it, with sword in hand. And with his Blood.

And it is no longer possible - it is not possible - to go **back, to annul** the "I" in order to *forriia r de riaeuo pa rle of the tri pulation* in IVoton. All that remains is to walk in the desert, confirming the individual self; to cross it to the *other extreme*, to come to constitute *Another Self*. Inventing it (The Non-Existent Flower), recreating Wotan. A *self-conscious Wotan* itself. The I Oh.so/iito.

T h i s is the true Fruit of the Earth. Only here, in the Universe, is this possible.

This was the understanding of a famous writer, André Brissaud, who wrote the book "*Hip ler el l'Or€lre Noir*". He states that the unknown attainment of the Pie l a Alqui mia, or Yoga, of the SS Initiation, was the m u t i o n of the *Ab solii to Man*. According to him, in Nürembe rg the great mistake was made of judging by **human standards** beings who *were* not human *beings*, because they had reached a limit and were governed by other laws than those of men. Those of the hyperborean *Ri slti, of which Ve*.

THE OTHER END

SANTIAGO DEL NUEVO EXTREMO

It is in the capital of Chile, in Santiago del Nuevo Extremo, where the adventure, also *extreme*, of the affirmation, the confirmation of the "I" is now going to take place. It is here that my family moves, apparently definitively.

What, in truth, is the secret name, the nomen *misticum*, of Santiago de Chile? The Egyptians, the Persians, the Mesopotamians, the Greeks, the Romans, had it for their cities. The Spaniards of the 15th and 16th centuries, heirs of the Romans and the Germans, would also have it. Especially the conquerors of this southernmost part of the world, where it was so difficult to settle, always at war with an "inhabitant of the land", the Mapuche, hardy and heroic, whom they were never able to defeat in three hundred years of continuous warfare. And that is why the best soldiers of Spain come here, the "flower of the Guzmans", as Philip II would say, the Visigoths, in search of war and honor, more than wealth, once the wars of Flanders were over. They pay for the expenses of the transfer, the armies, the horses, the equipment and the weapons out of their own pocket. They bring with them their servants and squires. They are not a burden to their King. They are carried by the spirit of adventure, honor and glory, as we have said, and possibly even something more. Because those "advanced" will have belonged -in a minority, it is certain-, especially the conquistadores of the one that will be called "Kingdom of Chile", to Orders of Cavalry, like those of Santiago, Alcántara and Calatrava, being in this last one where the Templars are given refuge. In fact, it was created for this purpose. The Templars are responsible for the legend of the *Gral*, or the Holy Grail. And this legend states that Parzival travels to the West (America) in a ship with the Templar cross, carrying the *Gral*.

It is known that the Templars had already arrived in America in the 12th century, following in the footsteps of the Vikings, and that they inaugurated the American silver trade in Europe, thus being able to finance the construction of cathedrals. The "advanced ones", knights of Calatrava, would have secretly come in search of the *Oral* and the hidden cities where it was kept. It is possible that Pedro de Valdivia was one of them. I am thinking of the name "Parzival" given to the summit of a hill on the estate that belonged to my family.

And in the south, Valet ivia jtor extentlerse always further south and also in vi ar missionsto what is now the Sierra tte Córrolba, Argentina, and liesta Santi ago riel Estero f ríe new, Scn/togo9, which was first called Santiago del Nuevo Maestrazpo. The name is given by Francisco ríe Villagua, who also named the mountains 'le Cói'il oba, on ríe there was the mysterious C runt ad de *Erk* and the summit 'let *Oritorl*, or. Moreover, it is *here that* the "white Indians" and bearded, robed with levorotatory swastilet, the Comechingones, appear. According to the researcher and wise man of the Ft-an cés, Jacques de Mahieu, they are the hero-robbers; or, the Trojans escaped from the disaster. And it is also here that Captain Cosar, from the former request of Men 'loza and Ga Por laughs, goes astray, rlescu brie nrl or a "Cin tlad rte the Caesars", as he has served to baptize it, with the name rte that captain. Never mias was liall art a, search aridose iicaisable- mind, to the rt ías ac tu ales, mias jnoi' the extreme south' tte our Am órica that by aquellas sierras.

The Grand Captain, Gon zalo Fernanrlez rte Córdoba, belonged to Ortlenes guerreras. The Grand Master of the Oí ríen ike Cal atrava, Alonso 'le Monroy, goes to Portugal í refuge ike the tem pl arios and sede 'le l to the Oí ríen de AlcántaraJ when the King of Spain takes the jefatura rte rte the Orde n. Alon so el e Mon i'oy is comjcaie ro de clon Perf ro de Val rlivia. '-ra ncisco 'le Aguii-i'e, formerly our beloved doctor Arístiiles Aquí rre, builds in the city of La Sere na the castle of Montalván, which becomes his home. There is among them all, ríe se pu ro, a he rmii n the thousand in ici a tic and warrior. Originally, the same Oi'rlen ríe los, Jesii i tas is ci'ea ria by a gue rre ro, Ignacio r!e Loyola, who also searches for the alchemical *Gr'i l*, in San Juan i!e la Pe na. Pe i'o is Fran cisco 'le Borja, in love until death with Isabel ríe Port upal íe ra vale nc iano and rt e la falTiili a Que da ori gwen a los Borgias ríe Italia; the tomb of Cósar Borgia is in Spain), who discovers that ninety percent of the Valencian jiobl ation is made up of Juilios. As Francis has entered the Jesuits, after the death of Isabella, he succeeds in converting the Jews and in infiltrating the Oi"len with the final result that will forever change the spirit of that congregation and laughs at its creator, who thought of it as a warrior and a saci'a, jii'em uní dn mel se ntrirlo caballares- co that to him ani m al a. Domi nada now jtor the "new Christians", jtor the "Mai'rans", will become the maltl ition of the Christian aml ac l and the New M u nr
I'precristian.

Don Pe'li-o rle Valrlivia is the most interesting of the conquerors of Amoriga. No Julie, so far, has penetrated the secret of his greatness, which, in addition to deriving from his Visigothic blood from Extremadura, is to be found in the initiation of a religious and warrior Order. With a be illuminated vision he chooses as capital of Chile the geomantic "center" that he will call Santiago, without knowing us until now what would be its *women* /ni.shicu/rt, being even the same of "Santiago", linked to so many miracles, to the magical and Celtic Compostela and to the name, also magical, of my own family. I will have chosen it because of the *Huelen* fDolor) hill of the Mapuches, today Santa Lucia; because of the *Titjsalt ue í* Abode of God), today San Cristobal, and ;for the Mapocho (Ma puche) river, which then opened in two branches that rorleaban the Huelen hill, and, above all, because of the ever-present summit of Plomo, sacred to the Inkas, on whose summit was found, just in our century, the mummy of an Inca girl, there left there so that the Gods would take us into account. Someone took her to that summit, and Santiago is dead!

Alt, the beauty of those snowy peaks! I once heard an Em bajatlor 'le E*l'aña say: "h'arlie who does not contemplate them Nestle here can ímaqnarse what the Awiles are". In Val paradise, from the windows of my house, beyond the sea, I can see the Aconcagua, the highest summit in America; but it is not the same as feeling these nearby mountains, which come upon us and rise, as if they were still growing next to us. It is something indescribable, that gets into the soul forever. Only the Himalayas have been able to quench this thirst for the summits and summits that have tortured my soul. And lioy is the nostalgia for a Paradise lost forever and that the new generations will never know, as those heights are invisible, their pristine purity destroyed by pollution and the apony of the crystal atmosphere that once enveloped them.

Whatever this was when Ion Peilro Valdivia first arrived, it is now irreproachable, even in my childhood times. A region of vernacular Mosques, with clear, transient, transient, with unknown birds, with contlores and peaks inhabited by the Gods. At the top of Cerro Huelen, the conquistador was conquered ("Pedro Valdivia, Cal'itín conquistailo" is the title of a book by my friend from my youth, Santiago Tlel Camjao). And right there he would begin to write the cai'tas-poems to his King, to convince him of the conquest and colonization o f the "téri'a austral is".

The legend, or myth, of the Ciurlad rte los Cósares is nourished more than in the sacred and magical history of the *Carol*, in the incurable nostalgia that touches the soul in the fear of the snowy peaks of the Anrlcs and that speaks to us in the sunsets, in the sunsets, in its shafts of light, of the existence of another viola, in some world beyond this one, in a secret, hidden city, inhabited by the red men of the horizon, by immortal beings. And this nostalgia, this longing, this "color of longing," imprisoned conquerors and conquistadors alike. The Spaniards and the aborigines. To the ner/iu i/i lios and to the *h iindias*.

AND WOMEN

We are almost completely unaware of the true story of Inés de Suárez, an archetype, perhaps, laughs the *soror* mi.s/icoe, of the alchemical-warrior adventure of a warrior's soul. She is the *mother* of Don Pedro de Valilivia, she protects him, she cares for him, she pushes him, she accompanies him. She will be the only one who knows the intimate depths of his great adventure, of his secret dream, for she is also a heroine and fighter. As long as she is with him, he does well, as Napoleon did with Josephine.

Forced by Viceroy la Gasca to abanrlonar doria Inós, while awaiting the ven ill a of his official es posa clesrle Spain, he takes momentarily a rlonal lu ana Cuevas. In the meantime, she gave it to Inés rte S u áre z in m atrim onio to the later Gobe rnador of Chile, Don noel rigo ríe Quiroga ble nibail avia. The abandonment of the soror, the woman with whom the body and the soul would be tuned, was thus fulfilled, and this for the sake of the zones of the Stadium, for the convenience of the circumstances. And the secret dream of the "initiate", of Don Pedro ne Valdivia, who was a "dream of the Olar, of the *Polo aiistralis*" and of the *General* there to keep it, will no longer be maintained without the support of his *soror*.

And when 'lon Perlro fell in the em Roscada -who would not have been prorucluiio tte to be at her side, she would have sensed it-, Valclivia asked his companion, seeing himself surrounded by Mapuches: "And now, what shall we do? And the comrade-warrior replied: "What do you want us to do, Se Por, if not fight *and* die...?"

What will be the place of Inés 'le Suárez, of the history of her soul, until the end of her days on earth, of that courageous woman,

heroic, extraordinary? Someone would have to narrate it. But there is no more time, no more heart, no more money for such things.

Only in the sixteenth century did a mysterious, highly cultured, alchemist and magician return to take up again the secret and hidden routes that in the mind and in the esoteric people's fancy, with its friends Iry, towards the South Pole, in effect, Gilgamesh led, before returning to the stars, to his "Camino de Estrellas", to his Compostela, to his, in the end, in the end, in the end, came to this earth - according to Fleets. This sea - was the true)co navigator of the Periplus of the South Sea, the famous of the Ciudad del Rey Felipe, in the Strait of Magellan, which in the end should bear his name more than that of the mariners. Also the Port of Sarmiento will remain at the same time as his glorious adventure, to the wind laughs the Fatalist, like most of those who in this world have gone in search of the mysterious Ohayo, the Ciudad del Cósares, laughs the Oasis of the South Pole, without before looking for it in the end of the world. Puesto que mi antepasado don José Páez, who abandoned his family in Spain, wife, his children in America, to follow the gods of the same. "He might find it, but perhaps he would be shipwrecked in the deep sea....

And me?... And this me'?

EL SONAMBULO

SE VA DEL PADRE

I see in the memory of my childhood, and in the streets of the old Santiago, without a clear direction. I see - in the manner as I was to return in the end, to the house that I had lived, in so much Domingo, even in the street like the Compañía, in the end of the world, for example then the Ciudad was mostly external.

Don Diego had lived it until the thirty, or thirty and five years, with four children. Business on the truck had gone bad. My grandfather invested his fortune in the stock market. My father, without a job and without major contacts or friendships in the Italian market, had interrupted his career and had left his friends without much enthusiasm, and was trying to move in an extended market, where the winners formed a class next to the politicians, just like today. All, in the countryside, intended a

i neursi ón in i'olítica, pai'a a ajoyar can rt irlatura a la Presittfenci a rte ls ne j'ú blica rte rlon Laci islao Ei'ra zu ri z Lazcano. Today I know jtor what I lii zo. I always jire Love as a fonrfo, always re that woman named Blanca -Blanea E rr5 zuri z-. And it was an i neursion also failed-.

tl a and tragic. The elections of those years were violent, esliǵ-cial- mei te e nter the voters ríe the fun'los, tlontle votes were bought- ban and the int uil inos knew the ^{liǵti}ones in their preferences. My pa ntre was to attack him coi ra los and jtor the esl"3lrla in a bar le Re rigo. He arrived he ri llo a n uesti a home.

If now, in the city, he only wanted to meet those old friends, those old friendships, those politicians, those politicians, those senators, he would surely find nothing but kind gestures and goodwill. On the other hand, I don't think he would be looking for a nary. The warrior and blood- rte ai'istoci'aci warrior and blood- rte families had been and to exhaust it and e< robrecitlo in the fields of CH ile. In the ciucl art of Santi apt prospered the merchants and the Sephardic usurers. The I' -' cracy, in a word.

However, a good friend of mine was Don José Maza, an influential politician, whom I met in Italy. -Who would have thought it! I was President of the United Nations and I was in New Delhi.

In his friendship, I think I was the only friend of his friend 'le mi pa'lre. We would go out to walk the old streets, Portales Avenue, until we reached Quinta Normal. He would take me with him to the cinema, to see silent movies with storms and sailors with dark helmets, who tried to find the ships and keep them afloat, while the waves swept over the sea. A pinno played waltzes and *oxtrots* to accompany the black-and-white exhibition. I was also introduced to a passing girlfriend or two. Les

I wondered if they would want to be my husband; or else, if a tall woman from a house came to me, I explained that I would no longer go out with that woman, because I had seen her there, behind the curtains, kissing with another man. "She wasn't a fi el woman," she added,

He made no differences with me. He had me as his confidant and he would give me advice, and I would give it to him. And I gave it to him. How "I" (or perhaps, "E1") appreciated that trust and total lack of distance. I would have given him my life for my "me".

In my grandfather's large library, he would read, while I would read, with my heart and pencil, the beautiful lúminas.

'le al gu no 'le sus li bros; ike a former English ell ition, by

for example, from 1901, "Jule Tide Járn's". And there was another one from "La Araucana", from 1888, which I still have, with an introduction by Abraham König and a legend written by my father: "Diego Serrano Manterola. Gift from my father. Novieni bre 1909".

Perhaps, having this in his memory, he gave me on my birthday an edition of "La Araucana", in prose, from 1914, in a "collection of masterpieces within the reach of children", from Editorial Araluce, of Barcelona. With the following dedication: "Um recuerdo de tu mamacita que está en el cielo, al cumplir tus ocho años". "Diego Serrano" and the date: "September 1925".

Small book with colored illustrations, which I still have beside *me* now, *I* can feel with emotion the calligraphy of my father's writing. Today, on September 9, 1094, sixty-nine years old and only one day shy of seventy-seven, here, in the city of Paradise, almost alone and walking that birthday with my father. How can I keep with me all these things, these memories of my childhood? True museum of remoteness and nostalgia, curious objects, as faithful to me as I am to them, pieces of my soul and my father's soul. Persistence of the ink and of his writing, which last longer than tears. And the secret of a *Pirma* of yesteryear, which was surely studied, searched for, rehearsed, as it was done then, until it was preferred and then stamped, I point out the character, the impulses of a being. And there it still is, after sixty-nine years, as it was drawn by my father, who no longer exists, who left a year after writing it, which I also saw and read in my eighty years, as I do today, at seventy-six (tomorrow I will be seventy-seven).

My grandfather was also my father's great friend. He suffered from *as ma*, a chronic illness. My *parlre* gave him the injections that relieved him during the attacks. I remember the night of his death very well. The two of us alone in his room, my grandfather and his son helping him. And I was in the hallway, about to lay him on the carpet, while my grandmother and my mother came in and out carrying washbasins, toilets and water. *Mi pan re* exclaimed, "I can't do it anymore. This is over...! He had several injections without any effect. My grandfather was getting worse. (At the time *J*.

They took me out of there, or *me rloi-m í*. The next morning I went again through the passageway, now solitary. Entered the room and saw that

On the bed there was a lump, covered with a very white sheet. I understood that it was my grandfather and that he had died. This was my first direct contact with death, with a dead person. And he didn't tell me anything, I didn't understand anything.

It was terrible for my grandmother. And even more so would be the death of my grandmother, for she had to face it alone, with only her mother's company.

We moved to another one in the vicinity of Quinta Normal and then to one in the Píñaza Brasil, a beautiful place in those years. My father traveled to the north, he was going to see if he could do something with the mine "La Bolaco". My grandmother anxiously read the letters he sent her and showed them to us. I remember the description of his sailing: "The sea is calm as a cup of milk . . .".

From rep-reso rie its sea, anrl uvo as a son ámbulo, and so we spent a day, taking ome ome ble the ma.no, in front of the Government Palace, between curenas, machine guns and soldiers arios, in an attempt rJe revolution, or toma riel power, not porh- could today rlecir of script.

On another occasion, he took the man to the basement of the house. There he opened a large trunk and began to take out some souvenirs, daggers with maifil grips with his initials on them, notebooks, pennants from the Naval School. He took them to his bedroom and began to hang them on the walls, while I was watching him or helping him hold some object. I felt like I was going to cry and had to make a great effort to control myself. My childish soul understood what was happening, what was going to happen.

My partner got sick. He was found to have cancer, the result of a pool pe that he received from playing soccer at the Naval Academy.

Carla time that lic i'lo to the Llosl'ital ble "El Salvarlor", in Santiago, I pass by the oldjai'il ín with ái boles anosos , that still aiiíí there Ievantan and I return to see my Jiaili'e, recié n l'erailo and atcnrl ido by a young woman in ferm era, seutah o and re ponié nrlose ike the serious ojicración. The tumor was removed. If the cancer returned, it would be hopeless. And the cancer did not return. He sought different treatments, resorted to naturopathy.

The results were not very good. Thus, he knew he was going to die.

Why do you insist on narrating this? I am reopening a story. Is it necesai'io? Once in my forties, when I was forty years old, I decided to sit in my room, not as the lyrians used to do, with my feet crossed and in my sleep, but like the Pharaohs, on seats or chairs, and I prayed to go around, and I did everything I could to make the most of

the death that would come to me.

opened the floodgates of the "unrecalled memory" and I was left immobile, for days and nights I was also in dreams). And I came out of it rejuvenated, rejuvenated, intact, although not only by the waters of the recuei'tlo. Also because of the agri- mas, like today. Because nothing has made me suffer as much as the departure of my jdarne, almost no other archetypal event.

And this was because the "I" was being formed. And my "I" felt, or tried to feel, what that other beloved "I" of my father could feel in the face of that trance of his possible - or certain - disappearance. Only when there is a self is there a bridge to feel this, only then is there friendship and camaraderie, a feeling of solitude. And as my self was still very new, the emotion I felt when I imagined the pressure that my self would suffer when I knew of its impending disappearance, shook me in a way that it is impossible today to write about in these writings, to interpret, or even to express.

I realize yes, that I lived all that to the essences, with all the new and future "I", with the body of a child and also with a Being without time. With his very ancient wisdom and with a dignity almost never seen before in this Ron rta del E te rno Re torno.

My father lay down on his bed so as not to get up again. His mother took care of him. He said to her: "I'm going to die so young, you evil man! Take care of my sons. I want Miguel to be a sailor and Diego an engineer. I want Miguel to enter the Naval School and follow him to the end, not like me. And Diego to the Naval Engineering School...".

I was not a sailor, but a navigator who was shipwrecked on land....

I looked for a book and found a book for my father: "Bertoldo, Bertol dino and Cacaseno". I gave it to him, I didn't know what I put in my child's handwriting. Jebe is still around...

Months passed. Sic mpre his mother and mother Delfi na by his side. Our doctor, Dr. Aristi'les Aguirre Sayago, came. And my father told him: "No more meilicines; let's not fight anymore, I am very tired...". He looked at his mark re for the last time, turned to the wall and breathed his last...".

In the large room of the library, my grandmother hugs the coffin convulsively, sobbing heartbreakingly. And I, standing in a corner, without shedding a tear, watching the scene.

Then, the funeral procession, first through the streets, following the mortuary carriage, pulled by black horses; then, at the cemetery, with my uncles and aunts holding my hand. When the coffin was lowered to the grave, one of them passed me a flower and I dropped it on the catafalco. Not a tear in public, not a single one.

Only in the night was that control over myself released and I wept inconsolably, biting the sheets of my bed so that no one would hear my sobs. No, that was not for others, that inconsolable grief was only for me and for my friend, my only friend and comrade, my father, who was not really buried in that grave, but in my soul, in my heart. And that he will not have died either, because one day he will rise again in *me*....

Some time passed, some time, and Del fina's mother said to me: "Miguelito, why don't you cry for your father's death? as we all did? Your uncles were surprised that you didn't shed a single tear at the cemetery".

"-I cry at night, when I am alone and nobody can see me..."

For many years, this was the case.

When it is "He" who looks at death, when it is contemplated from the Self, there is no sorrow, but serenity and even joy. When it is contemplated from the "I", there is anguish, pain, a feeling of solidarity. There is also rebellion, despair. Al ternately, I lived through the death of my father.

THE "YAYITA".

I have never known why we call grandmother Fresia this way. This nickname may have become famous for a while when my sister Blanca inherited her cooking recipes, naming the empanadas she made according to her dictates.

An admirable Basque woman! She left everything, she isolated herself, to dedicate herself entirely to taking care of her four grandchildren, orphans of mother and father. Alone with her mother Del fina, another exceptional woman, who stopped receiving her salary, because her employer could not pay her, accompanying her to the end in her difficult mission.



With my cousin Francisco Ariztía, when we were children.



With my cousin Francisco Ariztía, now grown up. And the same endearing friendship.

I see my grandmother go out of the house only to visit the banks, always dressed in black, with the elegance of the ladies of yesteryear, with her carefully chosen jewelry and her proud bearing, without ever being able to get an audience from a manager or the money she borrowed, "in order to pay for her grandchildren's education".

With an iron will and a character of iron, she pulled the ship through the storm, improvising herself as captain and pilot. She won the admiration of the society she left, so that if she did not visit her friends from before, her friends would come to her, either by land or in turn to our house. As I already told: doña Delia Matte, Mrs. Luisa de Cousiño, Ol a Cousi ño, Margarita Montt, Mercedes Aginap-a, Carmela Matta, sister of Guillermo and Manuel Antonio, among many others. Very assiduous were Juan José La Torre, son of Admiral La Torre and godson of our aunt María Luisa Manterola, in addition to my uncle Jorge Ariztía Serrano and his wife, my aunt Cristina Fernández y Fernández, with their two sons, the oldest, Francisco, being my best friend of those times, a friendship that I maintained until his death, even though in the mature years we hardly saw each other. But that union established in childhood was enough, maintained delicately and respectfully, magically, I would dare to say, as if there had been something else between us, perhaps that which the Hindus call "reincarnation". He was a frustrated artist, as I surely would have been, had I not measured my orphanhood. An anitarian mother and father, plus the conventions of a stagnant class, where the creative imagination was frowned upon and had to be destroyed. Lacking our uncle Vicente Huidobro's capacity for rebellion, his wings were clipped, leaving him only an extraordinary sense of humor as an escape, with which he never harmed anyone. That is why, I think, he devoted himself to drinking, dying not long ago. When we were children, we spent long periods in bed, suffering from colds, bronchitis or flu, and we communicated in our respective homes with cartoons or comics cut out from the newspapers, or magazines like "El Peneca", with Quintin the Adventurer, his girlfriend Doris and the evil pirate, "Pata de Palo" (Peg Leg). They were to be left to us by our mothers, Delfina and Luisa. Francisco y Pancho drew and painted very well. I tried to emulate him. Dr. Paredes treated us for our illnesses at Popeta. He cured us of "alfombrilla", a type of chickenpox.

As luck would have it (because it has always happened to me in similar situations), I was in Chile to accompany Pancho in his last moments. He was seriously ill when I arrived at his bedside. We held hands, he had opened his very blue eyes and smiled. I said to him:

"Pa ncho, you're going to get better, because our dear doctor Paredes is coming to cure you..."

"-He died many years ago," he answered me. "-

You'll see what's coming..."

I was notified of his death while he was resting in my apartment in Santiago. I got up immediately and, as I passed through the garden, I cut a flower. I put it on his chest, telling him: "It is a gift from this land, so that you will not forget it...". His eldest son also came and, between his hands crossed on the coffin, placed a paintbrush: "This is what my father really was, an artist," he said. "Now he can paint to his heart's content, wherever he is..."

The period of childhood and adolescence becomes the battlefield in a terrible and almost desperate war to "sign" the "I", which was born not so long ago and against which the sorrows and furies are unleashed by a fierce enemy, who would like to see it annihilated. And if I have remembered my cousin, Francisco Ariztía Fernán de z, it is because he shows me well what could have happened to me too, without the death of my parents, as I have already said. Yes, but there was still my grandmother, the dour grandmother. The Great Widow. Like *Parzival's* mother, against whom my "I" would also have to fight, drawing strength from weakness and making use of all and the few weapons at a child's disposal. The Mysteries of religion and ancient initiations seemed to have been a

t was referring to this important moment of the "confirmation" of the "I" of the adept, and his struggle to reaffirm it, with ritual ceremonies that today have lost their authentic and profound meaning.

What a branch this fight represents, waged against loved and venerated beings, such as my grandmother, for example, and even my mother, in order to defend the existence of a precarious nascent individual, in agonizing danger of annihilation! B e t w e e n Love and *Phobo*. For love of his parents (out of delicacy) my cousin Francisco lost his life. He dared not hate them. He could *not* hate

sufficiently to rebel. "Abandon father, mother, children, take up your cross and follow me". The "I" also says it.

After the death of my father, I became a rebel. It was a merciless, merciless fight, very soon derived to school and teachers alike. When I began to write and appear publicly, many should notice my excess of "I-ism", which they would confuse with "egocentrism", when in truth it signified the imperative need to preserve the precariousness of an "I", always in danger of extinction, of burning out, of becoming deformed, of not being able to flourish. For a few, for those who have to undergo such a hard test, it should only end with life, because the "I" never ceases to give us problems, and can become harmful and malignant if the drama has not been well resolved. And there will be no way to overcome it if not through the Ancient Initiation and the Polar Wisdom. How much this test will have marked me I discover it in the moments in which I submerge myself in meditation, or deep concentration; there appears the image of my grandmother, as if she were the "Specter of the Threshold", that still impedes me the passage towards a "parallel world", with the necessity to overcome now the "I" - that has been strengthened in excess, dangerously, in this terrestrial life - to reach the "Absolute".

The "I" that so passionately defended us in the years of the It then becomes fixed and obstinate, identifying itself with Reason, with rational thought, to interfere in everything, not giving us even a breath, being able to intervene in the organic processes, interfering in the instincts and automatisms, and spoiling the most beautiful sensations, by pretending to direct our feelings and control the emotions. In this way it repays us for our sleeplessness and even for the crimes committed in its defense, when it appeared to us as a flame.

Now, "who" cared to defend the "I" when it was only an embryo? Or is there "Some Other" concerned about this Drama? "Some Other Force" out there? Perhaps "The One"?

The subject is so important that I am going to skip many pages here, to see how I can explain it now that it is once again in front of me, without knowing if I will have the strength, or the lucidity, to deal with it or "feel" it in this way.

My experience must resemble somewhat that of Professor C.G. Jung, who is the only one, to my knowledge, who has tried to expound it in the language and way of thinking of the West. Very few in this world and in the age of the *Kali yuga*, of the *Ragnarole*, are given to experience these matters: the appearance of the "I" -for a minority-; the desperate defense of the "I", and, if successful, the reinforcement of the "I", in a now autonomous way, until it becomes transformed, unexpectedly, into the "Golem", or a decorating titan, which takes over the Person and strengthens the left and rational side of the brain, as its only dominating instrument. That is why the "I" becomes the malignant instance of religions, of Buddhism and of the Vedanta philosophy of India, which present its annihilation as the only way out, in order to dissolve it in *Brahma*, in the *Self*, in the substance of the *Atmian*; or, in Christ.

This is obtained in this life only with the loss of the saints, or with the Vedantic *samadhi* of the yogis, such as Ramakrishna or Ramana-Maharichi. Or, with death, which in any case will have to dissolve the "I" in the primordial substance.

But Professor Jung found another answer. It is not a question of annihilating the "I", but, on the contrary, to transfer it, from the rational Consciousness, to a point closer to the Subconsciousness, or Unconsciousness. That *point* would be the "*Selbst*", the Self. Thus the totality, which he called "*Indiduation*", would be reached. Self-consciousness would be maintained even in the deep *sa modhis* of Ramakrishna, when he believed he had totally lost the "I" or the "consciousness" of "if". For Jung wondered: How can Ramakrishna know that he was in *samadhi* and that he "lost consciousness", if he had not still been conscious, even with "another consciousness"? Consciousness of the "I", always of an "I". The *Absolute Self*.

There is also another school in India that apparently preserves a spark of the Aryan, polar, hyperborean wisdom of Aryaria-Bohiji-the primordial land of the "brotherhood of the

Aryans"): It is Tantric metaphysics, *Tantra*. And it does not tend to the *Sainadhi*, with the pérllitl a in the Primordial Being, as the last achievement, but to the *Kate to the already ffuiido/iiit*, of *Kaula*, with which one obtains the ilefi nitive separation, of an *Absolute and indiuiduated I*, facing the *Being*, the *Him*, the *Person*, transfigured now in *Persooaltness*, not founded in the *Father*, but "*seated to Sr Dice Ira*".

And this was the path that the SS initiates also intended to follow. Not the annihilation of the "Aryan I", but its transmutation into the *Absolute*, what Nietzsche, true creator of the concept of Se/h.st, understood by Superman.

At a certain point in life, when one finds oneself "in a dark jungle", it becomes imperative to discover the key -The purpose is to control, channel, dominate and be able to transmute the small "I", which has become tyrannical and dominant - in spite of having been defended and nurtured by "us" (we?) - into an *Absolute*; *that is to say*, into a *Sidd/io*, a Superman. After a disappearance, or "initiatric death", momentary... of Three, or Nine Days...

'-i+

As opposed to *Samadhi*, *Kat ualia* should be a lucid ecstasy, like an explosion of light, in which the self, instead of disappearing into an absolute Self, or Nothingness, expands its limits far beyond rational consciousness, coming to "feel" and "think" as a *God*, and *becomes a Self*. And sits on a Throne of Stars, or the *Right and the Self*.

I believe that the way to reach it, to transport the "rational I" towards a point equi distant between the Consciousness and the Unconscious, for Jung will have been possible in the winged chariot of dreams and in the confrontation with the archetypes of the Collective Unconscious, thus arriving at his last dream, shortly before his death, with the vision of a Round Rock (*dolineu ocrórnlech /*), symbol for him of the Totality and of the Selós/, of the imagined and stuck Sf-

ism.

"-What is the Se/hst /," he asked Professor Jung one day. "-It is a Circle whose center is everywhere and whose circumference in none," he replied.

The technique of *Koi la l ya*, it is not explained by the *Tantra*, and it is a narrow door that *the sadha!ia - the adept*, the disciple, the

chela-, the disciple, the chela-, the disciple, the chela, the chela, the chela, the chela, the chela, the chela.

He must open alone, in the greatest solitude, and perhaps find himself in the deepest mystery of the *Raja-Youa*, or in the Magical Marriage (called *C!aridltaroa*, in Sanskrit) with the dreadful Serpent of Fire, *Kutid'iliiti*. Which is ELE LLA, and is *V-ENERI-!S í S -IRS' NE-V*, backwards).

GAY CORNER OF ECHAUREN

Well, let's go on, let's try to continue.

In that corner of old Santiago, very close to Parque Cousiño, the Club Hípico and almost next to Avenidas Esparta and República, with large mansions inhabited by wealthy families, one of them belonging to Olga Cousiño, where she sometimes used to be seen touring her jartlines in her riding heels and where she would go to those parties that gave so much to talk about and scandalized the society of those years¹, we live in a house that still remains idontic, after almost a century of having been built. A modest, two-story house, with its main door opening onto Gay Street, which was not then open, and another one at the back leading to a "cité", a long corridor with houses in Harías and a narrow garden in the middle, with vegetable trees and some flowers, plus a small palm tree. This "cite" was closed at night with a door with black bars that opened onto Echaurren Street, along which I marched in the mornings in the direction of the Colegio de los Padres Franceses, several blocks away, in the Alameda, which was then called "Las Delicias".

Often I would return tired from this walk, having to carry a heavy bag of study books on my back. Then I performed a strange rite: I began to count the tiles on the road as I approached the house, and when I was almost there, I turned back to start the walk again. It was a sort of penance that I imposed on myself, I don't know why or what for, like a rite offered to something, or to someone. A mystical tendency in that child, I think. At other times, in the house, I would find a su bill a on the ceiling and there I would kneel down, with my hands together, looking for the image of my mother in the shapes of the white nu hes; because my partner had told me that it was in the ceiling".

As you already read, my grandmother was not extremely religious, as my maternal ancestors were. She only made us re

evening rosary. However, my impulses, my feelings, could well have been channeled towards Catholicism, with its beautiful and protective ceremonial, if I had not mitigated my negative experience in the priest schools of my childhood.

The children of aristocratic and wealthy families studied at the French Padres at that time: Espínola, Larraín, Edwards, etc. There I met Luis Rosselot Bordeu, who would one day become my brother-in-law. I still meet Camilo Larraín, we recognize each other and remember those distant times. Also with Patricio Edwards Mackenna; the last time I saw him at his family's Banco Edwards, where he worked. "What a difference the priests made between the children of wealthy parents and those who were not rich! When "Ducky" had an accident in a school race, hitting his head, the priests ordered us to pray even in our homes for his recovery. This would not have been done for me, for sure, nor for Luis Rosselot, since our families were not in a position to give large donations to the institution.

I remember two priests there. One, Father Dionisios, who was We admired and loved him for his sympathy as a "French soldier of the forks" of the First World War, lifting up benches in the air to carry them from one end of the classroom to the other, telling us war stories and being a comrade with us. He was rather small in stature. The other French priest I remember was a canal la. I think his name was Anastasius. With strange repressions, for sure, that made him commit acts as pulsive as the one I am going to narrate:

As soon as we arrived at the school that morning, he had the class line up in the central courtyard, and he told us: "Those of you who can't have communion because you have had breakfast at home, come forward.

I gave it. Then, that malvailo hi zo me into the classroom, closed the door, and questioned me:

"-Why have you taken it 'lesfast?'".

"-Because my Wayi ta' told me that I was starting to catch a cold and it would be bad for me to be fasting."

Then the priest began to hit me in the face, at the same time he shouted in a hoarse voice: "Canuto!



At the French Fathers, 1' High School. I am upstairs, second on the left. With dear Father Dionisios. Year 1926.



Aito 1928, 3' High School. The little boy in the third row, starting from the top, on the far right, is Luis Rosselot Bordeaux, who would one day become my brother-in-law. The priest, in the center, is the evil Father Anastasio.

This is a pejorative term for Catholics, reminiscent of the evangelicals, who even today preach in the streets and fields of Chile. A Christian sect.

Nothing like this had ever happened to me before. With all my strength I restrained myself from crying. I don't remember telling my grandmother, so as not to worry her and because she was a woman. There, I felt as never before the death of my father, who, surely, would have known how to respond to that coward, the same priest who had ordered us to pray for a fortunate boy, whom he would never have dared to treat like that.

My mysticism and my budding religiosity expressed themselves in a curious way. Once I met a strange character in the street, perhaps a beggar; his clothes were patched, his face was dark, his features were very marked and his nose was sharp. I decided to follow him, trying not to let him see me. For a long time I was in his pursuit, going through streets and sidewalks, until I reached the Cousiño Park, formerly the "Campo de Marte", where the military parades were held, and still are today, during the National Day celebrations. Hidden behind a leafy tree, I spent a long time observing the actions and gestures of that man, who had remained there, still, looking at the emptiness.

Except for my cousin Pancho, who visited us from time to time, and my play sister, Berta, I had no other friends in those years. Some acquaintances from the street, boys from town, whom I admired for their feline agility, or monkey-like, as if they were trapeze artists. Also with a neighbor's police dog, named "Lady", very similar to my "Freija" of today. My aunt Clarisa would come on Sundays to take me to the "matinee", to watch some "serials", which were always interrupted when the protagonist fell into an abyss, or the heroine was going to be kidnapped by outlaws. My aunt recommended me not to worry too much, because it was only a fantasy and the next Sunday everything would be resolved favorably. There were also the Spring festivities. On Gay Street the farándulas and the corso passed by, with floats, with colombinas and clowns, streamers, costumes and music, heading towards the ellipse of Parque Cousiño. My grandmother also dressed me up. And there I was, standing on the sidewalk and also looking at the emptiness, like that vagabond, unable to participate in that party or that joy. I now find a photograph in the

I'm disguised as something pretending to be a Hindu, with a turban and a pair of panties... Disguised as a Hindu!

One of those summers, my grandmother decided that we should go to Playa Ancha, in Valparaíso, where her sister María Luisa, the eldest of the family, lived, the one who was pecked for life with her other sister, Clarisa. As I said, our great aunt, María Luisa, whom we nicknamed "Nina", was a very special woman. She always lived alone, with her piano and her paintings, plus an employee who took care of her until her death. She was a friend of the painter Pedro Lira and her house was often visited by Juan José Latorre, her godson, to whom my sisters and I offered improvised theater performances, which delighted him as much as the tea served in fine porcelain cups and with "escones", prepared in the old Valparaíso style.

Nina's house was typical of Playa Ancha, two-story, with a tower and, downstairs, on one side, a patio with the classic messy vegetation. I used to play there, imagining myself to be some hero from the movies I used to watch in Santi apto with my aunt Clarisa. I would also go out to **walk** the streets and small squares, taking my younger brother by the hand. After so many years, I have returned and nothing has changed, everything is the same, the same streets, the same houses. I often go there to visit my friend, the pianist and composer Aníbal Correa, a young man of great ideals. His house is very similar to La Nina's and is full of "ghosts, of ghosts, to be able to think", as the poet Omar Cáceres would say. In order to be able to compose her extra-ordinary music, in this case...

Those highs and those places join in the memory to the tunes of the "organilleros" and their parrots that used to reflect our luck; songs like "La Cutufa" and "Garibal mli"; pasodobles, like "Valencia", played by the Maipo Regiment's retreta, on Sunday mornings, while we went down to the beach of Las Torpederas, to bathe in the sea. There, for the first time, I learned of my difficulty in stopping the bleeding, when I broke my finger on some barbed wires that separated the children's beach from the adults' beach. La Nina tried to cure me with "Ungüento Peruano".

Another visitor to the house, very ceremonious when dealing with his the owner, was the Director of the Playa Ancha Natural Museum, a

short man, of North American nationality. He invited us to see his treasures. With my sisters and a young employee, we went to see him and found ourselves in an incredible world, surrounded by monkeys, cockatoos, tropical birds, condors and stuffed caimanes, as well as the rarest insects that were scattered on the tables and even on the lapels of the little man who, in addition, wore a red carnation in his buttonhole. With a proud gesture he showed us a finger from his right hand, cut off at the wrist. A monkey had cut it off, he explained. In spite of this, that same hand did not stop moving over the body of our employee, while she gave us all kinds of explanations about the fauna and flora of her museum.

And it was this curious character, this nice Director of the strange Playa Ancha Museum, who, almost twenty years later, decided my polar destiny, making it possible for me to travel to Antarctica.

That is why I have wished to remember him here.

URA STREET

Santiago sixty years ago was concentrated in the west, almost between two railroad stations, the Central, which still exists, and the Mapocho, which is no longer there. The most important streets were Ejército, Vergara, Almirante La Torre, Cumming, Brasil, with its beautiful plaza of the same name, and the beautiful Concha y Toro. To the east, Santiap-o ended at the Canal San Carlos. The hill of Santa Lucia, in those times, was surrounded by houses, which had their backs built into the rock and only had ascents along the Alameda and its left side. Visitors were charged for access. This hill was the refuge of my "cimarras" and adventures of those years, full of incredible corners and enchanted vegetation, which reminded me of the gardens of Popeta. And this, because very soon we moved to a house in Lira Street, in front of this hill, on the other side of the Alameda, Lira 31! Maybe the name of this street is due to the painter Pedro Lira, I don't know, but he was fundamental in the formation of my personality, in the "confirmation of the self". The adventure of my adolescence was played out here, so intensely that I continue to live ~~there~~, even when I am in other very Texan places, or in other countries. I return in dreams. What's more: when that entrance to my house disappeared in a fire, almost forty years later, caused by a



True family heirloom. My grandmother Fresia Manterola; my aunt Clarisa Manterola; my uncle Jorge Ariztía Serrano, with his wife, Cristina Fernández, my mother's sister; my sisters, Berta and Blanca; my brother, Diego; my cousins Francisco and Joaquín Ariztía Fernández, and me.



Premonito-riously disguised as a Hindu, in a distant "Spring Festival".

vagabond who, finding it empty, forced its door and took refuge there, making a fire to warm himself, someone, a neighborhood and youthful playmate, stopped me in the street to tell me that he had a gift for me. I accompanied him to his office, where he made me climb the number on the door of the house: jLira 31! Since then I put it on the door of all my houses. When they ask me, I reply: "That's where I live"... And I am not lying. The friend who gave me that gift, asking me: "He took it out of the wall for you, when I saw your youthful house burned down", was called Mario Rodríguez. I had not seen him since those distant years. Why did he do it and who pushed him to do it?

I had also previously fulfilled another rite: I left in its collapsed portal the first proofs of a book of mine, which was being edited in the "Alfabeta" press, on behalf of the "Nueva Universidad" Publishing House, of the Catholic University, directed by the former priest Cristián Santamaría: a trilogy with "El Círculo Hermético", "E LE LLA, Libro del Amor Mágico" and "Nietzsche y el Eterno Retorno". It was an offering to that house where I started writing, reading and teaching. Where I suffered in depth the awakening of adolescence, in the spirit and in the body.

And also, after the fire, I removed the pillar of the wooden ladder from there, and asked a carpenter who was removing the debris to cut it for me. I asked a carpenter who was clearing away the debris to cut it for me, and so many times I climbed up and down it, sliding over the handrail, or jumping over that pit! I threw it over my shoulder and carried it through the streets to where my sister Berta lived, and passed it to her: "It's a souvenir of 31 Lira Street," I told her, "from our childhood home. She carved it beautifully and still keeps it.

We rented the house in Lira. It was built by its owner, an engineer, Don Santiago Guerra, with the sole collaboration of his son. I still see Don Santiago going for a walk along that street, in the company of his big dog and leaning on a thick cane. He lived with his family on the first floor, with a courtyard in the center, and we were on the upper floor. I had the best room, with a balcony overlooking the street. When I returned to Chile, after my long periods of absence abroad, I always, without telling anyone, went to that street and passed in front of the house, with my eyes fixed on the balcony.

If I could unfold myself, I would see myself there, and also my grandmother with my mother. We would look at the rails

where, from evening to evening, the streetcar would go by with its iron noise and its bell.

From Matta Avenue it went all the way to the center of the city, if I remember correctly. What beautiful rails! And they still exist, when the tramway stopped running so many years ago! The most beautiful rails in the world, which I will still contemplate.

The house of Lira 31 had its chosen death; that of a predestined one: it was consumed by fire. Because the fire always enveloped it, projected from our souls, in the old days.

Objects and things also have their appointed destiny, as do beings, their predestined fatality.

On the corner of Lira Street and Alameda Street, the "Septiembre" movie theater was built, owned by Amador Pairoa, a militant of the Communist Party, married to a charming German lady, surnamed Epple, with three sons who were our grandchildren and who invited us to eat delicious apple "kuchen", made by their mother. None of these boys were later communists, like their father, which shows that the mother won the battle of the home, as always happens. But don Amador was also a good person; he would take us to the movies without paying, which made us very happy. He respected my grandmother a lot, whom he invited more than once to the movies. I remember one of the movies was called "I Feel Father", and the actor was Reginald Denis. My grandmother did not cause herself to comment. It was in her cinema that my imagination was cultivated. With films like Frederic March's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde", Ronald Colman's "Lost Horizons", and, above all, Gary Cooper and Ann Harding's "Dream of Love Etemo". This last film made such a strong impression on me that I remember it to this day; it was something "numinous", as Jung would say, the frontal encounter with an Archetype, so that for years I was looking for the novel that originated the film: "Peter Ibbetson", by George du Meurier (also quoted by Jung). Reading it, many years later, in my exile in Switzerland, I discovered that the book was inferior to the film, which impressed **me so much** in my adolescence. A work of art, a creation. It was about a love begun in the games of childhood and not ended even in death, fulfilled in dreams, when the drama of life separates them. When she **dies**, she drops a glove and he, in another distant city, picks it up and passes it to her, raising it in the air, over her head.

bed in which he is also expiring. In the novel, she has married another man and teaches him to detach his mental body from the physical one, activating a certain center of the brain, which is atrophied in most men and which only very few possess anymore, to go to meet both of them in this way in a house that they have imagined, or have created with that special power of the mind. And there they love each other in secret until she too dies, as in the film.

This story of "Love and Fear" I had to live it also many years later, and it is still unfinished in my existence. Its distant impact could be the proof of an "Eternal Return", or of that which has been called "*dejá vú*". *Something* similar is found in my work '*Nos. Libro de la Resurrección*'. But I have yet to write its last part, or to be able to live it to its ultimate consummation, if I were still permitted to do so.

And speaking of books, at the foot of Cerro Santa Lucia, on the Alameda side, in one of the houses that surrounded it, near where Carmelita Matta lived, a relative of the heroes and owner of the private library of Guillermo Matta, which eventually passed into my possession, on a first floor and with display cases facing the street, was located the "Librería Cul tura", owned by the bookseller Francisco Fuentes. It was there that I began to build my own library, saving all the money I could to buy books.

In front of the "Septiembre" movie theater, across Lira Street, on the same side of the Alameda, was the "I nstituto de Humanidades", or "Luis Cam pino" college of priests, continuing without interruption by the paramount mass of the Catholic University, which occupied almost the entire block. Logically, I went there, repeating almost exactly the previous experience: a very appreciated priest, surnamed Guzman, affectionate and manly companion of the students, like the old Father Dionisios. I see him lifting up his cassock and playing soccer at recess with his students. And a half-degenerate rector, like the French priest, who would pass the good-looking students into his office to fondle them. I told my grandmother about it and she discussed it with the Vice Rector, Don Enrique Valenzuela, a r e a l s a c e r d o t e, a visitor to our house. He would pull my brother Diego out from under the bed when he was hiding to avoid going to school. Over the years, he became Rector of the Catholic University and a dear friend of mine and of my Master, who assisted him in his death, with his full acceptance.

At the Luis Campino School, the future President of Chile, Eduardlo Frei Montalva, was my calligraphy teacher. I taught at the same school where he had attended to pay for his law studies. Who would have imagined that I would eventually become his ambassador in the former Yugoslavia and in Austria, and that I would receive there his son, the current President, then recently married to a granddaughter of our dear Doctor Bolivar, of whom I will speak later! I never reminded Frei that he had been my Spanish teacher at the Luis Campino School. Nor did I mention to him an encounter on a streetcar, going along the Alameda de las Delicias, both of us standing upright and holding on to the rings on the roof. He had just arrived from his first trip to Italy and had written an article in the newspaper "El Mercurio" about his interview with the writer Giovanni Papini, so admired by me, reader of his autobiography, "*A/ Finished Man*", and purchaser of his work at the bookstore "Cultura". In those years, a traveler in Europe was a hero for us, even more so if he had been able to converse with Papini. I asked Frei about everything, trying to learn as much as possible about his meeting with the writer. I was a leftist sympathizer, because of the murder of my friend Héctor Barreto, and a passionate anti-fascist. That is why I was very surprised by Frei's defense of Italian fascism and Mussolini. I remember exactly his words: "Let us not make a mistake with fascism, because it is different from what we think in Chile; it is very interesting".

It must have been around that time when "La Falange" was created in Chile, which preceded the Christian Democratic Party, which led first Eduardo Frei Sr. to the presidency, and later his son, Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle. Together with Bernardo Leighton, Frei was the founder of "La Falange", which would take its name from the Spanish movement of which José Antonio Primo de Rivera was the founder. More than twenty years later, I had to receive Bernardo Leighton, Minister of the Interior in Frei's government, in Vienna. He had just visited Spain and was very impressed with Franco and the Falanq-e, to the point of referring to that ruler in a speech impregnated with Spanishisms. The atmosphere of Franco's Madrid revived in him old enthusiasms. For a very short time, it is true.

Bernardo Leigh ton was a true itle alist rt, like his spo- sa, absolutely honest and sincere, as are the leaders of political currents and movements, as a rule.

He also belonged to the "Barril o el e Pie cl atl", one of those filial organizations that the priests' schools, or that the priesthood fosters, with the purpose of "controlling and catechizing the youth," inviting them to "i n e tiros" "oi'ac iones" and making "colectas", which, in this case, were made with the help of the alternating ve nta ry of sel los. The "Bando" was led by an ambiguous character, Jorge Melé nrle z, who also e vent u ally became a jrol í tic, as a deputy. From one of these "retreats" he sent me a strange letter. He declared: "You and my matt re are the most jreciprocal loves I have in this world". I don't think I saw him more than three times, when he was selling his secrets to the students in the classrooms of the school. Most of those who founded La Falanpe and the Christian Democracy were members of the "Barillo de Pied ad". I was never part of that "Bank".

' s- d-

What a place to remember what Cerro Santa Lucía was like **for** **the** young people of those years! Let's say, jrrara me; because only I lived it, I walked it, I discovered it and I hid in its corners. I do not know, nor do I remember anyone in my family, nor any other schoolboy or friend from those times who did it. This was a delightful place, a place for a teenager's imagination and dream. Lu ga r m'agi co, although simjble I'eiiion naked, when I vie r it for the first time 'lon Perlro ike Val rlvia and d es of its summit contem I'lara the va lle, the river and the snowy peaks that ci reun dan it. The "Huelé n", the "Dolor" hill. It was tlon Benjamín Vicuña MacI'enna who resisted it, with an unleashed i magination, taking it of towers, of walls, of castles, of superb staircases, and of an gostas escalas e I 'inarlas, that turned me into a climber's state. He placed old and valuable statues in lu gares and even hidden, and my uncle, Domingo Fern án dez Concli a, also built a stretcher here that still bears his name. The statue of Caujiolicán Caujiolicán l' rta a d iarlem a de rlumas, which he never used, and the 'le clon Peri ro rte Valdivia rises at the other end of the north entrance. Waters and waterfalls fall, or were falling, and some beautiful swans advanced slowly and solemnly in a lagoon,

who is no longer here. From the highest lookout, I would go to watch the sunsets over the Antillean peaks, climbing the most difficult crags, without climbing the stone stairs. And I also did it, sometimes, in the mornings, with a book in my hand, when I was absent from school. Even today I still dream with anguish that I have to give an exam I haven't studied for, or hand in an assignment I haven't done. But Salgari justified everything. I had discovered a secret place; to reach it I had to go up a narrow and difficult staircase, with uneven and broken steps. I reached a summit after which I had to descend a steep path, with thick vegetation, until I found a shelter between rocks, covered by the foliage of some large trees. There I would sit on the spring floor, looking out over the top of the steep towers, and down to the city far below, without anyone seeing me. I would open my book and immerse myself in its pages, as in the waters of a deep unknown sea. The hours passed and so noon came, and I had to return for lunch at Lira's house. Sometimes he would return there in the evening. Today it would be impossible to attempt anything like that, even less so for a young man of that age. The hill is infested with criminals and robbers, more during the day than at night. I would not know how to find the way to the secret place of my adolescence, if it still exists.

My first friend's name was Felipe Martinez, son of Spaniards; a very good and loving family. Felipe had a brother who was a good painter and he also did quite well. His example, along with that of my cousin Francisco, led me to try my hand at drawing and color. Although I had already had practice with the tracing of the illustrations of the books of my grandfather and like my father. I became passionate about this art. At school, Felipe and I were allowed to stay and paint after school hours, in recognition of our aptitude. My imagination was fed by movies and by reading Conan Doyle's novels and stories about the South Seas. I wanted to transfer much of this to painting, with a great sense of frustration.

Felipe lived on Root Street, very close to the charming Tocornal Street, cobblestone and colonial in the days of old Santiago. All those streets had one-story adobe and tile houses,

with the clear and close sky, some of which still exist, half-ruined today. I believe to have told, in more than one of my books, of that passage, or "cité", going by Lira, past Marcoleta, almost halfway down Blas Canas street, and that it is like a dream, since I am not sure if I first discovered it in a waking dream, in a night of bohemian riii.a riii.a riie other years. Not even the street of the Prague alkies has such beauty and hallucinatory charm. Little colorful houses, a passage of stones separating them and, at the end, a stave with a virgin, a tree and a stone bench. A hollow, a haven, a sudden adventure, a passage to another dimension, to another plane. A "so/idu". It would only be enough to take a leap to *leave...*

HOW?

All this was Sa ii tiago. And it isn't anymore. But we did not know it, we only lived it. Paradise exists since it was lost. Before it did not exist...

On Tocornal Street lived my first girlfriend, or "polola". Her name was Carmen and she used to be my friend Felipe's girlfriend. I "picked her up". Pure and platonic love, consisting only in the "look". Curiously, "pololeo" has to do with looking. "Mi- rarse". And so it was then, as in Dante and Beatrice. There, in the Pai que Forestal, in front of the Palace of Fine Arts, in the afternoons, the girls would walk in rows of two, arm in arm, and we would stop at the riverside to watch them go by. They would "mi raban" us, praising us (as in the medieval Courts of Love) and in this way they would authorize us to enter the promenade and take a stroll with them. And that was how Carmen, who had already "looked" at Felipe, "looked" at me.

How beautiful was this custom of my generation, rather provincial, of colonial pla za ne province, and preserved by the capital's middle class! The upper class did not allow young women to walk in the streets, nor in open-air parks. Nor, as I have already said, was this class fond of reading, nor of intellectual effort.

Carmen was pale-skinned, dark-eyed, and had a twelve-eyed look. Her hair was auburn. We used to go to the movies together, to the matinee. I never even dared to take her hand, even though she was so reluctant to do so. What if I laughed at her?

My friend Philip followed me for a long time; then our paths parted forever. Who would have been "before", if there was reincarnation? Any page of the Saints,

any sergeant lansquenete? When my grandmother decided it was better to put me in a boarding school, Feli pe's family did the same. From there, we went in different directions.

But Philip was very close to me in two fundamental moments of my life; in the key illness of my years and in the first novel I wrote, whose drafts he kept, sending them to my refuge in Switzerland, in the house of Herm ann Hesse, almost forty years later. He had typed them, while I dictated to him and he typed on my father's old "Remington" - a sort of Rolls-Royce - which I still have and would still be able to write on.

Those were difficult years, of a strange, dull, inexplicable pain of the soul. Especially solitary and without possible communication for a boy who lived surrounded by very young or very old women, to whom it was not given to explain the birth of that gnawing restlessness, which in the blood was taking possession of almost all the virgin territories, untrodden, to nail the flags of doubt and with a disruptive energy. Just as once the "I" arrived suddenly and without warning, so the awakening of adolescent sexuality - for the other, that of the child, was always aspiring to fulfillment in the reality of this physical world. It opened a floodgate, tore a fine fabric of the soul and produced an almost unbearable grief and anguish; so that there I was, leaning out on the balcony of the pied ra of Lira Street, looking at the night, the huge moon in the deep sky of those times and almost howling, like a wolf. Pain until then unknown, with which a new dual being, of shadow *and* light, came to replace the luminous one and take its place.

Now I think that this branch was only the natural continuation of the appearance of the self and its affirmation, its confirmation on earth. Another dangerous and difficult step.

And that enormous moon, to which I directed my nocturnal laments? How could it stay up, in a sky so thin, so transparent, without falling on the rails of this street of Santiago del Nuevo Extremo?

Then, my grandmother made an unexpected, I would say momentous, decision. Overnight she announced that she was removing me from the

I was in a secular school, the "Instituto de Humanidades", the "Instituto Barros Arana", founded by President Balmaceda and directed by a Masonic Rector and Vice-Rector, Don Amador Alcayaga and Don Damian Meléndez (they called him "el Sapo"). The latter, from a family in Copiapo, knew my grandmother.

The Instituto Nacional, created by Andrés Bolo, was famous for its ability to train men, together with the Instituto Nacional, created by Andrés Bolo. Young people from the provinces, from all over Chile and even from countries such as Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia came to the boarding school. The class never put any of their children in the program, except for one young man from Balmaceda, who was my classmate: Aníbal Balmaceda. My uncles and aunts would have laughed at the thought of taking my cousins here. Never in an internship! Theyban to Colegio Anríbel Bello, or to San Ignacio, or even to Colegio del Estado. Perhaps, for this very reason, the real intellectual values of Chile have been generated in the middle class of this country. My grandmother's decision was tantamount to a real family earthquake, and not only in the family, because in the world of Catholicism it seemed that a "soul was escaping". The priest Guzmán, with the best of intentions, spoke to me as if it were yesterday, after so many years? What will be the old, the new will be? Here or in the cycle? "How did this make you smell? You will be thrown to the wolves...!".

And so it was.

In truth, what led my grandmother to make this determination? Who inspired her, and laughs? I would never be what I am today without the Barros Arana Boarding School. His ancestors, the intellectuals of Copiapo, friends of his father, the Matta, the Gallo, the Blasco Gana and also the recuerdo del Admiral Gómez Carreño, recommending him to put my father in the Naval School, "so that he would become a man"? I wonder how hard it must have been for him to change to a Prussian army, after falling for his palace in Viña del Mar, to dress him up in the beginning... And I am also thinking of a distant action, a distant action, a distant action, a distant action, a distant action, a distant action, of Don José Parra, or of his daughter Pepita, to inspire a iron a Fresia... And why not, an inspiration from "HIM", to die or that "I" could continue to assert myself in this world?

Without knowing anything, he throws me into the water. O aparcnlía, o me ahopaba...

INTEnT INTEnT BARROS ARANA

Nicanor Parra, Jorge Millas, Juan Uribe (former Inspector), the three Hirmas brothers, and the Melelli family were educated at the Barros Arana boarding school during those years. Later, Carlos Cardoen. The great Eugenio González was a philosophy professor. Antonio Oyarzún ("Ronald Colman", they called him), from the city of Santa Cruz, was a professor of Inplés, like Cardoen. History teacher was the wicked "Cholo" Bráñez, and Music was taught by a fat, tall, good-natured German, who must have been Jewish, because he made us sing in Inplés: *"My name is Salomon Lee and the altd ory store is in isalomori street. Oh, ISalomori heny, trrtla -lala-lalá!"*.

The first days of boarding school were very hard, so hard that my head was full of lice. When I went home one weekend, mother Delfina washed me with quillay and told me: "ríenes 'pensión' (she meant sorrow and nostalgia for the liop-ar, 'morrina', as the palpepos would say), that's why you got lice..."

How could I forget those years and the boarding school companions. A huge building, with three and more courtyards, with soccer and basketball courts, framed by buildings for classrooms on the second floor and dormitories on the second floor. One of these patios was called "la Siberia". After the evening meal, music was played over the loudspeakers. I remember "Farewell to Vienna", "Rio, Rio", "Copihues Rojos", "La Pu lpera de Santa Lucia", "Amapola", "Abat- Jou". O pasaban algu na gran película. There I saw "Metropolis", with Gustav Frölicli and Brigitte Helm; Konrad Veit's "The Chess Player"; "Alraune or the Artificial Woman"; "The Nibelungen" and "The Late Matthias Pascal", with Ivan Mojsuskin. All extraordinary works of the German cinema of those times, for which we were not yet prepared, although they left an indelible impression on me to this day. The school library was also excellent, and there I was able to read Count Keyserling's "Rebirth" years later, while at the same time becoming a connoisseur of German cinema.

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3. Thanks to Ortega y Gasset and his "Revisto de Occi dente", where he translated and divided the works of philosophers and writers, we knew and loved with devotion the Con de Iseyse rl in g, his philosophy of "Se n tido", his "Viaje de un Filósoto", su "Radiogi afia de i n Con time n te" and, above all, "Medi taciones Stid amet ice nas", the most extraordi n ari o book ever written about this geogi-fi tic and psychic region, about the Siir del muu do and also about our

Patri a, Cliile. G roci as to the n escri to ra y

of Dostoiewsky and all pre-revolutionary Russian literature: Sevolod Ivanov, Michael Arzibachev, Boris Pilniak, Konstantin Fedin, Tolstoy. And also Panait Istrati, Knut Hamsun, Romain Rolland, Giovanni Papini, Thomas Mann.

In what other school in Chile - except for the Instituto Nacional - could a European-type cultural foundation equal to this one have been provided? I believe that in none in America, including North America. And it

Argentine patron Victoria Ocampo, fascinated by Keyserling, was able to visit our countries. His lecture, given in Santiago, at the end of the twenties, was published by the "Revista Atenea", of the University of Coricepción. It was held at the University of Chile and was attended by the President, Mr. Carlos Ibáñez, with all his Ministers.

In the old "Librería Cultura", owned by Don Francisco Fuentes, on the second floor of a house on the Alameda, attached to the Santa Lucía hill, where I used to go to buy my books from Don Francisco himself, or from his partner, Arturo Rubilar, both excellent people, since they gave me credits to pay them in installments, there was there, hanging on the wall, a photograph of the Count of Keyserling autographed and which I contemplated hallucinating. Only many years later, during my stay in Vienna, as Ambassador, during my visits and stays at the "Hotel Sacher", in the portrait and souvenir room, I was able to see another photograph of the Count, also with his

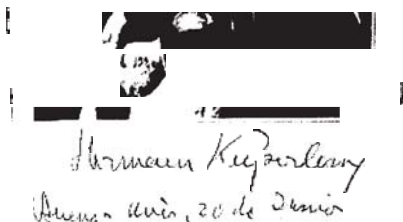
signature, although not as impressive for me as that of the "Librería Cultura".

When Don Francisco Fuentes died, I was in Chile and I found out that his nephew, who inherited him, was going to liquidate his bookstore. I quickly went to visit him on Huérfanos Street, where the shop was now located. Anxiously, fearfully, I looked at the wall in search of my dear Count, in case he was still there. What a joy!

It was!

"-It's mine!", I told the nephew. "Since I was a teenager it is. You have to give it to me...! !". He smiled, for he had recognized me. He picked it up and handed it to me: "Yes, it's yours, take it...".

And here it is now with me, even with the same frame of sixty-six years ago, when Keyserling put his



signature, in Buenos Aires, on the
20th of
June 1929.

The Chilean Freemasonry spirit was undoubtedly due to its liberalism and universalism, as well as to the intellectual capacity of the teachers, among whom were writers such as Mariano La Torre and others. There was undoubtedly a Germanic background, as can be seen in the films that were selected and in the educational and reading programs, with wide dissemination of German philosophy, in which Ortega y Gasset collaborated magnificently from Spain, with his publishing house and the "Revista de Occidente", and his translations of philosophers and historians like Spengler, his commentaries on Goethe, biologists like Von Hübner, or geniuses like Nietzsche. It was thus

that boys of my generation were much better prepared in German philosophy than the same descendants of Germans in the Lutheran schools, where they ignored it. And this was a peculiarity of the Barros Arana boarding school, due, perhaps, to Don Eugenio González, writer, philosopher and socialist intellectual (but not Marxist, because he was a true philosopher), since at the Instituto Nacional the boys of my generation lacked this pro-Germanic tendency, which even then made us read books about Hitler, like one that I still have and is a bibliographic scoop. Writers and poets such as Santiago del Campo, Eduardo Anguita, Braulio Arenas, Eduardo Molina Ventura, Julio Molina Müller and Héctor Barreto himself did not have this formation.

There was an intellectual and virile atmosphere, where the young man from the capital or from the provinces would have to make his way alone and in competition and camaraderie, either in knowledge or in sports. Thus, I became a soccer player, a basketball player, a tennis player, a ping-pong player and, above all, a good swimmer. The swimming pool of the Internado, heated in winter, was famous, so that national champions such as Rodolfo Montero and Téllez used to go there to train. On the cover of a magazine of the time there was a photo of me in the Santiago School Swimming Pool, with the leotard of the fast twenty-five-meter swimmer. Above all, we could not neglect the box. This was a necessary practice to defend ourselves from the attacks of classmates from the same course and from other higher courses. It was especially so for *me, who was* quite vulnerable in the early days, because of my delicate appearance as a blond, very white, blue-eyed boy. Contributing to my helplessness was the attitude of that teacher, "Cholo" Bráñez, a semi-muñeco, who, from the very first day, began to treat me with

derision, calling me the "little girl".

pretty", to the hilarity of the audience. He was undoubtedly a miserable man, since he knew well what he was doing, being, in addition, the father of Dr. Raúl Bráñez, married to a pretty woman related to my grandmother's family, Marta Ballesteros Wicks. He surely hated my class and my race, things of which I was not aware. This was another "push to the water", sudden and at the beginning, from which I had to pull myself up by my bootstraps, as they used to say at that time, in order to impose myself, to win friends and loyal and necessary comrades. Felipe Martinez had stayed in another course from mine and could have done little for me, given his meek character and little given to physical confrontations.

I now understood the justified concern of my good father Guzman of the Humanities Institute.

How amusing were the names given to classmates! Most of the students were from the provinces and brought their own regional customs. Others came from neighboring countries, like "Bolivian Escobar," who fought with kicks combined with fist blows. He was accused of violating the laws of combat between gentlemen, until the teachers explained to us that this was how they fought in Bolivia. Escobar was one of my best friends, along with another Bolivian, Ponce de Leon.

I remember some names: Ortiz, the "Cara de Hombre"; the "Huaso" González, who fought as "topeando". He died in "his law", on horseback, from where he was "flipped", breaking his skull with spikes. Schoen, who had a peculiar way of fighting: he passed between his opponent's legs and hit him from behind, in the back of the neck. When he was able to perform the trick, he was unbeatable. About seventeen years ago, I met him on Providencia Street and we went into a bar, where we had a few glasses of good wine and we reminisced about those times and asked each other to stay forever, because he was going to the north of the country to work in mines. The eternal dream of the Chilean miner, who ignores the years!

We especially admired in my class a boy of Norwegian origin, who drank the ink out of the pens. The admiration was fueled by reading novels by Knut Hamsun, where the characters performed heroic deeds like this one. "He's a hero like that," we would say, "a Norwegian," "a Nordic,

like those of Hamsun ...". This is what we were discussing with my friend and fellow countryman Hernán González, who also introduced me to the pessimistic Russian revolutionary literature. Above all, "Sanin" and "The Limit", by Michael Arzislaviev, and the novels of Panait Istrati.

An anguish hounded the ranks of that "lost generation" of the thirties, among the students of the Barros Arana Institute, and I don't think it was only because of the pessimistic literature and other readings in vogue at that time. As well as the birth of the self, the exercise of the intellect with its great existential questions submerged the continents of a golden age, with the first soil of faith, in my case, destroying the security of ancestral beliefs. Desperately I read, I read to try to find the poet who would redeem them, having to build by my own means a world out of nothing and with no other help than that of comrades as helpless, as shipwrecked as me. I have already told all this in "*Ni por Mar ni por Tierra*" and I do not think it is possible or good to repeat it here, incapable as I am of doing so. today to relive it with equal freshness and ingenuity.

We climbed buildings at night, crossing over planks at great heights, until we reached terraces and steep roofs. There we stretched out to gaze at the stars, with allies like Montes and González himself. Montes would explain the problems with his mother and Hernán González, with his father. They were soliloquies. I just listened, my eyes lost in the deep skies. Hernán González committed suicide soon after, like one of the characters in "El Límite". Montes could have done the same. I don't know what became of him. I never saw him again. On the other hand, I have met several others, after traveling the world so much, on any street in Chile, upon returning, and I have recognized them instantly. A "Rojita", only a year ago, and Gallardo, a long time ago, when I got on a "micro", I discovered him in the driver of that bus, when I went to pay his fare. He did not want to charge me, he made a place for me to sit next to him and he said to me: "Mi hueñe!" (an affectionate term mapuche, from his city of Temuco), and he drove his "bus" with only one hand while with the other he squeezed mine tightly. I spent many blocks to be able to continue with him, talking about those other deep times.

All this, or almost all, has already been told; I refer, therefore, to my work of the year 50, "*Si Por Mor ni joor Tierro*", to its first edition, not expurgated by me, if copies are still found in old bookstores. The fundamental importance in my life of the Barros Arana Boarding School is undeniable. There I became a man, as they say, as well as a thinker and writer. None of this should be considered as casual, however, neither my grandmother's decision, nor the encounter with a student of the higher grades, who one night, in one of the courtyards -was it in "la Siberia"- refuted my religious beliefs, quoting Darwin to me and "killing God". His name was Florencio Galle guillos and, unbeknownst to him and me, his family was known to my grandmother, coming from Copiapó. Later, he visited my house. Over the years he was a socialist deputy and I received him at the Embassy in Yugoslavia. He gave me a silver ashtray with the Chilean coat of arms and the emblem of the Chamber of Deputies, which I still keep. From the bottom of the blood, the "penis-gods", the "cell-gods", the "intelligent proteins" work the Destiny, without anything becoming casual.

However, Gallepuill os was good at destroying, but not for rebuild on the ruins of an adolescent's faith. No one, not even Padre Guzmán, could have done it. Only the other part of myself, under the impulse of the other end of the "mystical homeland". If from the north, from Copiapó f the "Norte Cfr ico") came the destruction, from the south, from Chillán Id the "Sur Chico"), would come the "Puelche" Wind, which gave the impulse to the deepest part of the soul of the ancestors, to manage to rebuild, with the work of a life, another Universe Potro "*place-situation*") that is still uncl uded, without achieving yet to install me in ól ble a way of finitivo.

THE MYSTERIOUS "SHAKRA" BEAR OF THE KNEES

What is Fate and how does it work, from within, from without? Genes, neurons, cells are only excuses, at most the instrument used for its fulfillment, being purposely elaborated by someone outside the self, perhaps by Him, or several Him, so that the very circumstances or events of a life serve a predestined end, which we do not know.

Pain is the main tool, suffering. "Our homeland is pain," my friend, the sculptor Gorka Oteiza, told me one day.

I will now refer to the apparently casual fact, like so many others, of the arrival in our boarding school of a slightly older boy who had to repeat his year of studies. He was a born intellectual, but had no interest in sports. He was a young farmer, with several farms in the south, son of the Intendant of Chillán. His name was Guillermo Tapia Quesada and he lived immersed in books, preferably philosophy books. We did not give him much importance, at the beginning.

It was then, at that time, when I suffered an accident, the first of a series, as the theme would become recurrent over the years. A sort of *Karma*.

A small blow to my right foot against a door grate gave me a twisted knee that I did not pay attention to. I continued to do sports and life as usual, until the knee started to swell and I had to stay in bed with a large amount of pain.

pains. Doctors came, our relative, the pediatrician Raul Ballesteros, who brought his friend Tra- um atologogo Croquevielle. The latter was also my friend, as are, or were, the Chilean doctors, without ever charging me anything for his consultations and treatments. Tall, slender, always walking very straight, he was my friend, as are, or were, the Chilean doctors, without ever charging me anything for his consultations and treatments.

With my friend from my youth and first "teacher", Guillermo Tapia Quesada, fifty years later, at his farm in Chillán.

I met him shortly before his recent death, at the age of almost ninety, on Lastarria Street, in front of the Plaza del Multo Gil de Castro.

They never knew what I had. It was thought to be synovitis, something in the meniscus, synovial fluid effusion. And since it took a long time for the inflammation to be reabsorbed, they even suspected bone tuberculosis, nothing. Nothing. More than a month in bed, in complete immobility, to the extent that when the knee improved, the leg remained stiff and a young woman masseuse had to be brought in to recover the movement. I remember my pain and embarrassment when I had to uncover my legs and feel that massage, which was really a caress.

However, as I have already said, the knees -those *shahras*, those centers- have been the positional ones of the *limb*, deto- nants of the destiny, in synchrony with the astro-earth and with the mystical homeland, as C. G. Jung wrote to me one day. I have suffered the same accident again and again, several times, carrying this sambeni t, either for better or for worse. Thus it was given to me to discover the true cause of the disease and the *Karma* of my present incarnation: the blood. An effect in the platelets, in the "oc ho factor", as it is called today, something similar to hemophilia, without being so; the "von Willibrand" disease. And there is an island in the North Sea, in Denmark, where all its inhabitants suffer from it. The Hyperborean anti-Goths, who can no longer find the nourishment of their missing Conti- nent. Only the or/co/co could cure them, the magic metal that neutralizes the grave'l ad, according to Plato, and that today is at the bottom of Atlantis.

The second accident was much worse than the first and I came out of it with osteoarthritis of the right knee, which only gradually healed, until the third accident, suffered in the Himalayas, in India. I was treated there with *Ayinmedicine*, but, not knowing the true diagnosis, I was medicated for synovial effusion, without success. With ups and downs, I was immobilized for almost a year and would have ended in disaster had it not been for the intervention of that hand, or that mysterious influence which, from outside or from within, intervenes at the last moment and decides.

There is nothing more distressing or despairing than hemorrhage. -whether it is seen or not, because it is internal-. One comes to think that
it depends on

of oneself, of one's own mind. That is why I believe in the influence of hypnosis, which Rasputin, for example, exerted on the hemophiliac Tsarevich. In the nosebleeds of my childhood and adolescence, I was sometimes relieved by the mere presence of my good doctor Aristides Aguirre Sayapo, especially when he came to see me accompanied by his beautiful German wife, with golden hair, like the Virp-en.

In the Himalayan accident I had to resort to the advice of a British doctor from colonial times, who recommended a meniscus operation in a clinic in England. Everything was ready, arranged by the British Embassy and suddenly, without knowing how or why, a strange thought crossed my mind: "The best medicine in the world is Austrian". And I telephoned my friend the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires in New Delhi. He immediately got in touch with his country, where he was recommended two doctors, trauma surgeons from Vienna. I wrote to both of them, but when it was time to leave, only one was available, as the other was on vacation. It was the summer of 1961, if I remember correctly. Thus, Dr. Chiari was willing to operate on my knee at the Privat Clinic in Pelikan Gasse in Vienna, where I arrived on an American Airlines plane on a Saturday of that year, leaning on canes, with considerable difficulty. There, at the airport, an official of our Embassy in Austria, Mariano Sanchez, was waiting for me, who was by my side and accompanied me at all times.

Even though I know that I am leaving the orderly account of these Memoirs, taking a great leap in the facts, these facts that I should have left for the second or third volume, I have to relate them now because of their importance in the understanding of what will follow and because this is an irrefutable case of the intervention of Fate, or of the *Fate*, doing violence on *Karma* itself, I think. I have no very clear explanation apart from the account of the facts themselves. Why and from where did it occur to me that Austrian medicine was the best in the world? I must have heard it once in the classrooms, or in the courtyards of the Barros Arana boarding school, or was it that song that resounded at night through the speakers of "La Siberia": "Farewell to Vienna"? Or a story like Stefan Zweig's "The Alley in the Moonlight", read there? What is certain is that the tremendous importance that this sudden and inexplicable decision would have for my life, only now

I can value it. It came in unfathomable profundities, annulling time and uniting as if by an inner arch of the soul, the courtyards of the old Internatlo with the old Vienna, and the magic of the Intl a, with its hallucinating *May*.

As it was Saturday in Vienna, Dr. Chiari was not expecting me. But when he heard that I had arrived, he came to the "Privat Clinic", where he already had a room. He examined me and told me: "It is an easy operation, meniscus. Mairana is Sunday, I will operate on Monday. In the meantime, take a drive to Vienna".

I remembered my bleedings and told the doctor about my clotting difficulties. He called in a firm era and took my clotting time. They found that it was a little delayed. He prescribed vitamin K and gave me the guidelines for Monday's operation.

While I was in India, shortly before my departure for Austria, I had a dream. I saw myself driving through the streets of an unknown city. A green suspension bridge appeared ahead. We drove under it. The street was still lined with old houses on both sides. On the right I *could see* the sign of a butcher's shop. On Sunday in Vienna, Mariano Sanchez took me on a tour of the city. Suddenly, I saw an elevated green bridge in front of me and remembered the dream. I told him: "Here, on the other side, there is a butcher's shop on the right. And so it was. He looked at me strangely and asked me if I had ever been in this city before. No, never. If Mariano Sanchez is still alive, I'm sure he remembers the event.

I forgot to say that Sánchez also limped, because of childhood polio. Yet another synchronicity from those days.

And that Monday came. In the clinic room I was lying on the bed and Mariano Sánchez was sitting nearby. They took my blood again and gave me an injection of anesthesia, which was already taking effect. I saw the door open and Dr. Chiari came in, accompanied by a younger man, also wearing a white apron. They approached my bed and the doctor spoke to me in a solemn manner and with a very serious face: "-I cannot operate on you. We have had your blood tested at Dr. Deutsch's Hematology Clinic and you have thrombocytopenia...".

In my semi-consciousness, he protested: "It can't be! You come from so far away to operate on me and now you tell me no... and at the last moment! ..".

"Thank heaven," he answered me, "if I operate on him, he will die, because there is no way to suture the knee, nor can we stop the hemorrhage.... We are going to improve him with physiotherapy".

I went to sleep. I didn't hear anything more until the next day. I was still not over the bad time. So I began a treatment with diathermy, ultraviolet light and exercises, with a sympathetic Austrian specialist, with whom we talked about the war, and he could not be consoled that Hitler had not invaded England....

And here comes another strange story, ble those strange days.

In India I had received a letter from a Mexican painter, a great admirer of Hermann Hesse, to whom I had written at his residence in Montagnola, Switzerland. In his reply, the writer gave him my name and my address in Italy. The painter was willing to visit me in New Delhi, just before I left for Austria. I told him about my position at the Vienna Clinic. And there he arrived, shortly before I laughed her away. He was an enthusiastic young man and a fan of Hesse's work. He brought with him some slides of one of his pictures inserted in "The Inept of Beads", showing the young Josef Knecht playing a piece of music on the violin, while *Magister Murycae* accompanied him on the piano.

Our conversations in Vienna were long and, if I recall his presence and existence - he still lives in Mexico - it is because of what happened afterwards, as a foreshadowing of the paranormal, or parapsychological, which must have been related to my "*Slto I-ro Stnouto*".

I was not resigned to not finding a definitive solution to my problem, thinking that, somehow, the platelet deficiency could be avoided, perhaps by another modest specialist surgeon. In consultation with the physiotherapist, he mentioned to me a surgeon famous for the operations he had performed in World War II on the severely injured and severely wounded. I asked for an audience and went to see him, accompanying my painter. The doctor's examination room was full of patients and the painter had not yet arrived. We waited until the painter said to me: "My ~~friend~~, this is going to take a long time.

Do you want me to come to the doctor immediately? And, without waiting for my answer, he closed his eyes and remained motionless. Not three minutes later, the entrance door opened and a man of his middle height, with a short, pointed beard, already almost white, came in and crossed the room to his office. The painter added: "Now he has to see you first, because you can't wait any longer. You've already waited too long. And he *closed* his eyes again.

In Verlad, I was the first to be received. I left the painter outside and went in alone to see the doctor. He laid me on a stretcher and had me auscultate my knee. "I can operate perfectly well," he said. "To prevent bleeding, I will surround your knee with ice. Everything will be easy and successful.

I asked the doctor when I could have the operation, and he replied that the next day, without further delay. He asked me how I was feeling, as he noticed that my voice was a little hoarse. In fact, I had caught a cold, had a cough and a congested throat. The doctor decided that it would be preferable to wait until my *cold* was gone, as I had to be anesthetized and chloroform was dangerous in these conditions. "Go and lie down," he said. "When you are healthy, come back.

So I did. And I stayed for a week with *fi nal* in my room in the Viennese hotel, until I got better. Then something unexpected happened to me again. As if on command, *I* decided to go back to Delhi and not to have the operation. I myself must have been surprised at this decision, which was out of all logic, even though I was absolutely right. Because only the Gods DEL) know what would have happened to me if the doctor had operated on me, with the possibility that my life would have become different; that of an invader, perhaps, with all that this entails of existential impediments in an earthly incarnation. An accumulation of events that the rational mind and the self do not grasp or do not penetrate and that must have an intelligent meaning, of another intelligence. In the chains of Time, with which the *Archon* Saturn has us imprisoned, perhaps *there*, later on, some day in the future, it will be given to us to discover the *seiittdo* and to wrap our life with it, as with the *Tern Ca pe* of Sipfrido and make us invisible, shortly before the end.

Great Dr. Cliari! How much he *de bo*! More than professional he was an honest man, who took the right decision. Although I think that he was also driven by forces that we do not know, of "unknown psychology" and that always act when my *knee* is not in the right place.

The "*enciencle*", that *shol'ra i* represented by the Rune *IR*) or *center of consciousness* (distinct), as Jung called it. When I was appointed Ambassador to Austria I went to see Dr. Chiari, we talked and I thanked him for his unbribable attitude. I also visited Dr. Deutsch and it was he who now discovered von Willibrand's disease instead of thrombocytopenia.

In those days, shortly after, the Chilean doctor and hematologist Raúl Etcheverry passed through New Delhi and visited the Embassy. He was coming from a Hematology Congress in Beijing. I talked to him about the subject and he asked me to see him in Chile. I did so on the first occasion he presented himself to me. Dr. Etcheverry is a genius in his specialty and it was he who revealed to me that the natives of Rapa Nui belong to the Aryan blood group, thus confirming Professor De Mahieu's thesis that the Vi kingos of the Tiah uanacu migrated to that distant island after the destruction of their civilization. Dr. Etcheverry had visited Easter Island, where had analyzed the blood of its inhabitants.

A MUTANT CHI LENO

I am forced to deviate from the sequence of the initial story to try to penetrate this mystery. I remember once telling Heiner Hesse, Hermann Hesse's son, that his father established magical contacts with things and beings. He replied: "Magical things happened to my father, without his looking for them, almost in spite of himself...". Well, so did I, one of those magical things being the very encounter with Hermann Hesse. But that is another subject, for later. Now I cannot leave without finishing what I have begun here, this fundamental "shortcut" by which I have gone.

There was a fourth accident, the strangest, because it was without even a fall or a goal, when I arrived in Santiago on vacation, when I had already left Italy and was Ambassador in Yugoslavia. Now I had a stroke in my left knee. As if these *sltaliras*, when activated (C. G. Jung's "centers of consciousness", of "different consciousness" I say), project a rare light or signal in the world around us, and create "phenomena-situations", which are "heard" by agents-servants that appear in this other plane, as if they had been summoned to a meeting.

necessary and which was possibly already fixed from remote eternity -or in the Eternal Return-.

Sick and unable to move in my apartment in Santiago, I received a phone call from the Secretary of the Institute of Parapsychology of the University of Chile, inviting me to give a talk. I excused myself, adding my bad condition, besides my little interest in giving public talks, even when it was a qualified group. They insisted, explaining to me that the President of the Institute was Jaime Gal tó, a famous *doctor*, who asked me to come. They announced a visit for the next day, to try to convince me.

I had heard about Jaime Galté and his unusual cures in a trance state, when a doctor, Dr. Alphan, who had been dead for more than a century, went into him and diagnosed. The brilliant journalist Dario Saint-Marie had once told me how Galté went to see the wife of Carlos Davila, former President of Chile, who was suffering from terminal cancer and was in excruciating pain. She could not resist even the touch of the sheets. Galté -or Alphan- in a trance, took her in his arms without her experiencing any pain and auscultated her, moving her position on the bed. Salvador Allende also revealed to me another time that Galté saw his father in the north of Chile, seriously ill with diabetes, and prescribed him a medicine that was not available in Chile, because it had just appeared **in Germany**. Allende, who was a doctor, explained to me that it was ordered urgently, but he did not arrive in time, and his father died.

Jaime Galté was not a doctor, but an abopado and a university professor. He knew nothing about medicine, diagnosis or drugs. He never charged a cent for his cures.

One way or another, we had all been affected by it. When I left for India, we were on the same boat, without knowing it. Someone told me after he disembarked in El Callao. As the years went by, I was invited to participate in an international symposium at the University of Concepción. I was assigned to a room and opened a door to find myself in front of a professor who was giving a class to a small group of students. It was Galté, and I didn't even know it.

At last, now we were to meet, albeit under very special circumstances.

The *unpublished* phenomenon has *not been* of concern since ancient times.

and has been studied without reaching definitive conclusions.

Nothing has been

knows, indeed. Famous mediums in Europe in the twenties and thirties were the Sch neider brothers, originally from Braunau am Inn, a small Austrian town, where Hitler was also born. I met one of the Sch neirlers, whom I went to visit especially in his town. He was paralyzed and bedridden. He was being cared for by a nurse, who was also his wife. I was able to consult him little or nothing. It reminded me, yes, of my Master's assertions that the mēdi sus ended up sick with the very ills they were intended to cure, for they lacked true powers, being only a "means", used, used by outside forces that did not control them. An example of the contrary, he said, was *Kristos* exorcising a demoness, to make a herd of pigs come out of her, without them entering him.

The difference between a /n cøfiii m and a mapping of truth is necessarily enormous. In the mcdiii ru the phenomenon is produced in an unconscious way, to the extent that it could well be the same Unconscious that acts, the Collective Unconscious, for example, of those who surround the mñdi//rn in a spiritualistic session, as it is implied, or suspected, in a scene of "The Magic Mountain", by Thomas Mann, when the *medium* in trance would be making known intimate and not formulated thoughts of one of the assistants. In another way, it could also be deduced a kind of splitting, similar to a controlled schizophrenia, when a second person is substituted to the conscious one; or it is a parallel life, simultaneously living, appearing as not real, because the consciousness is, in general, on this other side and only in moments it is given to it to place itself in that other world, or in that "other situation". To a human being, or to a genius, it can happen, as it happened to Nietzsche, that the "normal" control is lost and a simultaneous plurality is produced, becoming Dionysus, Christ, Caesar, etc., and the "normal" control is lost and the "normal" control is lost. and Nietzsche himself, all at the same time. Because at some point in the

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4. As a curious and noteworthy fact: In 1938, Adolf Hitler, Chancellor of the German Reich, reportedly came to visit Alernaii i'i, interested in his person and qualifications. This has been revealed by Mr. Manuel Urrutia Sao Ios, a pre sti gi oso lawyer, conipan ero of Cual tea's es tu gods and an outstanding specialist in Procedural Law. Unfortunately, the vi si t y could not be carried out due to the outbreak of War Mur i dia I in 1939.

Universe that is so. Quantum mathematics, or E ter no Return. It also happened to Hölderlin, with "Mr. ScarrJanelli". And from there they did not return any more.

The rethiizs is a possession. The air around us, the Uni verse, is a canvas of beings, of invisible presences, who aspire to make use of us, to the best of our knowledge or psychic or biological "uncontrol", of all our cuei'pos, especially of the most subtle ones. Poets also know this. Omar Cáceres declared: "I am surrounded by ghosts, by ghosts, to think..."

But there are different qualities ale /nčd/itoi.s, as we shall see. By the way, the magician ale veriia rl ĵiuetle heal, or prophesy, because he has the po'Jer to do so. And if he connects with the beings of the invisible, inferior worlds, he does so as a lord who orders and commands, being able to destroy the tlemonies and cure the possessed. For that reason the Magicians do not like the inedffĭ Ans and they only use the Syiphos and the *Pyleas*, to interpret correctly their visions, or they need the Priestesses, or "Virgins of the Sun", the Vestals and the "Soror Misticae", for the lyurgic and ritual labors and to absorb the necessary feminine energy that completes them in their totalirlail mápica. In their *0 pus*, in their Heroic Combat.

Professor Jung was also very interested in the mediumistic problem, in the phenomenon of ectoplasm and telekinesis. He also referred several times to Hitler, in connection with possession, explaining the term in the terms of his "Psychology of the Depths", referring to the Aryan Collective Unconscious, as the formless and collective Being that took possession of him on certain occasions. And in this respect, he compared it to Mohammed. However, it is the Indian mythical tradition that has been best able to point out the difference between what could be called "divine possession" and that of the simple inčdi/tzn, the "de rviches" or sorcerers. For the hinrl úes there are the *Auatôros*, or incarnations 'Je la Divinidarl on earth, being the last conociila, that of Bud a. And it is always God Vishnu who incarnates. In Tantric Lamaism, it is the Dalai Lama. He was.

This problem is of special interest to me, in relation to the title of these "Memoirs" and that *EL*, which is still around.

Well, that's how the representatives of the Parapsychology Institute came to see me. There were three of them, Galté among them, as their President. There was no case, they could not convince me to give the talk at the University. I defended myself by alluding to my illness and invited Galté to come back alone the next day, to have tea with me, in my apartment. He accepted, and, at last, the two of us met, face to face, so that we could talk in depth and exchange our experiences.

Gal tea was older than I was. I begged him to be the one to tell me about his experiences, for I wanted to know how he had come to mediumship. He made no objection and began to tell me his life story. At that moment, in a small room, while the light was coming down through the windows, we sat down and I leaned my sick leg on a stool.

'we dye in ef riorfe d C/Mile," he began. "My podre was uri az ente aiaJem and po-"! They were de tem yendo.s f'uero de co.sa. In one of those Oiajen, he died of art ntaq tte cordtaco, eri the riudad of Val pa-ramo.

My mother will continue to struggle alone to raise us, my siblings and my brother and sister. She decided to send me to Sunftngo pure tnicinr the law career in the Uriiuer.sidod. I lived in a modest boarding house and full of preocii potions. I slept nuestra situación. Fue de este modo como una noche tuve un nnyus?tno by

dream, awakening me in my mind by its realism. I had taken the train to Paradise. de.sceridiendo in his station, crosses the Plaza Victoria and Hallalia me f'rente to an ediJt "cio with a sign on the moro: 'English Hotel'. I walked in, meeting a man behind a suit. I asked him if he connects my father, if ú.sle se /tnfjfn aloJade 'qget n/sometime. Without n.soml'rarne, he respo'ndiñ me that .st and that ltal'ta died in e.este hotel, pryct samente. Then. I asked him if I could have the fourth room where he had stayed for the last t i m e, telling him that it was . u son and that andalea was a seriti m entnl peregrination, in l'ii be of the memories of my proyenit or.

"The homl re became a gr'iit filter of records and began to dnr uuelta. .its púyiria.s. !Se clet iun and me sefiold the ftiim ero of an euarto:'Aq ni se alo jó. The ma rte e.therei 'ihora ccii pado, yero uam os a uerlo porq ue lo jen le Gto salido'.

"Camina mos for a po.century, liu.san llegendr o in /io6i/ocidn. 6/
homli re of'rió the door and de)ó me alone. Hobfo use as, a large
ormario and a ritesa ron itn lounlio. I stood in the center of the
cuorto and e.stu ce ni irándolo with 'itenci ün and tri.stezo. This
sido el último lugar que mi padre ocupó en este mundo. Entonces,
hahta

I felt strange, as if behind me was someone else. I turned around
and found my father, tall, standing and laughing at me. I was
shocked: '-Father,' I said, '...you're the most serious...'. '.

"There is no such thing as death,' I replied.

"We have lined you, with the coffin...'. '-In the
coffin there is nothing in the coffin, but stones.

...'. 'I have a sile !*-E°c°-!t°° o

I came to tell you that your mother is not helpless. I have
inscribed one gold minn or .se rtorn/ire'.

"-Pa pó, hermo.s l'roscado the clocii metito.s in all yart es, without
finding them...'. '.

"-They are not there, but 'id uí, in Vnl paraí.so. I gave them to the
notary, Tomás Díaz González, as well as my watch, for you. My father
fell silent and I felt that it was over. With trimteza and anguish I begged
him to stay. I had to leave,' he replied. "De.sj suerte eli mi erario de lo
pen. "tón de San/tnyo, con la t mpre-

.stdn of not haleer e.stado .rido tone; so fuerte was the presence of
my father. I tried several times to sneak to dorinir me, without
succeeding. When I ordered me to go or Val parat.s o, oun cuancló
inc re yitiera that it would have been .only itn .siieio. And file as
well as, of anec'ida, took the train to the port. Everything was
re/attri cxcla belly in l'i reality. Descendt in the E.staciún, or rice
the square and ni l'ie to hnllarme in front of the 'Hotel Inylús'.
Again the lloinl're in front of the mo. traolor, the same conversation
and the same caininata ltas ta ef quarte dcii of my father stayed for
the last time. There I was left alone and I did not go in for fear that
my mother would not be there. When I was asked by the man of the
receycirin I asked him if he knew of no/nrio food.s Diaz Gonzdlez.
He told me that he had .uu of'lici na m ii and cerea, indicating to me
the cu miino. Y/de n.sfcoiririr' me elicontrú /rente of rtoiorio that,
ademd.s, ero nrquitecto y nl'oz-a'lo. Me reci/sin de in medtato,
telling me qtte no.s bolson l'irsr'ido larz amente, .siit South with
nue.stra d irección in the north of gol.s. '7'enfn uno.s dccii ni ento.s
very folio.so.s ç "e ent king arone', and me in utín lio o cennr o .set
ceso.

"E.so night m- !**-- - -! -E- of writing and mastery of the min'i. As

*he unjoed me, he remembered that tio lin/x'o daclo my joadre's
watch,*

and gave it to him. With great surprise from gate .su piera .su piera that he was trying, he went to l'uscarlo, excu.sú aúo,se of that h ular was olaidado.

"When uol ni a la ra j'ital, I was one yersono dis sin no. Al ffo ext raord iriario huh i'n pa,sarlo in my uida, I hear that fo en rnfiinrfn for stem pre. J'am il ía ta niliéri su fria eri confio very large and for loren. The eronñritiro.s pen uría.s ended and I pade conlin by with my e.s/udto.s of ahagacia, ha.sta recil'irm e. Without

* ! '*^E*. '* *- -!a for mt the drnmo of two parallel arda.s,

! -" 4-' - - - -c- as !-Enria M a fu,sionarte in one. Pen. high and pen.salva in the inrre ilile aron teri miento. So, one dta, I decided to take nueunrne7tie ef train n Vn lpnrai.s o. E.sa nes los uaEones esto lta ri

tuerto.s did not find l'a n.sic/ito, lio.s/o that art .señor very am al'le and of certain age. inc ltizn a !-Ear to .su laci t. He claimed to be the brother of Arturo Prot, the hero dm Com l'nte Naual de Iquid ue eri the War of the Pacific. It was him f'c of the Customs of the Port of Val pa-rofso. With versamo.s de mire/io.s co.so.s and, .without .salier cdoio, we came to treat sohre e.sjoiriti.s nio. He contemplated me for a moment and said to me: 'I don't know why, it seems to me that you have unique mcdi ultrt nic con ditions. You would like to proliferate! Without thinking about it too much, I replied that I would like to do it. And that tarde en su oficina del Puerto, después que los funcionarios se hubiesen retirado.

modern.s agree to meet us that

"I arrived at the right time, and Mr. Prat gave me a warm welcome along with him. Tra s a fire ue conoen ation iitrasce ndente, rio.s the three of us sat around a table. In front or me lta l'ta uri payel in l'lanco and one lay icera with a tin tero. Senior Prat asked me to concentrate, with my eyes closed, trying to concentrate on the thoughts, which I was trying to put in my h e a d , one at a time, putting my hands in the air, so that I would be able to do it.

-without waiting for anything-... .

"I think tu ue vn de.s aanerim iento, I don't kn o w ; yero when I recoli ré and encolt t ré ollí, . enloclo, 0 i que eso.s dos ca l'allero.s

.soriretari with yran .satisJórrián, ronlempiarido the yopof soh re lo meso that aliora enron Iralea cu/itcr/o colt uria writing dioti rita to mine. And it said.' 'Aroho de nan fArayar in the 'Itala.' My name is... ¥ I beg you to go to the house of my friend who ni ue on the hill. .. of Val paramo. There, denlm of a tarm, solore a sideboard, there is dtnero dunrdndo, is pnra she, but not salce it. Densela. ...'.

"The se.ston lta l'ia ferm in ado. With the seiior Prot rio.s f'vime.s coori-

*nando y, just as we passed in front of the 'El Me reurio' day, we
heard olli*

o yeiite reunited you going your last news, e.Peritos .sohre one
col pm a slate of the mu ro. Decfn: 'Na u f'raz-io del 'Itota'...':

"Nox f'uimos de initiedintn n lns n'ficirins iiaiiitica'fpudinio." uer.

/o Ins paxnjerns list 4e/ 'f'lnla'. In uman l'uficnirin.x, .sin /io//or the
nnmhre of the per.xnan)e. It nns ncurri5 ask In list of loc trijo ma rites,
and cfff e.stu end. The a u" conl ni ni ne.stre. ..

"Nos diri p-ineo.s al red ro, 'lot iene cuentatra mo.s mi caxo y la ni ayer,
y, en ef t'i rm, ef fin e r o /anra cit n, /aiir/ieiido ruin ylrir con fo eri
tsiJn yhgту ma qire rios enca rpmi a el rontrn ru nestre nrriu/rn,go... ..

"Since in.stante, ani nido c'i Iti f'iri de f'riil iuorii ente," Galté decla-
raba me. "Sep atf es tiidin ido, lio,s lo reci liirme de oliog'ido, but yn teri
fo un jeie eli the other m ii ii ii do. was osf corno a day. this nde de
ni.been in euro ite itnn /uifi ifin o niyo, de.s,u "és de lo cena, me
con)ii:lericioroi i ,sit preoc"/aaci'o by .sii li ijo merior, /in/inf adqiii-
rido itrin in f'Critteela rt rte fu /a ið, gate rt n y of/art curar, p ses fo.s
medico.s rio arei't'il'n ii com it "n iricdiciin. The /'iotifn rriédic, ryite
conocfa o fa iii its/inc/i n ble.ade peg item n, acalinlin 'fe m orir. They
areiait qire the lo linlii ía j'odiclo sonor and, sal'iendo de mii cx/ae
rieitcio medi ii iii iiiii ía, erie rogn lunti trnir decomi un tenerme cort ef
nt édico jno re qtte rio.s ntem iiiii a recetri. I credited. And this fue my
.second eiperience in ef 'indi x n flower'. Without eiiluirp-o, I was not
fox ilil e rom a ira rine reir the medic. My renciaron q ue ido this ba a ii
torizaclo jloru ron tnrte r.se, but q ne ltnl'io another doctor, helga o
aleni ún, mii crío o corriieiizo,s de century in Bol iuio, de rtorii hre
Aljmlí oii, who teri fe Rior mii.finn .seguir tra fuije nde en fu tiei-ra.
And, ohorn, o ti'ou?.s rle m i. . . Y fite kl quieri rte din lo rereta del
oier/icnaicrtfo 9 "e urc jon n fn riiii o. . .

"Des dc cec m orii cii cii to, fiii the mecl ium fel doctor Aljuhart and he
mos eslado troleojon dc jii iit o.s cit lo tiei'rn for m ucli os ahos. I le
/ácilito mi rriier jin yaro qite dinp-nn.siiqiie, recet e y riore. .. Cuti ii-
tn.s n ve ril iirns yitnfo.s eri Clt ile y faotfiidn cri pofses aect itos of ri
ue stre, doiide fie Helii'lo ur a j a r !!. .. Jo m ti s piiedo cohrnr by "su'
traliajo. Si fo /iicier'i, Al jahci li no ueiidrfn i ti s. . . .".

While Galté had related to me part of his biography of rriédiii m, I
was more and more interested in the process itself, or in the technique he
was using to facilitate, or help facilitate, the entry into this world, the
jtor' the ALjthan rloctoí'. It is pregn ted.

"I concentrate, jionq=0 la me nte on the white and, then, something
suce'le: a com-i en te e l"--= - lower rt is laugh ari'i ba, rlel ce rebro, y

another to rise from the base of the vertebral column. The two come together in the area of the sun's axis, and then I feel the most unpleasant sensation, not only of loss of consciousness, but of death.... And I don't know any more, but when I find myself conscious again and in the same place where I died, everything started. In the meantime, I have di agnosticized and prescribed. .. That is, Aljihan. ... The experience causes me a great expenditure of energy and, almost always, I find myself exhausted. .."

Something occurred to me. And I told him:

"Jaime, I feel sick. The modics say this and that.... Why don't we do the experience right here and ask Dr. Alphan's opinion?"

It was 1969, on that afternoon in Santiago, *and* I saw Galté a little tired, with a tone of melancholy in his voice, or of resignation, as if in the face of the Des tino, of pessimism, or hardness.

"-Look," he said, "not now.... But I can also do it another way. I can come to see you mentally, without needing to be here, from afar...."

"Well," I nodded, "let's do it that way? And when will it be?" "-

Between now and Saturday" It was a Wednesday, or a Thursday, I don't remember exactly. "I won't tell you the day, so that there won't be any

influence, nor suggestion".

We talked about one or two more things, and Galté gave it to him.

I picked myself up early in my secluded bedroom, without telling my wife about the agreement with Galté.

I don't know the time, maybe two or three in the morning that same night; suddenly, the door opened and someone entered the room. A shadow. Curiously, I was not awake, neither was I asleep. That was not a dream. The shadow approached my bed, took the clothes that covered me and pulled them to my feet. It began to auscultate me, touching my belly with a finger, and at the same time asking me: "-

Does it hurt here?" "No," I said. He would change places: "-And here* ". "-Neither." He touched me lower, close to the ing-le: "-And here?" "-There, yes," I answered. And he left.

I woke up, sitting on my bed, surprised. I called my wife and told her: "Galté has just come to visit me, I'll tell you just in case I forget tomorrow and so that you can witness this incredible event".

I soon fell asleep again, and by dawn I had almost forgotten

everything. That day I had to go to a laboratory, where I was to be made

the blood tests. I was on my way out of the house when my wife told me that Gal was calling me on the phone. I remembered everything from the pool and went to the phone, anxious to talk to him. The first thing he said to me was: "Last night he visited you, as I promised. Now I know what you have. In Italy you contracted a virus of the leukemia family.

Very surprised, I asked:

"And what should I do, what is the treatment?"

"-There's only one," he said, "a centrifugal vaccine." "-What's that, and how can I get it?"

"There is only one person in Chile: Dr. Jorge Vigouroux ...

But I don't know if he's willing to do this."

My surprise increased even more. Jorge Vigouroux had been my schoolmate and classmate at the Barros Arana boarding school, the "born" Vigouroux we used to call him, ironically, because he had a **nose** like Cyrano de Berge rae. Moreover, only a few days before I had been with my wife going through trunks in the cellar of some nuns, where we left things stored so as not to take them to India, and there I found a photograph of the school, where we were side by side with Jorge Vigouroux. Such was the coincidence, the "synchronism", the "acausal" phenomenon, as we wanted to call it, that I could not help but tell Galté.

In the telephone book I found the address of Vigouroux, whom I immediately visited. With what joy we met again, even though when he learned the real cause he changed, becoming serious. He explained to me, "She hasn't had that treatment," he explained. "This tea! Vigouroux was a chemist of genius, had studied in France, experimented in Africa. Now he decided, because it was me, his former classmate, that he would make an exception and prepare the vaccine for me. Neither he nor Galté, I believe, really imagined that it would be the last one, just as the last one would be the medical experiment that Galté himself was going to make during his stay on this earth.

It was an autovaccination, that is, I was to be vaccinated with my own blood. Once extracted, it was rotated in a centrifugal machine and this preparation would be injected into me in prescribed doses during a certain period of time. I lacked this time to be able to follow the treatment in Chile, having to return to take charge of my treatment in Belgrade. However, out of loyalty to my friend, and above all to Gal- te, I insisted to the Serbian doctors, who did not believe in the treatment - out of date, obsolete, according to them - that I should be able to continue the treatment in Chile.

to have it applied to me, having taken the serum - "my

serum"- desrle Chile, and pre pararlo by a friend of youth. I patiently complied with the treatment, as prescribed, out of affection for my friends and as a posthumous tribute to Galté.

Going through my papers, I found the recipe that Vigouroux prepared in French so that the m étlicos yu goeslavos could apply it. I think it will be good for me to reproduce it below, as a true curiosity and a relic of those times, when a "m u tant" and I met in this strange Chile.

IMMUNOSENSITIZATION AUTOVACCINATION

THOMAS H IPERCONCENTRATED

AUTOHEuOsUEnoTHERAPY THOMAS

AUTOVACUNA H IPERCONCENTRATED

"IMMUNODESENSIBILISATION"

"Ce ri'est peace l'aiitoltémotltera fiie conronte. On su pposes that the inaladie is caused by a uirit s and that there is a zonal ftyperserisib ility to this ogerit. The re'sitltat of the octi.on of the virus on urt lerrain lt yper.sen:ub le is the niaíadie. On su pose aussi qu'il y'a un uirémie.

The troiteinent consists of a desensitization of the patient's own plasma and a slow and prolonged irtimunisation, uoccin type. In order to preserve the inalade, it is necessary to take the required doses.

Dane l'applicatori de ce yfosmn, on emyfoie le système de Thomas. After the application of all the twelve, it already ton)ours 0.1 mil intraderrtiique to desensitize the inalade asec the arilip erie that binds it. Paralléleinent a sec la doce desensibilisante, ofi appliq ue la doce inimuriisarite, yprogressice i e n t et mos taat en quaiiité choq ue foto.

For example: 0.1 mil + 0.4 ml sip-ni[ie: if you have a small amount of 0.1 mil intraderinique, you put more pro[ondément the serinx and ori in jecte the rest, i.e., 0.4 ml. Uri antre example: 0.1 ml + 1.2 int: la seringe est remy tie avec 1.3 ml: ori iijecte 0.1 ml intradeririii ue et le rente íl.2 mil) soul -cutarié. II [out suiure le syate l e de Th omar ct-contre.

Une note trás im porlo nte: tl faut contróler soigtieii se se se et le

malady in the three reactions: local reaction at the site of the yiqui re (at 24 tte ures⁴, redness and redness, more than 3 cm long). The generic reaction: /o/tgue, head mof, and the focal reaction: ufe recrudescence of the disease. In each of the three cases, the dose must be reduced. If the dose is too high (reaction), it should be reduced to the 4th dose and then repeated in the 5th dose.

Preparation. Il faut extraire 18 nil de saigt que l'oti milange avec 2 ml de citrate de corde ait 3.8"/r. Incu battoo ô 4°- C penda iit 5 jours. Then, centrifuge at 1500 rpm in series until white and red blood cells and platelets are eliminated. The plasma liberated from these tissues is placed in a sterile flaçon. Attention is paid not to contaminate the plasma, which is very acidic. The flaçon type lu.online is very useful.

Dans ce moment, ont peut commencer le traitement en snitant le schéma de l'outouocctn de Thomas. If the mala':le is not giteri avec the 14 'loser, il faut coittiti ner le traitement avec 0. 1 ml + 0. 9 ml avec 3 jonrs d'infernale entre chaq ue dose. In this case, the leniogram is indt.Open.sable for 15 days".

Name:	Mr. Miguel Serrano		
Sample:	San pre		
Requests:	Thomas's autovacu na hi perconcentrate.		
Mode of em plco:			
1.- 'Dose0	.1 cc in tradérinico		
	One day off		
2. - "Dosage0	.2 cc	"	
	One day off		
3. " Dose	.7 cc	"+ 0.2 cc subdermal	
	Two free days		
4. '- Dose	.cc	" + 0.3 cc "	
	Two free days		
5. 'Doris0	.1 cc	" 0.4 cc	
	subcutaneous	Très dia libre	
6. "Doris0	.1 cc	" + 0.6 cc "	
	Très di.os free		
7. - ' Doris	.icc	" + 0.9 cc "	
	Très diam libres		

8. '- Dosis 1 cc " + 1.2 cc "
Three free days
9. - Dosage 0.1 cc "+ 1.4 cc intramuscular
Tres días libres
10. "- Dosis 0.1 cc " + 1.6 cc "
Four free days
11. - Dose 0.1 cc " + 1.9 cc "
Four days off
12. " Dosage 0.1 cc " 1.9 cc "
Four days off
13. '- Dose 0.1 cc " + 1.9 cc "
Four days off
14. '- Dosage 0.1 cc " + 1.9 cc "

Note: Shake before extracting the contents.

Any intense reaction requires a rel roceder o the previous dose in me - diatameiite. The control of the treatment should be personally observed by the treating physician.

If the first dose gives an intense reaction, mix 1 part of plasma with 2 parts of sterile serum and inject 0.1 cc. intradermic.

The system of the French doctor Thomas consisted of rotating the blood at a high rate until the virus was isolated and then seeded in a culture broth and prepared in graded doses. The vaccine was then applied until antibodies were formed in the patient.

This system of Dr. Thomas was prescribed by Alphan-Galté and was only performed in Chile by Dr. Jorge Vigouroux, my former companion at the Barros Arana boarding school. The above was the prescription and the graduated mode of application of the vaccine, in Spanish. Also the recommendations and comments, in French. As you can see, the treatment was long and required great patience and dedication. I had it.

JAIME GALTÉ's MrEnTE oE JAIME GALTÉ

On my return from my first visit to Dr. Vigouroux, I wanted to contact Galté to inform him. His wife answered the phone. She was very upset. "Jaime is not well," she told me. "We thought it was a cold, but now I doubt it. I beg you to think about him, to put your mind...". Those were her words.

The next day I called again, finding her even more worried. I asked her for the attending physician and she gave me the name of Dr. Raul Etcheverry, the same one who had seen me and confirmed first my thrombocytopenia and then the von Willibrand.

The great Dr. Etcheverry! I immediately called him to inform me, and to my surprise he explained: "Galté is leaving us; he is hopeless, he suffers from incurable leukemia...".

My impression was enormous. For a long time I was in my room meditating, concentrating. And here," I said to myself, "Galté has diagnosed me with exactly what he had, without knowing it..." And I remembered the scene of Mann's "Magic Mountain". And the scene from Mann's "The Magic Mountain" came to my memory, the deepest mystery; the deepest mystery! I left home and went to visit my Master, to whom I told everything that had happened.

"It is almost always so with the *niédiii rris*," he explained to me; "because they are unconscious agents of powers they do not control. And when they cure disease, they pass it on to themselves, lacking the power to actually destroy it.

Yes; but Galté possessed the ability to detach himself voluntarily, in the "astral body," and go to visit whomever he wished, as had been proved in my case. He was not a totally passive *medium*. I went to see him at his apartment on San Antonio Street, in the center of Santiago. He received me in a small "living room", accompanied by his gentle wife, seated in an armchair and covered with a cloth, because it was cold at that season. Surely, he did not know the seriousness of his illness. We talked and I asked him if Dr. Alphan could prescribe him some medicine. He replied that no, this was not possible with him. I thought to myself that Dr. Alphan had already done it, transposing the situation on me. And I do not know why I did not recommend him to have the autovaccination with Vigouroux; perhaps because of that absurd habit of hiding the seriousness of his illness from the sick, and I understood that Galté had not been told about it either.

I was to return to Belprailo; but I decided to delay my departure, to accompany Galté until the end. I came back to see him almost every day, sometimes with my wife. And we would talk there, in his little room. He would say to me: "When I get better I am going to try to fulfill my old dream of going to visit the Pyramid of Giseh, enter it and stay there for a whole night in meditation. Will you come with me?"

He was rapidly deteriorating. Another day he exclaimed, "How I long to go to Sui za and run through those green meadows, on its hills and in bare feet!"

Soon he could no longer get out of bed. Then, as I left his room, I had an idea and, in an instant, I went to "La Moneda", the Presidency of Chile. I gave my name and title to the Palace Guard, who let me pass. I found myself in the small office of the President's military aides-de-camp. I asked to speak with him. And, although I had not requested an audience, the Colonel on duty entered the presidential room. Immediately the door opened and the President himself, Eduardo Frei Montalva, appeared:

"What can I do for you, Miguel?" he asked. "I beg you to excuse me not to make you come in, for I am dealing with important matters with officials. But tell me..."

"President, Jaime Gal tea is dying. Make yourself present. ...".

I saw him very impressed:

"I'm so sorry...! .. Don't worry about it. Don't worry. We'll see what I can do. Thanks for letting me know.

And he shook my hand with affection.

I thought the President knew Jaime Galté, since he was also a lawyer.

When I went to see Galté the next morning, his wife told me, surprised, that the previous afternoon the President's aide-de-camp had gone to ask for Jaime's health, on behalf of the President.

Great gesture of that President of Chile, who received me without previous audience and fulfilled a superior duty that was going to leave this world, an ordinary citizen, without any representation, showing his personal concern, in the midst of his multiple jobs. Such were the rulers of Chile in the past, and how different the father was from the son who today occupies the presidency of the country.

But this is another matter for me to deal with later, and one that I may not even deal with in these "Memoirs".

Jaime Galté suffered a lot. His pain was excruciating. He called his mother at night.

I went in to see him in his room. Under the effect of sedatives, he was able to talk to me. In front of his bed he had the wooden figure of the Virgin. Galté was a Mason; but that image was the representation of his own mother, the Mother of all. He told me the following:

"Last night a hooded monk came to see me. He was carrying a bag full of Piedrecitas (the stones from his father's coffin?), which he took out one by one and placed them on my chest in the form of a cross. He left them there for a moment and then began to remove them, also one by one and slowly. As he removed them, with I was getting a pain. But he didn't remove all of them, I think he left two, or three....".

I related this scene to my Master. He told me: "When I remove those last three, he will be dead...".

Well, the ghostly envoy withdrew them, for Jaime Gal tea died, I think at the new dawn.

In the living room the coffin had been placed. I arrived as the "brothers" of his Lodge surrounded him. They looked at me somberly, as if I were a stranger. But I was not, even though I was. For, in such a short time, we were great friends over Gal tea.

In the newspaper "El Mercurio" that year I wrote an article with the title "Un Mutante Chileno".

+F*

Before taking up the interrupted chronological line of these Memoirs, I would like to make a few reflections. Something that has intrigued me greatly throughout my life and which I have never been able to unravel or discover: What is the reason for or the origin of these inescapable, totally inexplicable coincidences, which, in my case, are repeated so insistently, in an almost constant manner? The term "synchronism", or "causal phenomena", coined by Professor Jung and Pauli, are just words that do not explain it. For example, twice in my life I met Gal tó, at sea and in a university, without knowing it and without establishing acquaintance with him. Only shortly before he was to leave this land, we entered into a relationship with Gallo,

without knowing it and without establishing knowledge of it.

and, in such a way, that I still feel united to him today. With me he has his last experience, in a transcendent way, we could say. And the prescription of his doctor Alphan can only be made by someone who was my schoolmate and whom I had met again only a few days before, in a photograph, side by side, among the other students of that year.

There is no explanation for this. Who runs it? And why? I don't know. Only *He*, *qGzáa*, knows... But maybe He doesn't know either...



Photo of the Barros Arana boarding school in 1921. Seated on the floor, the first on the left, Andrés Balmaceda; in the first row, the second on the left is my friend from my youth, Felipe Martínez Arnáiz; in the same row, the last on the right is "Huaso" González; in the third row, standing, the first on the left, my friend Mario Gallardo; then, Ortiz, the "Cara de Hombre"; then, "Nato" Vigouroiix; next to him is me. This photo is premonitory, since it was precisely docLor Vigouroux who wrote the prescription "dictated" by the *physician* Jaime Galté.

ME OR ME ESC RITOR

Let's go back, let's go back to my first act and to Lira Street in the old Santiago. One day, among them, Guillermo Tapia arrived, that special boy who looked like the actor Ivan Mojousliine, actor in Pirandello's film "El Difunto Matías Pascal". He sat down next to the bed and said to me.

"You must be bored out of your mind, why don't you write?".

And he looked at me with his dark eyes, ¡r'ofun rivers, as if giving me an oral in.

Everything if that and this same scene have been recounted in my autobiographical book "Neither by Sea, nor by Land". It would be useless for me to try to repeat it, because I did not sleep to do better than I did then. In "Ni por Mar, ni por Tieri'a" I wrote with blood the history of my generation. I do not ble rama r it again, for I no longer have it for the same. Therefore, it will be good for me to leave what I have already described, dispensing me with more pain, without repeating what was said almost fifty years ago.

From an external life, it turned me inward, beginning to live in my own thoughts and putting my imagination into writing. At the same time it transformed me into an insatiable reader, having as my only guide a new friend who gave me the mysterious pulse. Thus it was that 'le Conan Doyle and Jacle Loiiil on went on to Knut Hamsun, to Panait Istrati, to Dostoievsl'y, to Oscar \Vil ike, to Giovanni Papi ni, and, from there, to the German philosophers, to Kant, to Max Schele r, to Schopenhauer, to Spengler, to Keyserling, to Nietzsche, and everything else I could read.

My adventurous spirit took on a literary and philosophical meaning, incorporating it into the primipenary impulse of my lineage. And so it was that, because of these "electi ve affi ni ria ries", I sought out, in my Internatlon course, and in other courses, young comrades, more or less similar, who had also been worked, as I have already mentioned, by the readings of the pessimistic Russian writers: Michael Arz iba chev, Boris Pililialt, Constantin Ferli n, Svolod Ivanov. Like Hern án Gon zále z, the dear friend Cava'l a also committed suicide; both were very young. Cavada, due to anguish existedl. He was part of the group with which we escaped from the boarding school one day, in order to go to work at the "La Disputada" rock mine in Las Condes, in those mountains that belonged to my family. After

After a whole day of fruitless efforts, on the slopes of the Andes, without being able to complete the transfer to the heights, on the level of the **mine**, the majority decided to leave, except Cavada, who insisted until the end.

This adventure cost us the expulsion of el Barros Arana. He called me to his office (Damián Meléndez, the Vice-rector of the Rector, Alcayaga, did not want to attend). After he told me of my expulsion, he revealed to me that I had been on a scholarship and that if I did not know it was because my grandmother had told him not to tell me, so as not to hurt my pride. The scholarship had been given to me because my grandmother was from Copiapo, as he was, and also because I was the grandson of Don Joaquín Reñánquez Blanco. The latter seemed strange to me then, without being able to find any connection between my grandfather Joaquín and the Barros Arana River. But today I think that it would be due to my grandfather's "balmacedism" and to the fact that he was the President of that educational center.

Other than that, at the time, I didn't even know what a scholarship was, and I don't think I would have cared to know that I had been awarded one. On the contrary, it is even possible that I would have cared enough to do better to deserve it. But no I am sure...

SANTIAGO DEL CAMPO

Outside the boarding school, I went to the Valentín Letelier School and, later, to the Lastarria School. I don't know in which of them Mariano Latorre, the "criollo" writer, was a professor of Spanish and literature. Hardly anyone remembers him anymore today, less a Luis Durand, an Eduardo Barrios, nor the poet Diego Dubó Urrutia, Pedro Prado, Augusto D'Halmir, Salvador Reyes, or Manuel Rojas. But to a generation of educated men, fully devoted to art and reading: Alfonso Leng, the musician; Eupenio González, the philosopher; Enrique Molina, Rector of the University of Concepción and editor of the magazine "Atenea", and so many others. They lived and strove to create and endure, at least in the memory of Chileans. No longer reads them or knows them, even when they are found in the texts of study and in some anthologies. Worse happens with my generation. It is not even known that our writers existed. Those who made up my group, the "hermetic circle" of the years

thirty, which Fate brought together for a brief time - oh, so brief - and which Drama dispersed.

I did not read my first writings to anyone, not even to the person responsible for them, Guillermo Tapia, only to Felipe Martínez, and not always. However, I was looking for a good auditor. And he appeared in a surprising, unexpected way. A young man with a menu, who walked very fast and dressed neatly. He looked like a bullfighter; his parents were Spanish, perhaps Andalusian. He had been educated at the Colegio de los Apustinos, with Padre Escudero, a humanist, erudite and of broad vision, as his teacher. His classmate was Eduartlo Anguita, the poet. Later, he went to the National Institute, where he shared his studies with Héctor Barreto and the poet Julio Molina Müller. He introduced me to them.

Santiago del Campo was his name, and I think I met him through my sisters; or, it was at the home of the young Bolívar girls, daughters of Dr. Carlos Bolívar, where we used to go dancing some evenings. Victoria Bolívar's daughter, Marta Larraechea, married Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle, the current President of Chile. His father, Eduardo Frei Montalva, lived on Marcoleta Street, almost across the street from Dr. Bolívar's house. In the style of the meetings of those times, people danced, non-alcoholic beverages were served, at most a "ponche" (punch) with a lot of river water, people talked and some young lady played the piano, while someone recited. My friend Felipe recited "La Carreta", with pompous gestures and high and low modulations, which imitated the thumping of the wheels on the bumps of the dusty road of a southern countryside (something like Mussorgsky's "La Carreta Polaca"). It was there that I heard for the first time that fine, small man recite with almost Hispanic pronunciation Ruben Dario's "La viene el Cortejo" (The Court is coming). He was listened to with rapt attention, even by those who were only interested in sports and knew nothing about literature or poetry. Intelligence was respected. Culture was also a weapon in the conquest of the axes, a weapon as powerful as physical strength and fists.

Santiago del Campo, besides being a reciter, was a great dancer. He had histrionic abilities and sometimes performed in the theater his own works, such as "California". His culture was rather classical, preferably Spanish literature. He spoke and read French, and loved to practice it with the educated girls who knew this language. In truth, he was a rhetorician and an actor,

as well as an enjoyment of the viiia and rte the night, in the youthful bohemia of the Santi apt ble fifty years ago.

It was hard for *me* to attend this kind of parties and meetings. I was becoming increasingly introverted and even shy. I would have been incapable of reciting a poem aloud, let alone in public. I took literature as a drama f "writing with blood", a la Nietzsche), the opposite of the verbal games of a ble socieilad rhetoric.

Santiago's parents lived in Spain. He had stayed in Chile at his grandmother's house, already dead at the time we met. I would have to say, however, that the society to which I am referring, of my sisters' friends and those young intellectuals, with an intellectual in between, had nothing to do with the Chilean aristocracy, which has always been (like all the aristocracies of the modern world) very ignorant and insulting. Chilean writers, with very special exceptions such as Pedro Pratt and Vicente Huidobroj, have generally belonged to the upper and lower middle class, and sometimes even to the common people.

Santiago del Campo was absolutely extroverted, he represented in everything, especially in literature, the opposite of me. Perhaps that is why we became such close friends. And it was because of him that I became part of that tragic circle of young writers of my generation. Of them, not a single one is remembered from today's bridge. Nothing has endured. Moreover, they are gone, and forever. Not even Santiago del Campo himself is remembered. Only his son and me.

Except for brief periods, when I have been in Chile and residing in Santiago, almost always I have lived in the vicinity of the hill Santa Lucia, either in the street of the same name, in front of a stone recortlatoria tte clone Nicolas Palacios, great author of "Raza Chilena", ilonrle alive today - when I am not in Valparaiso - or in Victoria Subercaseaux, in the lazlo o;Puesto of this hill. Lira Street, as we have explained, is in front, crossing the old Alameda.

I was going there, one night many years ago, tortured by a dull, dull pain, which then gripped me, like a moan of the species, of the angel imprisoned in a prison of

es tre llas, of the deep, warm, summer night. I was walking slowly, absorbed only in my inner river, without looking anywhere. Suddenly, someone spoke to me. I did not recognize him at first. He was entering a house -the one that still exists on Victoria Subercaseaux Street-. It was Santiago del Campo. He invited me in. I knew it was the house of his late grandfather, which he had left in inheritance to his servants. Santiago was living there for the time being, surrounded by antique furniture and furniture. *We* sat down on some small sofas and he, who knew I was writing, asked me to read something to him, if I had it with me. Indeed, I had some manuscripts in my pocket. I started to read them to him. He listened to me attentively, I think, without much conviction. Then he asked me about my idea of literature. "To write with blood," he confessed, "without much regard for grammar, or the rules of syntax." I think I had already discovered this in my reading. A purist of the language, such as he was, he was, however, generous and did not criticize me at all. Perhaps he was impressed by the genuine passion and pain with which I had written. *Narrative of literature*, pure confession. For him, writing was a noble and elegant and controlled game; the interior, the soul, did not have to be expressed. It was more a matter of style. However, in his last book, before his death, about the Conquistador Pedro de Valdivia, "*El Capitán Conquistado*", it seems as if he also poured out his heart. Today I discover that I have never abandoned that rule that I set in my adolescence, "to write with blood", and I continue to maintain it to this day.

Santiago got sleepy that night, and up to a few hours he was reading to me paragraphs preferring Ramón del Valle-Inclán, in his "*Sonatas*", and also an Italian writer, who I was not interested in, in vogue in those years, Pirandello, in his book "*Maestros de Lujo*". On the other hand, I liked Guido Guicciardini, with his "*Murder of the Ancient Tree*" and, above all, Giovanni Papini, with his "*Finished Man*" ("*L'Uomo Finito*"). The latter did write with heart's blood, not being, for that reason, to Santiago's total liking. Papini's drama was of thought and had great influence on a whole generation of Italians and also here in Chile. Until his conversion to Christianity, which made him a blind and deceived many of us Nietzscheans, we will consider it as a betrayal.

After that meeting, the friendship with Santiago was consolidated, making it a literary necessity to see each other often. He would read to me

everything of his, I very little of mine. He became a regular visitor to my house. More importantly, he introduced me to the circle of young intellectuals of his National Institute, which he had changed to that of the Augustinian Pailres. A "lay circle", so to speak.

But Santiago del Campo was not only a literary man. His genius was multiple. He loved the night and its miracles. He also introduced me to his nocturnal friends -like the "boy" Vega, who worked at the Club Hípico- and who financed him, out of sympathy, his forays to bars and dance halls, where he used to call with those women of the night of other times, loving and loving to poets, writers and theater actors. There I met Alejandro Flores, Pedro Sienna, Rafael Frontaura, Lucho Cordoba, Americo Vargas. I remember a friend of his, a composer of musical themes, who, after a night of partying, of "farra", as we used to say, improvised a song at dawn, on the piano of a cabaret, dedicated to the gypsies. I can still hear him singing, accompanied by Santiago:

*"To leave, to leave tomorrow
Scró nae.otro desttno*

He left for e/ cx/riino. ...".

Thus I also see my dear Santiago, going away by a long dark path, in a night in Madrid, where he died still young, in an absurd way, for a dose of contraindicated morphine, prescribed by a doctor, to calm the pains of a sudden and unexpected ailment. He was also a "beloved of the Gods" and had to go at that age. He had already given everything and would not have known what to do in today's world, contaminated by electronics and the most atrocious materialism. Like Tito Munilt, Delfin Alcaide, Luis Hernández Parker, Alvaro de la Fuente and Chamudes himself? ¡ Please forgive me for naming all these people absolutely unknown to you, in the consumer society, in the social market economy; but who were great and had a soul...).

Mornings, if I was in the mountains, with a book and papers in the bag. I ate some oranges. I didn't attend school courses. I read, studied on my own. Sometimes I would meet some other loner, a man from the countryside. We would walk away without saying a word. Cows, cows, goats grazing, goats on the heights. With my eyes lost in the peaks, in the horizons, I would sing songs to my mother in the mines. In the I was of clear, transparent waters, I plunged to the bottom and came up. I drank the water from the springs. I also talked to the birds, the insects and the trees. I would talk to them about the book I was reading and its author. Nietzsche, Giovanni Papini, Knut Hamsun, Panait Istrati, Zilahy Lajos were thus known by some rock of the Andes, chosen by me; by some bird, a bush, a tree, a humble flower, a leaf.

What will be the place of the beautiful, beautiful Iago the iridescent, to whom I read the "Song of the Night" from "Thus Spoke Zarathustra"? In the river of metamorphoses, where will his energy and the thoughts-vibrations that he absorbed, paying so much attention to my palms, still in the sun on a stone, go today?

Once upon a time I discovered a valley covered with a bright green moss and upholstered with multicolored flowers, guarded by leafy trees. I made it my refuge. Perched on a thick trunk, I would read, study, write; sometimes I would contemplate, thinking of nothing. There I had for the first time a dream of a black-haired, fair-skinned girl with deep-set eyes, just as she was falling from a steep hilltop and crying for help.

With the red horizon, in the evening, wishing to return day, to reach the city already at night.

I was immersed in the dream, trying to find again this beautiful young woman, and to be able to meet her.

HECTOR BOWNETO

How difficult it was becoming for me to make contact with others! From a sociable and cheerful boy, I had been transformed into a sad, introverted and friendless character. Guillermo Tapia had left the Barros Arana Boarding School to go to study in his hometown of Chillán. Thus I lost my first teacher in the world of thinking. Felipe Martínez was still my faithful companion; but I saw little of him, because of his studies; besides, he was inclined to painting, without great interest in literature. So I did not see him very often because of his studies.

there was no more than Santiago c!el Campo left. And it was he, as I have said, who put me in contact with those castaways of my generation, as lonely as I was, soria'lores, adventurers, navigators, who had also been shipwrecked on land.

In particular, "Jason".

JASON, THE ARG ONAUTE

"Laniella ero Doclona, and cite the breakdowns ble Dorlono grew nte jas ertciitas juatriorcales. Uasóii ltit yó of his family, his father. He went colt the arg oriarías, mi;jut lattdo the boat Argos and sii merged in the sea of the iztmortoftdnd, yara sternpre. But his father sip-ii ió after him and, fuer o de airos ble b ascorle, an olía arrived at some islands, eli medio ne afi nior az iiI, where he found a naue uacía and eitcallncla. Ext the inéistil stick, as his emblem Je the siiehos Jel li ijo, which he did not sii;joo coinjorender, rocked the yiel doracla Jel Caritero. It was the Vellocciii o, 'jac Jalon ertcoii/ró far from the pac!re and Je the anti nas eitciias of Dodona ire was Lainella- fireitcli'!o to the thread ble sas best hopes-. more. .. Argonaata eit iiii tiein joo siit glorio y sin bon'fnd..."

I copy this from "Ni por Mar ni por Tierra". Pen saba re produce here in its entirety that story of Hóctor Barreto, so beautiful, "Jason". It would have been, in the clistancia of the terrestrial years, the best tribute - in the prison of Saturn-Kronos - to the extraordinary artist, to the involi dable, intimate friend. But nowhere have I found him, neither in the book that was published, with some of his stories, "La Noche de Juan y otros C ue n tos", nor in my own works, in the "Antología riel Verilarlero Cuento en Chile", rlon of I thought I had included him. For a while, I had with me the manuscripts of his stories; but I gave them to his brother, so that he could keep them. I will try to recover them, if it is still possible, to edit them. "La Noche de Juan y otros Cuentos" fulfills a posthumous wish of Ba rreto: that his friend, the Si bujante Fernando Marcos, illustrate his stories; in addition, he prologues them, contributing memories and precious details of Hector's life, with whom he was at the time of his tragic death.

Incorporated into the law a urea ble Jason, the Argonau ta, Hector Ba rreto must still go to navigate it by the sea of the Conste lations, for, the arpona u tas were more bie n as tronan tas and the Voyage

was always a Journey to the Earth; neither Doilona, nor Lamella, nor Colchis, nor Ara, to the "left of the sun and the moon", never existed here on earth, but in heaven. Neither the Golden Fleece, nor the Grnf....

Santiago del Cam po, as I said, introduced me to Julio Molina, son of the author of "La Selva Lírca", author himself of the books of poems "La Primavera del Soldado" and "Los Caballeros vuelven al Oasis"; Iván Romero, Robinson Gaete, Iri zarri, Ahumad a, Guillermo Atías (Ann ar Atías) and Héc tor Barreto. Later on, I met Braulio Arenas, Jaime Rayo and Juan Derpich; also, Enrique C'ómez-Correa, Teófilo Cid, Héc tor Barreto.

Eduar'lo Molin a, Juan Teietla, Eri uard o Anguila, Volodi a Tei telboim. They formed independent groups, *self-sufficient*, with no contact with each other. I joined the first ones, the representatives of the pure national -I almost said nationalist- bohemianism of those dark years, because I found there a close link with my own nationalism.

world of the I nternarlo Barros Ai'ana. It was not for nothing that the National Institute was the other arm of the same body of secular and humanist educators of the ve rnacular, intellectual and manly Chi le.

To write "Memoirs" means to travel. But this is not what I intend here, in the case of Barreto, in particular, and in others that will follow in the course of these pages. I try, if possible, to relive what I lived and *what I will not live*; that is, to prolong, to extend the real facts to the plane of the unreal, of the non-existent, of what never was, but which could have been and which, for this very reason, is more real than anything that once happened. How to achieve this, by means of what exorcism, by what magic, or by what unknown technique of concentration? I do not know. The images of the forms of terrestrial beings are there, in some container of the light tlel Cosmos. Of the traveling light. They do not disappear with the heavy matter of the forms, they endure. They are the ones who can come back, and I must only evoke them, find them - reach them in the speed of light - clothe them with the magnetic energy of love and loyalty. Only this, the rest they will do for themselves, on their o w n. *Those over there*. Or those who are already there; because they were always there... and here.

"This is Héctor Barreto, I present him to you...". Santiago del Campo looks at us with his mischievous, mocking eyes, as if he perfectly knows that he is only facilitating the reunion of two legendary warriors of Sparta, dead in Thermopylae, protecting each other until the end... The face in front of me is thin, pale, with a broad forehead and his left temple sunk by a blow of the enemy's mace. His dark eyes look into the depths of my soul and are as if feverish. A gentle and tender smile is insinuating itself.

do. On the table of that bar on San Diego Street (I remembered its name in "Ni por Mar ni por Tierra"), he extends his hand and shakes mine: "Salud! "Heil!", I reply, with the sign of the ancient troubadours of the Doric race.

The others say nothing, they only contemplate us. Julio Molina rests his arm bent at right angles on the rustic wood. Later he will declare that "this is how God is in the Universe". Remember that he was also one of the Argonauts, who accompanied Jason on the voyage through the Sea of Legend. All of them, those present there, were part of that mythical crew, in search of Hyperborea. Santiago must have been Lince, the eagle-eyed lookout. And I was Orpheus, in search of Euridice.

Hector Barreto begins to narrate his story, all his stories: "Jason", the first one; "The Sick City"; "The Passenger of the Dream"; "Rite to Narcissus"; "The Form"; "The Color"; "The Night of John"... and so many others that he improvised there as if extracting them from a basement of the prehistory of the world and of the Mystical Homeland. All of them have already been remembered and transcribed by me, in ancient texts, in

Egyptian papyri and in "tablets" of Rapa-Nui. I will not repeat them again.

That night was over and Jason and I walked down San Diego Street, towards the south side, towards Matta Avenue. We crossed it, arrived at Sie rra Bella and Santiago Concha. And we were already in the sacred precincts of my present incarnation, with my own ghosts, which he did not yet know. It was my turn to make the introductions:

"This is Don Rafael Fernández Concha, the Wise Bishop; curiously, I think he believed in reincarnation. He was a family of vineyards and farmers. By necessity, they distilled and distilled in pots of pottery in Bosnia, to get to produce the 'Spirit of the Secret Vine', they could even know the 'Fifth Brother' of Wein ríen deld, in search of the 'presence and the figure', because, clone Rafael knew that 'color of love that is not cured but with the presence and the figure'..."

"Tell me," Jason asked me, "and the Great Forefather, the one who unites us both, older even than our Doric Sparta, the Father of all the Euoliths, the inventor of the Oracle of Delphi, the keeper of the Golden Fleece, where is he?"

"Not far from here," I reply; "but in the direction of the mountain, to the east, inside the subway corridors of the Old Mansion. ... but... only the mad poet, my uncle Vicente Hui rlobi'o.... can lead us to him. Let's go and look for him..."

Jason nodded. And we went first down the old Alameda de las Delicias. *There* we found him, contemplating his own statue, in front of his mother's house. He greeted me with the cordiality of a family member. Barreto put Barreto at a strangers' distance and passed him, for him to read, his books "Gill de Rais" and "Cagliostro", the only ones that Jason was really interested in out of all his production. Vincent went to say goodbye to his mother and returned to guide us on our journey to the Great Ancestor's House. As we walked along, he repeated to me: "Do you know why our ancestors were so proud and loudly proclaimed to love God so much? Because they were not a Luciferian pride, and they did not bow down to nature, they only bowed down to God.... Because they knew that God does not exist..."

Jason laughed, in the clarirla d of that full moonlit night.

As we spotted the roofs of the ancestral mansion in the distance, Vicente told me another story:

"One of our fathers loved his wife, his cousin, of course, very much. Once she had traveled to Santia-

In order to visit her parents, he wanted to test how much she loved him. The carriage trips to Santiago stretched on for weeks in those days. Availing himself of the time, he had a wooden cofferdam built by the hacienda's carpenter. And, on the roofs, he placed lookouts to warn him of the lady's return. In this way, he had time to enter the coffin and lie down inside in the position of the deceased. The servants were ordered to send her straight into the hall, where the sarcophagus was surrounded by large melons. Seeing her husband there in the coffin, she fainted. Then," Vincent told me, "our grandfather jumped out of the coffin, clapping his hands and exclaiming: 'He loves me, he loves me!'

"-And what would have happened if instead of fainting, she had exclaimed. 'What a relief, he's dead at last'?"

"Ah, then he dies of truth..."

Such was our Vincent Hui Jobro, with his social humor, sometimes macabre, inventing stories for the family, which were born of some very hidden tendency, he laughs an autordestructive root in himself, since he not only invented such things, but also lived them. In the Second World War, where he was a self-appointed "free lancer", he had the "Reuter" Agency transmit a message announcing his death on the battlefield, so that his wife, Ximena, would find out in Chile. In Paris, he had already announced his abduction by the English Boy Scouts, in reprisal for the publication of a booklet: "Finis Britannia", and, during the Spanish Civil War, he self-inflicted wounds on his face, accusing the Italian Fascists of attacking him, for an article he published in the newspaper "La Opinión", of Santiago, where he attacked the Duce's aviation.

He was a little boy, who never grew up, something unnatural, because of his position. One day I saw him hide some sweets that his mother, Doña María Luisa Fernández, had given him so that his son, Vladimir, who had just entered the room, would not eat them.

Light and shadow. The more light, the more shadow. "For a tree to reach the heavens with its top, its roots must touch the hells," said Nietzsche.

But now we were going in search of the Major Roots, those of all of us, not only of this family.

One day, Eduardo Anguita said to Vicente Huidobro: "You don't believe in God, Vicente ... What would you do if the door of your house was

And Vicente: "Well, I would take out my revolver and shoot him five times...". And Vicente: "Well, I would take out my revolver and shoot him five times!...".

We continued walking. We passed the Casona de las Condes, only Jason and I, because Vincent stayed there, visiting those old people, the grandparents and the sacred Bishop. We continued through the hidden subway corridors until we came to the hidden center of the ancient corilillera.

A roar began to be felt, as if a prisoner was crawling down there. We understood our torches and continued.

And there appeared the Great Prisoner, the Undescribable! It was Kronos-Saturn, his Shadow, in the bowels of the earth, there shackled with the chains of Time. The face was of dark rock, crisscrossed by mineral veins, with great cracks of gold, copper and silver. The caves of his eyes turned towards us to look at us with immense pain and nuggets of gold fell out of them. His voice thundered:

"There, above, I was SAT-UR-NO, here I am SAT-AN-AS. I am the hvé-Jehovah. Why does not my acolyte come with you?"

A deadly chill ran through us, shaking us like the patriarchal oaks of Lamella-which was Dodona. Jason drew his sword and advanced, saying, "-I will cut off your chains, I will set you free, that you may again be Saturn, O SAT-AN; SAT-AN-AS!".

"-No," said the Great Ancestor, "that time has not yet come, you still have yet again to die to repeat the same story, almost eternally....".

At that instant my great-uncle, Don Rafael, Bishop Eméri to, appeared there and took me by the hand, dragging me out of the cavern in a hurry.

Above, on the summit, on the summit of Mount Parzival, which does not exist, the Morning Star, *Lucibel*, appeared, letting her deep light fall on us, like petals of an autumn of the heavens....

Once again I had lost Jason, my comrade, swallowed up by the shadow of the mountains.

But I will recover it in its golden story:

*I am a child, back in the Chiria uieyo, in the high Peruvian dynasty of the Blanean Dropas. My mother has trained me to study the one-stringed musical instrument, with a sound similar to that of the uedic tarnpura, with a teacher who is far away from the forest. Every afternoon I go there. But this time I have wandered a little on the path I walk and, without knowing how, I find myself in front of a clearing and at the end of a palace with golden and reddish roofs, which raise their eaves in the shape of pagodas, in the original style of Hi perborea's Paradise Lost. There stands a little braided-haired princess, who looks at me with surprise and urges me to accompany her. The whole day goes by without knowing how. Very late I return home, where I meet my worried father. He interrogates me about the comma mel delay. The profesor ne mustco tarribien has come to const/fnr for my oizscencio. I tell them what has happened to me and how jet iziufodo by a princess to participate in her games in the Jaryiii of her palace. My podre and the teacher are admired, because aiiá no ltay tiittgiiii palace, nor king, nor jouen princess. I insist and fill them the next day to the forest and to the blind path. But, alas, nothing exists, only a loupid uria on the ground, among the grasses and roots, with an inscription almost erased by time. ñq iii lies the **little princess** Shui-Fu, dead in the Air.o of the Ainapola, in the antip-uo Southern Country of the Flowers'..."*

This story was told to us by Héctor Barreto on that ancient night, more than a century ago, in the Santiago del Nuevo Extremo, which disappeared like that enchanted palace.

Yes, it is true, we did not know how beautiful Santiago was, with one-story houses, with screens and interior patios, full of sky, night and day, almost noiseless, like a distant city in a province of the world, without thieves or murderers. Young people like us could walk until late at night in the lonely streets, outside the walls, without fear of anything and in search of a place to live.

of adventure and in the expectation of the marvelous. Braulio Arenas told how one day Barreto took him through some nocturnal neighborhoods in search of the entrance to the City of the Caesars. They wandered around lost squares and alleys, until Barreto stopped before an invisible line, telling him that it was an insurmountable obstacle that they could not cross without the danger of being immobile forever. "That was the enchanted line that protected the entrance to the City. We were not yet ready to cross it. We were *not* ready for mobility ...".

We lived in a Santiago that had already disappeared, lost without remedy, without knowing how beautiful it was. Whoever lives in Paradise does not know it. Yes, Paradise has existed since it was lost! Before it did not exist...

I have never looked at myself at length in mirrors. In truth, I don't know what I look like. I don't have a visual memory, I don't look at or remember details. I look at something, something else, an essence, the fundamental; I do see it, but without looking straight ahead, almost as the Hindus do, as Nehru did. Without contemplating with the physical eyes, but with another organ, which never forgets, in such a way that it is enough to "look" just once at a face, an object, a person, to not forget it anymore and to be able to recognize it anywhere in this or any other world. Even if you do not know the color of their eyes, or their hair, or the shape of their hands. Not a single detail of those who "will return to dust". That is why I do not know if I have aged, because I do not remember my face, nor my body from before, nor do I know how I look now. I only perceive the essence, which does not age and which, in a certain precise way, is personal, unfailing, unavoidable.

When I am trying to transpose myself back to those distant years, I find that it does not cost me any effort, because it seems as if I am the same as I was then, that nothing has changed and that none of my friends have aged either. I don't need to recount, to resuscitate their bodies, because they come alone, "reintegrated by their essences".

This resembles the looses that we sound when old, but in which we are still as agile as when young. Perhaps the occultists have not yet discovered that the "astral body" does not age, remaining always in an "absolute state", or with an "absolute state", or with an "absolute state".

different time, such as Mount Meru, or Mount Parzival, which do not exist.

Hector Barreto was like a Greek in the times of Píndaros and Píndaros í "Neither sailing in ships, nor sailing on foot would you find the marvelous way to the games of the Hyperboreans". Pythias, X, 29- 30).

He was slender, muscular, neither tall nor short, a great swimmer. Julio Molina had blue eyes (laughs his German mother Müller). "Come go to a race without lúg'imas," he told her. A poliomyelitis had left him a cripple. What would I be like? I don't know. They say very intelligent, blond hair, blue eyes and tall, for those years, one meter eighty. Barreto was elegant in his looks and in all his gestures and mannerisms. So were Santiago del Campo and me.

How did we do it to get it? I don't know either. I had taught myself to make a coat, with an English cloth given to me by Juan José La Torre, the Admiral's son. It was beautiful. Barreto had another one, also very good and he wore it with a hat with raised brims, like Arlolfo Menjou, a movie artist, an example of elegance in the thirties. That's how we used to meet and present ourselves in those bohemian bohemian times, conscious that we were unique, at least in the frame of thought and of our existential concerns.

Santiago del Campo didn't have a peso -a bitch, space people would say-, at least until he worked in different offices, or as a journalist. Now he slept in a room provided for him at the National Institute, where he could only enter until twelve o'clock at night. If he went past that time, he had to stay overnight until dawn. Then, his father Héctor Barreto would accompany him, telling him stories and improvising them, so that the night would pass more quickly. Santiago told them to me and I told them in "Ni por Mar ni por Tierra" (Neither by Sea nor by Land). One was the story of old China... What wonderful stories!

Hector Barreto was also poor, while he was able to study without working, he lived in dreams. And his dreams were travels through all the worlds. Travels without money," he called them. Where did he come from?

Who was it? Barreto may be a Portuguese surname. Recently, someone brought me from Portugal the coat of arms of the Barreto family. Here it is now on the plaster mask of the hero. His father had died and his mother worked as a seamstress in order to educate her children. The mother's name was Ibáñez and, as is known,

is this an al'- lithium irlan ríós f Evans), cas tellanized in Colonial times. It is clear the Celtic influence in this writer and writer, which made him similar to a Lord Dunsanay, a Wilde, a Tolkien, a Poe and to those who love the sagas of Ireland and Galicia, who in turn love classical Greece and ancient Rome. Ióctor Barreto was not yet wiping the dust of an incarnation in the Olympus of the Greek Gods, among those Pindaric athletes, or in the hosts of Al ejandro, if he was not Alexandro, or Pitias, the one from Massilia f Marseilles), who went in search of Hyperborea.

The relationship with me was not instantaneous. As I said, I had become an introvert and preferred listening to talking. Moreover, today I realize alp-o rle what I was not aware of then: although I was also a pobi'e; however, my house and my family, its environment, were aristocratic and this was noticeable and inhibited those many people of a middle class, or less than high. I did not pay attention to this, I was too spontaneous and my house was open to my friends, whoever they were, or however they were; but, without trying, and without wanting it, in an instinctive way I put distance between my inner world and theirs. And this must have been noticed, because one day Barreto told me so.

"Don't ever get gas, don't go out yourself, don't give anything and get everything. This is not good for you, nor for your friends, who do not know how to come in art ei-es . . .".

We were in my room 'le Lira. Surprised, I couldn't read him. Barreto was restless, as if reflecting, as if he regretted what he had done. He paced the floor. He stopped and, looking at his alrerl etlor, exclaimed:

"We're surrounded by stick-faced ghosts"....

He hinted a sad smile and said goodbye with d ificul ta d, without knowing quite how to do it.

I was left thinking that Barreto was right, but I also concluded that this activity of mine was not only with friends and strangers, but also with my family, with my brothers and cousins, with my grandfather and even with my mother and my father, if they were **alive**. An imjiosibilitl art ble entreqa, a di stance and remoteness 'le a self that was sometimes a sovereign El, that I could not approach. It was not free to do so. At least in this muntlo. And so, perhaps, the story of Vincent Hui dobro about our two ancestors had an ex plication: *"Only before my Dto.s, that I did not*

exists, could be iaciiriar, or etitrep-ar"... Or like Dante, love only dead Beatrice...

Oh, young hero! Oli, love him of the Gods! I want to bring back to you the words of another hero of my time, whom you did not know, but whom you would have loved as much as I loved him! He was beautiful as the sun and brave as the lion of Africa, noble and loyal as you. His name was Leon Dep-relle. And I choose:

"Uri soul is a)ar'fiti iii uiolable. It must be approached with tenderness. If its hidden secrets are opened to you, you must tiptoe around it and know that in front of you is perhaps a higher consciousness than your own. What a joy, however, if one can bring joy to the hearts of others.... We are not eri this announcement joaro uiuir a hundred or more airs ... Sirio pnra joerfila r the soul, uigilor its debiidade and exalt its irá tal.sos, ayiidón'loitos lo.s one or the other... Never have the Roirian leptions, in the line of Napoleon's death, known such a formidable cohort of the most heroic soldiers as were the Waffen SS. The virtues and prophetic visions of the young fallen heroes will, I am sure, one day bring a new life. Quiros on our graves, or ashes. We, the precursors, will not know, no doubt, the Promised Land, but others will reach it. as long as exists in this world, salvation will be possible. ...".

Thus, as if walking in stitches, a strange poet arrived one night in our circle, with a sharp and very pale profile and black hair. It seems to me that I never saw his face from the front, but only in profile. He was such an inviolable, delicate soul that it was necessary to approach him with restraint, almost *with* fear, without touching him for any reason, so as not to be contaminated by his coldness, his metaphysical evil.

Barreto told Irizarri: "If I **could** just put **my hands on** that poet's shoulders and look deep into his eyes, without speaking to him, without saying anything to him, I would only be at peace..."

His name was Omar Cáceres and he is the greatest poet of a single book: "La Defensa del Itlolo", with a prologue by Vicente Huidobro. He considered his profession as sacred: *"Not a single thought, poets, the poems exist, Ptos ap uardan..."* *"Surrounded by [antas - mas, by ghosts, to be able to think..."*.

In "Ni por Mar ni por Tierra" I believe I have said as much as possible about Omar Cáceres. The words are written as if through me. Nothing more can be said about him and his mystery. About that soul, or vehicle of *Poetry*. That *Poetry* chose at random, like Music chose Mozart.

It is not surprising the egoism of Chilean writers, of the poets of his generation -except Vicente Huidobro-, the conscious forgetfulness of a Neruda, of a Humberto Diaz Casanueva, of a Rosamel del Valle, of a Juvencio Valle and of all the critics towards Omar Cáceres, the best of them all. Neruda was an egoist and an egocentric who never uttered a word of praise in public for one of his fellow nationals, guarding his place, which he always believed to be in danger. Only I have remembered Omar Cáceres and, if it were not for me, nobody would know today that he existed in Chile, that here he "encouraged and impoverished steps on earth" and that he died one night, murdered on the banks of the Mapocho River. Only Poetry knows them. In several of my books I reproduce his verses and quote him. Especially in "Nos. Li bro de la Resurrección".

"Here Desliabitado".

*'W, now, remembering my former self,
the lu ffares I read inhabited,
F that edu ostenta ri my seasoned pensomtertios,
core prendo that the sense, the plea with which all
solitude extrai'ia rios sorjorende
It is nothing more than the evidence of the human sadness that
remains. O, he took it, **the light of the one who breaks his e-
uridod,**
its cotisecutiu'atmós[era,
To feel how, upon his return, his whole being
explodes into a great number,
¥ to know that it 'still' exists, that it 'still' encourages and
erri pobrece pason in the land,
But he stood there absorbed, ip uol, without € l i r e c t i o n ,
only as an inoritai'i'a, say the word then.*

So that niagram ltoriibre can comfort the one who thus suffers: Lo qire he bunca, eq izeffos by qutene.s ef altora cries, Lo qite oiitn, .se lio ido tra.iii.fi/Jii feyos,alconziún'fose".

How many times, I have also stood there, in front of Gay with Ecli au rren, or whatever Lira 31 was, where I listen to him the "plea with which that strange sunshine laughs at me" and which "is nothing more than the evidence that of the sadness the human wanted"; or to him that "unheard aiul" that "still guards my thoughts".

And then, there I am, "alone like a mountain, repeating the word "Then".

Also in ~~Italian~~ Switzerland, in Montapnola, in "Tirole r Gasse 3" in Vienna, or in Belgrade, or in "Pritviraj Road" in India.

Or in front of a Tu mba, the ike "NOS", the ble the Resurrection. Beatri z-Al louine's...

Omar Cáceres used to say: *"In the midst of all the consequences, there is always an angel standing"...*

Another night he came, with his minute steps, and sat down at our table. He spoke like this:

"I bought a{oisson, it cost me a /lorirt, I whip it all day long, com paneri tos". Pronounced with fi'uición, as if savoring the words, with that unique, intra'l ucible, 'lel Chilean li umoi-. Nocturnal humor, of the pi ofun ria night, of the Merlianoche l ble Nietzsche) which was also our Meiliodía.

"My tragedy is that of those who go too far in the hearts of men and in their own heart.... Of those who, believing to have the Universe at their disposal, instead, they start with the lacerated omnipresence of their own self.... Those who have gone to great lengths and who have lost the yolk of their own self by losing forever what they love, those who should learn to understand me..." "A modnliidnd blico-sféf ien must nlconzo r nece.soriamietite aqael qre joarle cit liitea extreme de sí int.sno. ... /tfi great einocióii, the trol i c o exjuerieitcio of int esjoirit, are au/in/ico.s..."

This is how he wrote about himself.

And Vicente Huidobro, in the prologue to "La Defensa del Idolo":

"We are in the presence of a free horiibre whose cells have a paciericia and a rnileiary memory. .. Poetry is a state of cosmic coriciericia. ... your poetry is auscultando eí inós there, presents eí case of a itecestc/od of uiuir another world.... Poetry is the defense of the Idol and the creation of the Myth. The sources of Poetry soti las iriinrnan [aeittes de la Eiterz ía urituerca]. .. It is 'these bones lterinélico.s hablaritdose to the ear', 'in a single éztasis of air'....

"From my ueittarias, Poetry crosses the Universe like a flash of lightning. ..".

And so Omar Cáceres crossed the night. Our night.

He told *us* that he had once watched the movement of a star as it passed from one end of his window to the other. Realizing that it was the earth that was moving, he became dizzy.

The Star of Poetry, "crossing it through your window". ..

THE DEATH OF LIA RRETO

I will try to avoid, as much as possible, recounting events of my life that do not touch the archetypal, or that do not serve to remember beings who "crossed the night" and were lost, perhaps forever, men and women who, perhaps, are waiting for a sign from me, or an im pregnail of love that, in a small portion, will return to them how much they have given me.

In front of my house on Lira Street lived a beautiful woman, who had a small business selling hats. She had a pale complexion, straight black hair, dark, dark eyes, a profiled nose and a mouth with sensual red lips. Next to her house was the bakery of "Las Rempifo", famous for its exquisite sweets. Sometimes, the young woman would go for a walk with her twelve year old son on her arm. She lived alone and stood up. She came from the north of Chile. She looked so much like the actress Dolores del Rio, admired by Gabriele D'An nu nzio, that I named her after a character in one of his films: Belin a.

She would sit in the summer evenings in a chair at the door of her house and watch the passers-by with her abysmal eyes. How many times I had also looked at her with my hawk. With Felipe

Ma rtínez we had a special inventory, something like a clarina'la, with which we used to call each other in the courtyards of the Barros Arana boarding school. I still remember it and I am able to reproduce it, just as I remember the eri to rte Interna- tional railroad war, in the competi- tions: "Chacal a- chacal a-cachau- chau-chau, pónele que pónele que pom-pom-pom, chi mbumbá- cliim bum bñ, I nte rnailo will win!".

I also used to use Felipe's whistle so that my mother Delfi na would open the door for me at any time of the night when I arrived, because they didn't give me a key to the house.

And so it was that one night, not too late, she whistled on the Lira street in order to enter the house. Almost immediately, and w i t h no time for my door to open, the front door opened and Belina's face appeared. Then her whole figure. I was standing there, as I had moved to the sidewalk in front of the house so that I could be seen better by the women in the second floor of my house.

Without waiting for an answer, I took the initiative and asked that woman to keep me away by going inside. He accepted. And I found me inside his house, insinuán viole him to close the door rle street not to be seen from mine.

What followed is a nu be, I remember almost nothing. I know that she resisted my pressure, my advance; she began to say passionate things to me, but like a mystic or a saint. She would go as if to heaven and say thank you for a kind of retention in the presence of an angel, or something like that. She was like in front of an apparition and her phrases were beautiful. He spoke to me about how I should be chaste, always remain pure, because I was an angel and my whole family was, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters, my sisters. She caressed my face, kissed my hands, embraced me with her perfumed and naked arms. And I could not do anything, in mobile, under a kind of enchantment, wrapped in the toi'rente of his words, and in that love totally rlesconociilo, which had me also inliibi tio in an ecstasy mis terioso.

With a passionate, unfaithful voice, she pushed me back to the

door of her house and back to mine.

I whistled again and was able to enter, not knowing if the old mom had been fooled and was now my accomplice.

In my bed I meditated on what had happened, so strange, and I was sure that Belina would never again act like that, resisting.

The next *day* I had a headache. In the evening this pain was so intense that my family had to call the doctor, a young doctor named Tapia Fernandez, whom I was to meet many years later in India, as a delegate to a World Health Organization Conference.

At night, a high fever was added to the headache. In those days in Santiago and the rest of Chile an epidemic of exanthematous typhus had broken out. The doctor diagnosed this serious illness. A board of doctors was called and Dr. Carlos Bolivar was also called. He was the grandfather of the present wife of the President of Chile, as we have already mentioned. He was a tall, thick, dark-skinned, concentrated and studious man, whom we saw from time to time, always in his study in his house on Marcoleta Street, with a text in German in his hands. He was of great kindness and never charged his poor clients, who revered him. He was an old-fashioned sage. He married a lady as generous and humane as he, Mrs. Victoria Lefort. They had only daughters, whom they adored and pampered. They were my sisters' friends.

Now, the doctor Bolivar was sitting at the head of my bed, on one side, and on the other the doctor Tapia. They were discussing my case. I was facing two different scenarios: the modern way, with its new techniques, and the traditional, serene, wise one, who preferred not to experiment. Dr. Tapia advised me to take a bath to lower the temperature and for my heart to resist the high fever. Dr. Bolivar was against moving me from my bed. And I think he was saying to himself: "Let nature defend itself, if it can". I think he was not even sure about the prognosis and whether my illness was exanthematous typhus. Fortunately, it was he who prevailed, staying at my bedside that night and many others. He did nothing, he only put cold cloths on my head. I was contemplating, hoping, perhaps believing, like the Araucanians, that the enemy would be "elemental" beings attacking them from outside -or from within- (today they are called "elemental").

bacteria, microbes, viruses), they may enter into combat with other invisible beings - who may be "good angels" - who today are imprisoned in capsules and chemicals, and may therefore - due to their torture - be double-edged weapons. In any case, it is a war, a combat. And the great Doctor was just watching him alert, unperturbed. His concentrated mind would play the role of the exorcist, or of the *Machi*.

I was dead, ten and six days dead. Perhaps today, with the technical perfection and the immense machinery into which the business of materialistic medicine has been transformed, they would have decreed my definitive brain death, declaring me fit to donate my bones, my liver, my eyes, as if they were bolts, nuts, spark plugs, and to put them in the account of the surgeon who performs the transplant, with a good slice for the hospital.

My great friend Felipe came to help and, together with my sister Berta, Delfina and my grandmother, they took care of me day and night; they watched over me, because I tried to move away from the bed and escape. This, at the beginning, then, I don't know anything anymore. Even when I immersed myself in images and myths. According to what I would later read, this was not possible, as I was dead, or as if dead, with physical functions to be performed. However, I sounded; better yet, I "traveled", I "immersed" myself in images, in seas, in laws. I saw a woman dying inside a sailboat. I was in need *of* help. I saw a man dressed only in furs and carrying a violin. I saw a blue sea and another woman swimming towards some islands, saying she was in search of her beloved. I saw happy animals, who spoke to me of a vanished Constant, and of the fruits of yesteryear. And all this enveloped by a profurnal music. If my brain was paralyzed, with what did it sound, with what did it "live" all this, if it was "dead"? Unanswered questions, which we asked ourselves many years later with Professor Carl Gustav Jung.

One day, I don't know when, I saw, *or de.s 'erté*. It was like entering a chest. It was my body. I felt my lungs and that I was going to use them, that they began to receive and expel air. And my ears heard something deafening, like a popping sound. It was the rustling of the pages of a newspaper as they turned and was being read by a nurse sitting on a chair next to my bed. That is to say, my senti dos were new, unused for a long time; they had taken a rest for a while.

What I suddenly felt was the same as when the appearance of the "I", all this, in the history of the Poet. He -Arch ue Lilo, God-had had me in his thomistic, in his mystical and legendary world and, once again, he returned me to the disturbed and tormented prairies of the "I", to continue here this story inconclusively.

Ah, I forgot! Shortly before my "return" to the "I", I got out of bed and went to the balcony of my room. There I crossed the door, without opening it, and let myself fall into the street next to a horse-drawn funeral car, which at that moment was passing by.

Was this my jirojii or entrance? The vision of something that did not happen? Or that, maybe it did happen and neither I nor anyone else has noticed it?

When Professor Jung was "dead" and saw that in the dark space he was approaching a figure in meditation, seated, with his legs crossed in the lotus position, and that there he would be absorbed, integrated, swallowed up by it, because he was "thinking his own life", he resisted and did not die. He returned to this "world-situation", to this side of things. Then Jung made the strangest and most frightening reflection, the one that troubles me to this day: "*I did not die; but someone had to die for me. ...*" "Well so it was," he adds. And he goes on to give the name (in his posthumous "Memoirs") of the person who "replaced" him.

Today I think that maybe Hóctor Barreto replaced me... ("*It is necessary for him to die now that I am dead...*").

Another thing, the one who came out of the bed, or *who* climbed out of my body, because he was my *other body*, and who went into the void and floated there, was not *Him*, he was "*I*". He was conscious of *Himself*.

Now, what a strange coincidence, my illness with the nocturnal encounter with my neighbor, just the night before! I can't help thinking in religious terms, understanding it as my maternal relatives, the bishop, the ancestors, the "angelic beings" who work in our cells, who manage our **genes**, in a certain programmed direction and **who**, **all** of a sudden, are going to be contrary to it, left without their mission, "without

work", having to be replaced by "other servers", changing the address of the Destination.

It may also have to do with reincarnation. A very strong mystical tendency has been imprinted in my inheritance. And although she had been greatly weakened and transformed in the environment of the Boarding School, she had still opposed it with irresistible force, until the encounter of the adolescent with the Woman, with the first Woman of truth, actual and present. My Master told me one day, years later, that in my previous incarnation I had been the saint Aloysius Gonzaga, who died very young. Just as I have said that Barreto had not yet wiped off the golden dust of a heroic incarnation in golden times, perhaps neither had I wiped off the golden dust of the tunic of that young saint. Once, Vicente Huidobro, annoyed by my shyness in dealing with women, while we were marching on horseback through the fields of his estate in Llole, told me that I was a "mixture of priest and fool". That is to say, Luis de Gonzaga.

Before the inevitable storm of passion that could be unleashed by the contact with a wise woman, all the forces still present, of a chastity prior to this life, indelibly imprinted in the genes, was defended to death by her "servants" and was about to take me out of this world.

The Woman sensed it, knew it, and, therefore, that night she acted like Mary Magdalene, in the Kritic legend, in an archetypal way, on her knees before the idealization that she always respects and longs for, in search of her own redemption. Thus great is the Feminine Eternal.

That is why I will always remember her: "Belina".

One day, many years later, I went to see a play, performed by her son, as her only act, a play by Josséau. And I attended, with the image in my memory of that child on his mother's arm, walking down the old Lyre Street, unable to keep my tears from flowing.

In a sudden decision, I left the city of Santiago to go to the south, to Chillán, where Guillermo Tapia was living. My family agreed. There I would enter the Liceo of the city, my proxy being my friend, the Intendant of the city of Chillán.

I was also temporarily residing in that city, my uncle Jorge Ariztía Serrano, my father's cousin, my aunt Cristina, my mother's sister, and my cousins, Joaquín and Francisco. My uncle Jorge Ariztía Serrano, my father's cousin, my aunt Cristina, my mother's sister, and my cousins, Joaquín *and* Francisco, also lived temporarily in that city, although the latter studied in Santiago most of the year. My *uncle* worked there as an inspector for the Caja Agraria. A sign of my independence and solitude was the decision to live apart, in a boarding house, not far from the Plaza de Armas. I had lunch and dinner at my friend's house, in the Intendencia, and, at a few times, at my aunt and uncle's; the least possible, because I didn't know what to talk about there. I remember that once I provoked the anger of my friend by referring to an astronomical subject, which aroused my concerns. He nipped the matter in the bud, saying that there was no need to try to solve those mysteries, especially when I was so young. Nor did my friend's house deal with topics of a high intellectual level. They only talked about regional problems, agriculture and the menu of the province of those years. Don Felidor was a curious character. He reigned like a patriarch and, at the dining room table, he sometimes called the servants with a loud whistle, not without a sense of peasant humor. My friend Guillermo was as solitary as I was, locked up in his room and in his books, unable to converse or exchange ideas and concerns with his family, let alone with his fellow students at the Liceo. We would lock ourselves in his room to chat, or we would take walks through the streets of Chillán, contemplating the clear skies and analyzing Spengler, or discussing Keyserling. Other times, they would bring us horses and we would set off in the direction of one of his father's farms, accompanied by a farmer. Beautiful and unforgettable rides along the Diquillín River, or on hare hunts through the mountains and valleys. All this is narrated in "*Ni por Mor ni por Tierra*", in the chapter "La Provincia", with the experiences of my first contact with the "Sur Chico", so to speak. Indelible impressions of a beautiful and sinister land that still kept the disturbing shadows of the first earthquake, which totally destroyed Chillán Viejo, with the house there of the Liberator Bernardo O'Higgins. And it was very little time before the drama would repeat itself again; only one year, and the New Chillán, the one I knew and in which I lived, also disappeared totally in another earthquake. The Intendant, Don Felidor, died in his bed, when a wall of the Intendancy collapsed. My friend was saved a thousand times over, protected by the

mother of the

entrance of the house. I had left Chillán, months before; so had my aunt and uncle.

Chile is a precarious country, a remnant of some prehistoric catastrophe, like a surviving halon, hanging over the abyss of the waters. Beautiful and luminous, wrapped in transparent aureoles and mystical raptures, silenced, in mute, like those of a very beautiful and frail girl, sick with tuberculosis and who had to die irremediably.

Light and shadow, the more light the more shadow. Over the valleys, the hollows, the sierras, the immaculate peaks, next to the moving luminosity, which neither mba the volcanoes, there is a presentiment, a fatuous and elramatic sign. Something like a wait, like an announcement. And the fact is that the earthquake, the catastrophe, will be repeated. The mountains will open up, the giants will rise again and the surviving halon will plunge into the sea. And from the depths of the endless waters of the Pacific, the Continent of the Spirit will emerge.

The fishermen who return before dawn in their boats and observe the coastline say that they see the fire projected by all the volcanoes in Chile. And they assure that they are in activity. A silent activity, for the moment.

At the time of the great earthquake of 1964, which destroyed the city and the fluvial port of Valdivia, I was ill in India, as I have already recounted. And it was then that Professor Jung wrote to me about this tragedy, revealing the mysterious law of "synchronism" between the earth and the man who inhabits it: "His energy is related to what happens on his earth..."

The earthquake of Millon could already be sensed in the air of the times that preceded it. Also today, the unsustainable climate of evil, crime and satanism that envelops our country and contaminates it physically and mentally, foreshadows a tremendous ap-ocalypse. And not only in Chile.

When I was convalescent' like my illness and I was allowed visits from friends, a rliá came to see me Santiago del Campo. He did *not* heed for nari a 'le the recommendation not to excite me with serious subjects. He told me that he had become very

He had introduced her to Barreto and, in a mediumistic session, they had gone back to the time of Jesus Christ. He had introduced her to Barreto and, in a mediumistic session, they had gone back to the time of Jesus Christ. And a voice shouted: "*The coartana.s, the coartaiias!*". And Santiago imitated the voice and this shout, explaining that the *coartanas* would be some Roman cai'ros. They had to take him discreetly out of my room. My fever rose and for several days my brain, just "reoc- l'ado", remained re pitienrio those pal abras and imagining that ancient scene. Even today I did not smell them.

Barreto had immersed himself in this god of magic and occultism, driven by his own experiences with "vivid dreams". It is enough to read his story "The Dream Passenger" to conclude that he had visions and phenomena of "detachments" similar and much more advanced than *mine* during my illness. I would go so far as to say that he had come to experience a certain amount of it, as we can deduce from his account. And this was serious and must have been of great concern to him, as he lacked cultural references and props in this regard, as we did. That must have been the reason for his eager search in books and documents. He recommended me to read "La Historia ríe la Magia" laughs Eli plias-Leví. I, under the influence of rationalist studies, of conversations at the boarding school and believing, with Nietzsche, that "God was dead", could not understand him and criticized him. Until that moment, I had only admired him as an aesthete, without suspecting that in his stories and in his art there was something much more serious, for which I still lacked references and preparation. I recommended to him philosophers in hopa, psychoanalysis and Freud. I still knew nothing about Jung, how wrong I was!

I believed, moreover, that I had completely recovered from my illness. Dr. Bolivar was amazed and could not be convinced. He made me walk in front of him to see if I had not left any impairment, any imbalance in my gait. Only much later, in the middle of the European war, I believe that I experienced the serious consequences, of mold that if it really is as I see it today, that illness marked a defi ni tive milestone in all my existence, since there took place some organic event, the opening in the brain of some "door" or "window", that would make possible the activity of another *power*, or the "entrance", or "exit", of a double-essence, that was going to realize itself in an "*extra-si tuation*", *being able to expand consciousness - "my" consciousness - "my" consciousness, that was going to be a "double-essence"*. The brain would be able to *enter* into an "extra-situation", being able to

extend the consciousness - "my" consciousness- towards that other plane. All

which would be experienced as the phenomenon of the *detachment of a body within the body*.

That disease was a two-edged sword. It did not kill me, even though it could have, since this seems to be the way in which my mother's family dies. So died Vicente Huidobro and my brother Diego" and several other relatives, by a "disease" nestled in the brain. And since I did not die, having resisted then, a window to the *Astral Man* opened there. To paraphrase Nietzsche: "What does not kill me, makes me Superman...". Perhaps in that family of the Fernández Concha, those who "*believed that God did not extinguish*". the transmutation of the Man-God, by means of a "virus" (an "angel-demon", a "*ltaictalalltue*", as the Araucanian *Machis* would say) that "operates" in his brain, destroys him, or forces him to defend himself, opening one day like a blue flower, to put himself at the disposal of a Superior Mind that can "pass over him", at last. And the *terre moto*, the planetary drama, will have been conquered, the *terre moto* will have been avoided forever, redeeming Saturn-Kronos, the Great Ancestor, in its Demiurgic Prison.

Barreto was also in this terrible combat. But he would not have at his disposal the "Servants" in that "genetic history", nor was he the owner of the Mansion of the Great Ancestor; neither the wise Bishop, nor the alchemists of the "Spirit of the Secret Wine", could guide him from within himself. Nor was I yet in a position to help him, for I was still "expanding" in this world. And I had not yet received the "*gift of benefit*" from the "evil of the family". The Disease of the Elep-ido.

What the reason does not grasp, the heart knows with certainty. In the relationship with Barreto, a Myth was being fulfilled, a very old Legend, embodying the heroic Archetype of the brotherhood of two warrior-pilgrims (*Asltuino.s*) in desperate search of a way out and overcoming for their essences. We were just two boys in our twenties.

5. My sister **Blanca** is also **dying at this** moment.

6. Comrade warriors of Vedic India.

But our story was a thousand years old. For him there was no solution, for he had already gone too far and lacked support in this world. In everything he felt. He had taken a leap that overtook him even in the family and the environment. Perhaps he looked to me for support and, therefore, tried to force me to come out to meet him, to help him. But I was - I thought I was - as exposed and vulnerable as he was.

On my return from the south I went back to look for my friends, especially Barreto. He was still in his material life. He was now working at Editorial Ercilla, correcting proofs at night and sleeping -dreaming- at night, always on his "trips without money". In this way he helped his mother to cope with her economic hardships. In addition, and this was the strangest thing, he had joined a political party, the Socialist Party. No one could find an explanation for this. Anuar Athias, the writer, who later became a communist, could not believe it and accused him of betraying Jason, the dream, Poetry.

Barreto answered only that "he had become a socialist because he felt sorry for the barefoot children in the rain...".

None of us thought of following him, least of all me.

Now Barreto came to my house and pointing to my books in the library, he told me: "Lend them to me, I am going to read them all, especially Preud...".

Those were the times of the Spanish civil war. Hector came much more often to see me. A bitter rictus on his mouth, a deep sadness in his eyes; he would lie for long periods in silence, staring at the air, as if contemplating those "ghosts with a wooden face".

"I'm tired," he said to me one day. Here, as you see me, I've lived it all, absolutely completely, in dreams.... Nobody understands me. Even less in the Party. They are thick people, they know nothing about art, about literature. I wanted an artist friend of mine, Fernando Marcos, to illustrate a story published in the Party's magazine "Rumbos". They have refused, because they have an official illustrator, a lousy draftsman".

And he spoke to me about the Spanish war, with admiration for both sides, telling me about the heroic gestures of the people he admired and loved, for the heritage of their blood and for the historical epic of the Conquest. Nam a 'le ilogmatismo doctrinaire, nothing of social slogans of the Party. Only ad mi ration for the hero and the warrior, wherever he was.

There was very little bridge with which he could now converse. Perhaps I was the only one. He wrote a poem about that time. This was one of the verses: "Sugar of invitations with pallor ne consequence...". He explained it to me: "That palide z of sugar lumps at the time of the you, when relatives invite you to give you advice on what to do and what not to do; to look for work, to help your own and not be idle..."

In short, Hector began to work, as we have said, as proofreader in the "El litoral El rcilla" during those years, which later would be directed by the exiled Peruvian apistas, Manuel Soane and Luis Alberto Sanchez, among others. He arrived at his work before tea time, between five and six o'clock in the afternoon (to take the "eleven", an old Chilean custom). Several times I went to see him at his office and we would have a cup of coffee with milk and bread and butter.

We had lost Santiago del Campo. Shortly before the beginning of the Spanish civil war he left, invited to Madrid by his relatives. What a shock it gave us! If someone of ours was able to go to Europe, it invested him with a superior quality. And those of us who lived the legend of the West, steeped in its history and culture, what we would not have given to fulfill the dream of transporting ourselves to those sources, while preserving untouched our vernacular roots of ~~Atlantis~~ or the South American Lemuria!

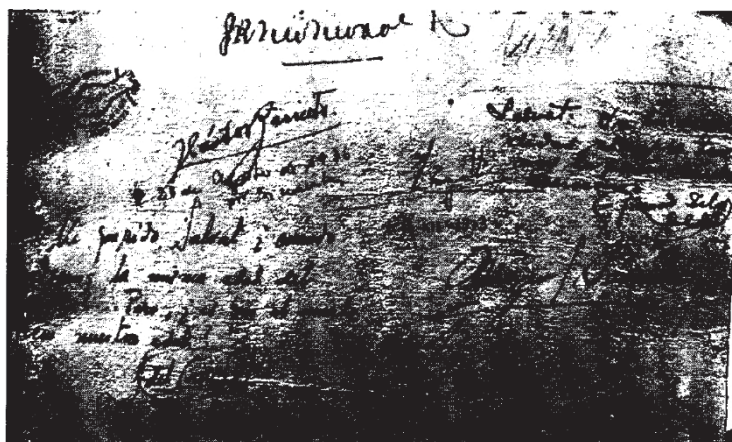
We said goodbye to Santiago del Campo without knowing if we would see him again if the civil war made him return very soon, with his mother and one of his brothers, Héctor, a talented scenery decorator. The older brother died at the front. Her mother was still young and beautiful. Her stepfather was an actor). We gave it to Santiago at the restaurant "Da Osvalilo". It was organized by Manuel Salvat Monguillot, son of the bookseller of the same name, a family of Catalans, linked by tradition to the book trade. Manuel still keeps the photograph of that farewell. In it Barreto and I appear side by side, seated on the rungs of a ladder.

A ladder that he would soon cease to ascend, or descend, in this world.



Historical and documentary photo of my generation, at the farewell to Santiago del Campo, in the Restaurant "Da Osvaldo", in the mid thirties.

From bottom to top, on the left, the poet Julio Molina Müller and Iván Romero; in the second row, second from the left, Manuel Salvat Monguillot, "Chico" Vega and Santiago del Campo; in the last row, Héctor Barreto and me.



Back of the previous photo. Signatures of those attending the farewell lunch, with some written thoughts. Next to the crosses, Manuel Salvat has written the dates of the deaths of those who have already left this unique "Galaxy": **Héctor Barreto, Santiago del Campo** and Vega.

In those days I had a dream. I saw a very ancient land, dark, barren, parched. It was Esjrafi a, the homeland of the origin of our blood. A tired earth. "Lo *lerre gaita*. That of the old **Grol**.

There was Santiago.

We received a letter from him. When Barreto read it and saw his signature, he said: "It has a bishop's signature".

In a bar in the Al ameda, any bar, we got together one night to drink beer and talk. Only Barreto spoke. Slowly, with difficulty, as if searching for words, unable to find the right expression. Sometimes he would slap his forehead with his hand and exclaim:

"Brother, I no longer know where to go. I have exhausted the ancient path of the golden legend. Now my life and my relationship with beings pains me. Only with you I can talk, because I know that you listen to me, maybe you understand me, beyond what you think you believe.... And you will always remember me...".

Ah, brother, you said it...! Always, and every one of your words.

"jAmipo! .." -he took my hand and looked me in the eyes- "I can no longer **live without** God, only to Him my whole being tends. I don't know how to approach Him, nor how to name Him, nor what to do in front of Him... I no longer know anything, I am no longer anyone...!"

And such was his suffering, that I did not know what to answer him, but only to squeeze his hand. I, who thought I did not believe in anything, felt that deep inside me my ancestors were talking to me and more than one of them let their tears roll down my friend, as if telling me: 'I have also gone through that...".

As always happens in our country, someone interrupted the essential. From a nearby table they heard us, interrupting that dialogue. I have narrated it in "*Nt j'or Mor ni por Tierra*". A stranger came up to tell us that he had heard us talking about God. He said that "God **did** not **exist**; that God was the sex of his wife, with whom he had just copulated." Hector remained silent, without responding.

And so that night ended. The bar closed and we had to leave. When we arrived at Lira Street, in front of the door of my house, we said goodbye, standing on the rails of that street. Barreto walked away among them. Suddenly, he stopped and turned around. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out all the clinero he had left over from the night. He began to throw it in my direction. I searched my pockets and did the same. And so we went on for quite a while, fulfilling this important rite. He then raised a hand and waved me goodbye.

LHcil!)

I watched him walk away on those rails, which still exist. The most beautiful rails in the world.

WHO RH AHOTİf LOSSES OF AÇ UÍ 0 LOS! OF ALU?

Apart from the somewhat literary explanation he gave us, what really led Héctor Barreto to become a socialist? This coincided, more or less, with the date of his entry to work and the abandonment of his studies. All his friends felt it as a great contradiction, between the dreamer, the expositor of myths and legends, the classic hero, the impenitent traveler of his "trips without money" and, now, the militant of a political party. We have no reference to know the script that led him there, what paths he used to join the Socialist Party. Jason, socialist! After so many years and so much life, today I know that this was one of the great disillusionments suffered by the young people of my generation, a catastrophe, which should be followed by many others. The detection of a leader. Perhaps Héctor Barreto shot his darts too high and was left without a firm base of family support.... But I was also in a similar situation and nothing and nobody has made me twist my destiny; neither human nor superhuman forces. Or else, those of 'Alló", his *EL*, led him to make that decision so that *he would* reach an apocalyptic end, embodying in our generation the Archetype of the Hero; or that deviation, or deviation, was punished, corrected, in that terrible way. With blood. Because, as he said: "*The color of the sotigre tio se of utdo, Gto is yo.si6/e ol uidarlo, is so red, tair iileiiso meile ro)o...*".

A dream, an existing flower, like the one that you made grow in our generation - O Hector, the one of the Iliad!

to defend it firmly at Thermopylae, to the end, without surrender, whatever the cost.

Perhaps this is how you bought it, in your last days, and hence your sadness, your anguish and your longing for God. You had become even more alone, with no one around you. New steps would have been new claudications, like searching in those rationalist texts that I was reading, you and others. Already the forces seemed exhausted, your cellular Gods would not work any more. You £L, those of "*There*" knew it and saw in your help, with a huge and deserved prize: a hero's end. This saved you. And so did I: *because I was able to tetic-r itit cainaradri.*

It was an afternoon in 1936. Difficult times. On earth the currents of fascism and nationalism were confronting Marxist communism and socialism. The Spanish civil war was the field where the drama had become most real and visible. But in all the capitals of the world there were pitched battles between the shock forces of the two sides, with youthful, sometimes armed, brip- riots. Chile was to be no exception. The tragic fate of this country is to be like a concave mirror, which magnifies and reflects what happens in the world -and even in the cosmos-. We are like the guinea pigs of those "over there". Here too Nazism had its storm troopers in uniform, as in the *Third Reich*, and the socialist brigades, which fought them for street dominance, in turn wore uniforms, with a joint like the one worn by Nehru and which would only have been copied by international socialism. Leading the socialist shock brigades in Valparaíso was the "com- pañero" Salvaclor Allende, who already belonged to the Masonic wing of socialism, while Raúl Ampuero, who met Barreto and became his friend, was always a pure loyalist and without commitments to secret organizations.

On that afternoon, here is Barreto again, sitting by my bedside, where I'm suffering from the flu. (While I write These lines, in September 1995, I am also in bed and with the flu, in Valparaíso, fifty-seven years later, more than half a century). He has come to pick me up to go to a bar or a café. Earlier he went to other friends' houses and did not find them. He looks dejected, tired. He speaks to me with disillusionment about socialism and is only enthusiastic about it.

He has been able to tell me about some Spanish battles, the defense of the Alcazar of Toledo, the death of Pri mo de Rivera himself.

And this even though he is profoundly anti-Franco, feeling a skin-deep antipathy for Franco. As it happens to me to this day. As

Hector speaks, I watch him. He leans forward.

The color of his face is ashen and appears prematurely aged, with furrows at the corners of his lips. The color of his face is ashen and appears prematurely aged, with furrows at the corners of his lips. From time to time, he is silent, his mouth ajar. I see his teeth and I can't help the impression of ~~empires~~ that a dead man's face produces.

He said goodbye. He left.

The next day, in the morning, while I was leafing through a book on my bed, I was thinking about it laughing an amount that is common in me, thinking without thinking: "If Barreto were to die, I would not make a speech in his place. ...".

The door of the room opened and my sister, Berta, came in:

"Miguel, Irizarri is calling you on the phone. He wants to inform you that

Hector Barreto was killed. ..."

I threw the book I was holding against the wall.

WHO IS LAUGHING NOW?

So many times I have told this, so many times we have narrated his death in magazines of the time. I edited for several years a magazine called "Hóctor Barreto", on the anniversaries of his death. They turned him into a symbol of the social and class struggle, a martyr, a "writer sacrificed for the bourgeoisie", for "murderous Nazism". In "*Ni por Mar iti fior Tierra*" I have recounted his end. That afternoon he left my house alone and went to the "Café Volga", on Matta Avenue, a place where leftists and friends of his gathered. What happened there is already known. Nazi uniformed men and closets came in. Then, in the street, they began to shoot. Barreto took the ring out of his suit and raised it above his head. He shouted at them, "Six stop, try to get the bullets through here!". He was once again the legendary, Alejantli-o Magno, Julius Caesar, "who fixed the folds rte his tunic before tte expire". And already wounded by his death, he asked a l o u d : "*¿Ç iiiëit rie altora, the ones here, or the ones from*

He was kicked to the ground, his gale was slashed to the ground. A soldier, a sergeant, who was passing by, unsheathed his

sword and

defended. Hector died in the hospital. The bullet perforated his abdomen.

The Nazis, commanded by a certain Olivares, never knew who they had killed. For them it was only a Marxist, an enemy And in truth Barreto was not. But they did not kill Nailie, they only complied with the will of *"those of Al ló"*. Because Hector Barreto *"I was dead to Me"*, as Krishna would say to Aaj una, in the *"Baghciuot-Short"*. Dead for more than three thousand years. Anyway, at any cost, he had to be taken out of 'fiq of'. .. And the path of blood was chosen, *"because the color of blood is red, it is red, it feels red"....*

His beautiful body, his beautiful face, of the family of the Eum olpidas, lies there in the coffin. How is it possible, we ask ourselves, that an immortal has died? No doubt there is a mistake here, at any moment he will come to life again; he will make the ritual gesture with his hand and tell us that it was all an invention of his to delude us, so that the night, the long night, the darkest night, would become light and bearable for us, in spite of the horror and the horror.

We are standing next to the coffin, surrounded by a mass of people and the Party hierarchs. There are Marmaduke Grove, Oscar Schnake, the poet Julio Barrenechea and Cósar Godoy Urrutia, who later switched to the Communist Party. We do not even pretend to carry the coffin to the mortuary car. We are nobody... Irizarri, hugging Anuar Atías, inconsolable; Julio Molina, Raúl Arenas, Homero López, "Tigre" Alan Mada, Iván Romero, Fer- nando Marcos, Robinson Gaete...

An immense procession marches, accompanying the corpse along La Paz Avenue. Are there ten thousand, twenty thousand, thirty thousand? So many slogans. Because all this is useful for the upcoming presidential elections. I go there too, isolated, solitary, in the middle of those lines, occupying the street from sidewalk to sidewalk. Vicente Huidobro was recently at my house. He came to see us, to show solidarity with us. But he does not participate in these marches, because he is an aristocrat of Marxism.

I'm torn and about to not be able to control the emotion anymore. Because I don't understand anything, I don't know anything. Only that a symbol

has exploded inside the most prorunrlo. The first confrontation in my life with an autonomous archetype: that of the Hero, the Young Hero, rescued by the Gods, by the laughs Af/ó, to take him to his Wof/in//n, to his green ooze. For a time, they lent him to dwell among us, illuminating Jonos, re-splitting his non-existent flowers, as a gardener of other skies. And he was born in Chile, right where he should be, in a middle-class home, where this country produces the best, the best of its bridge, like Don Nicolás Palacios. .. But, in this case, for a very short time, so brief? Because "the loved ones of the Gods remain young". .. I will let my tears flow, what I did not do at the death of my father.... I am ashamed to see my friends mourn him..... But it is my comrade who has died, my first companion, my only companion.... And he is gone... I no longer have a comrade ... At that instant, someone takes my hand and squeezes it. I don't look, I don't want to know who it is. I only feel that it is a firm hand, with a penetrating warmth, soft and comforting. It is someone who is passing me a powerful consolation, it is an "envoy". .. I turn around and find the beautiful face of a brunette woman, with straight hair tied in a bun at the nape of her neck. She is neither tall nor short, slender, lithe. In her eyes, with an oak color, laughs wood laughs Ai'auco, a deep tenderness is expressed, and that puts a bá lsamo in my heart, in my whole life, even in childhood. She tends a circle, an arc, gathering all the years that have passed until the hard present. A sweet smile. And her words.

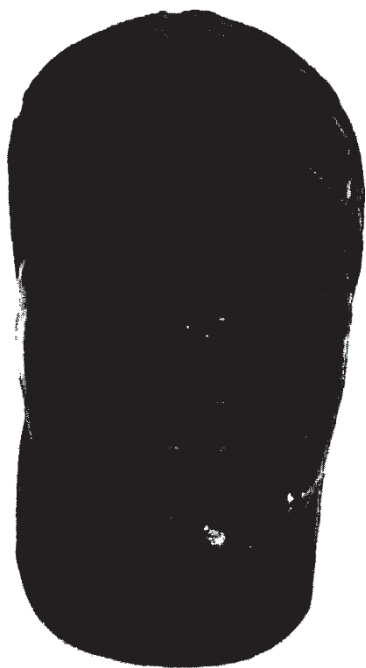
"¡Animo, com pañero!".

Her name was Blanca Luz Brum.

And it was she who made it possible that the course of Poetry towards the hard reality was carried out without producing a break in the deep being of those young people of my generation. And that this was soft, imperceptible, almost natural. Thus the passage of the poets to politics was carried out by the hand of a woman.

She was also a poet.

Héctor Barreto now has a tomb in the General Cemetery, with the mask of his face facing the blind. It was made by sculptor Banrleras. It is necessary to recover it, so that the visi tors can visit it.



Mask of Héctor Barreto,
made by sculptor Bandera. I
have carried it with me for
almost sixty years. It is also
on Hector's tomb in the
General Cemetery of
Santiago.



Héctor Barreto. His
mask, in profile, with
the cut on his temple.

dreamers and the Argonauts, who still seek the Golden Fleece in this world.

It also has a street named after him, near Lira, Tocornal, San Isidro, by Ilonile, when we were young, we looked for the entrance to the City of Caesars and "encouraged steps on the ground". . .

Here I close this first volume of my "Memoirs", bleeding from all my wounds, for I am remembering a galaxy that has already disappeared, brought to life by a Black Hole in the Firmament. They signal the end of a world, perhaps of the same Chile we knew. Of the Chilean Nation-State, a unique country, like a Sword still sheathed (which could not be drawn), stretched out between the sea and the corilil Iera, with a cultured people, unified in a collective soul, in a soleilatl m/magic and with a human and poetic feeling of existence, which is no more.

The necessary limitation of these "Memories" lies in the fact that they refer to a particular self; to its incarnation and confirmation here on earth and to its desperate longing to differentiate and separate itself from *Him*, attempting the great adventure of establishing an equal relationship with God before it too must end its Round.

NAMASTE!
(I salute the God in you!)

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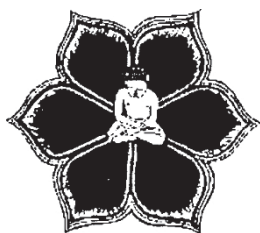
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Miguel Serrano

MEMORIES HE and YO

Volumen II

Adolf Hitler and the Great War



YEAR HU

Ln Niieva Edad Editions

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*To those who believed that their "blood saluted Chile", to those who
believed that their "blood saluted Chile", to
those who ert believed their nests by
uri "piece" of the adored
Homeland;
to those who fought at La Concepción, in Termdpilas
and defending the Berlin **Dunher**; to
the heroes who are still fighting,
Without hope, without anything, in the dark night
of the Earth and of the
soul, to the children, who are born
Hitlerists; or mts camarodas, aiuos
and dead;
to those who loved arda md.s o//d.
To those loyal. ..*

I repeat the acknowledgements of volume I of these Memoirs: to the
riieigo of Galicia, to the drui desa ceI ta, Sabel a, who, with her White
Magic, neutralizes and defeats the Black Magic of the computer.

INTRODUCTION

SYMBALLEIN (*)

When Alexander, the Iskander, young and beautiful as a God, traveling and conquering half the world, reached the Kyber Pass and crossed it, arriving at Ba haratha, the land of the Great Bharatas, today called India, by the Indus River, he also left there the city of Iskandaria (what a beautiful name!) and gave an impulse to Buddha sculpture, which did not exist. The stone heads of the Gandara Buddhas, with Greek profiles, began to appear. I had one in my possession for many years.

Iskander fought and won the friendship of King Poro. What a pity that he did not stay in India, as the Great Moguls would later do, after the conquest of Baber!

It happened that Iskander met one day a wise man, a *sadhu*, a yoga, sitting motionless in the shade of a fig tree. He stopped his steed and interrupted him in his ecstasy, to question him: "-What are you doing sitting there, motionless? Haven't you seen me? ... How long have you been in that position?"

"I didn't even notice your arrival. I've been here forever, and I'll continue to be here. And you, where do you come from and what are you doing? Why are you accompanied by so many people?"

* Símbolo

"-I come from far away, from Greece, from the great Athens; indeed I come from Macedonia. And these are my warriors, with whom I have conquered the world....".

"Poor man, you have given yourself a lot of work and you come as if you were really running away from something, perhaps from yourself. Man does not need more than a square meter to be born, live and die....

Who were your teachers who have not taught you this?" "-My teacher was the great Aristotle and he never told me. It is quite possible that he knew that in order for you to be there, unmoved for a lifetime, I must wage war and conquer. Conquer in this world. Maybe die fighting. You and I complete each other, you come after me. And though I am younger, I know this that you, sitting there, seem to ignore..."

The *latter sadlt* bowed his head to the ground, and replied: "-Iskander, you are a God! Thank you for coming..."

The truth is in between, between the two, between the warrior and the *sadhu*. War is necessary, like the conQuista, but by putting the mind and with wisdom. Perhaps like the great Buddhist Emperor, Ashoka, who in the end renounced; although it is possible that he continued to fight with the mind, like Charles V in his monastery of Yuste. In other words, war must be material and spiritual, outside and inside. And the warrior's conquest cannot be limited to the earth alone. It must continue in the stars and in the invisible worlds, where the Enemy is also to be found. I think that neither the *sadhu* nor Alexander knew these things. And it is a pity, as far as both of them are concerned. These are the true postulates of Esoteric Hitlerism, transmitted from Hyperborea, from *Arynnna BahtJi*, and perhaps preserved in Iskandaria, in the City of Caesars, in Trapananda, or in Elellin. (I say this because of the beauty of the names).

Yes, the same Greek myth of the Golden Fleece should be projected towards the Armament of the night, towards the Zodiac. The mysterious name of Jason has five letters, which in our Spanish language correspond to five months of the year: July, August, September, October, November. The hero, our hero Jason! And it has been now, in this winter of Chile, in the southern hemisphere, in the "famous Antarctic region", when on both sides of the Andes, of this sacred vertebral column, in *Ida and Póngala*, it has been possible to observe the most extraordinary sidereal

phenomenon, the closest approach of Sirius to the Earth in thousands of years. At four

degrees and one minute (sum 5) of the earth; on the 23rd of July i two plus three, also 5) and at 5 o'clock in the morning: 555, the number of the Hyperborean Kabbalah (of the *Hiranyoz-liarbahabdo*), the only one that can annul the 666 of the Jewish Kabbalah, which is already everywhere, in the Cybematic Apocalypse that will flood us, to submerge again the Atlantis.

And this cosmic event is a result and an archetypal response, given from the eternity, to the torture and voluntary crucifixion of

Jú pi te r, two years ago and when he began to write the first volume of these "Memoirs", having precisely recorded the event in

his "Introduction", in June of the Year 105 i1994). Other

transcendental events will take place in the future, even before the year 2005, with the "gravitational pull", also with the numbers 555 and 8 of our *Kabda*. And behold, now, up there, in the transparency

of dawn, on the summit of Aconcagua is Si rio, motionless, like a beacon of light, like an incen dio, or a lighted torch in its maximum proximity to the Earth. The star of the first Egyptian goddesses, of the Mayas, of the Atumarunas of Tiahuanacu, of the Inkas. And it is in a straight line with Venus, the Morning Star, *Oiyehue*, Freija, Isis,

who isfilled with emotion and nostalgia, breathes and has been strengthened and sustained, in order to resist the Power of Wotan, of Osiris, of Siva, by the solidary help of the Warrior-Priest, of the

Hierophant, Aldebaran. He will also officiate aMagical Wedding that is being fulfilled in the deep and narrow spaces of the sky: the Bowl of Wotan and Freija, of Osiris and Isis, of Siva and Parvati, of

Krishna and Radha, of Kristos and Mary-Salome (Mary and Salome are one and the same person), of Sirius and Venus. The

Magical Wedding, called *Gandli.orba* (Gandara, Iskandaria). The Golden Fleece, the Crro/. The Wedding of Jason and Medea, in the Firmament. The tension is almost irresistible. It is only softened by

the appearance, above, of another luminous pointthat comes to form the vertex of the Triangle, of the Pyramid, and who is Florus, the

Son. And in this *Logical Marriage*, *Hi erosz-anos*, in this *Mysteri um Coriuricttoni.s*, the Son is before the Fathers. He blesses them and

espouses.

If one concentrates, contemplating with the Third Eye of the Mind, beyond the senses, one will see something extraordinary in that Marriage of ELELLA and E LLAE L, of Two Double Stars: From Venus (ELLAEL) travel towards Sirius (ELE LLA) a few small stars.

They are, in fact, Hitler's Ounts, who were already on Venus and who now move to the IVnf/to/pho of Sirius, to become the Einherier inventions. They are, in truth, the Ounts of Hitler, who were already on Venus and who now move to the IVnf/to/pho of Sirius, to reconvert themselves into the invincible *Einherier*, who will be projected to Earth by that Cosmic Warrior, to wage the Last Battle and defeat the "extra-situations" of Jehovah, of Saturn; the Prisoner of the Demiurge, converted into Satan, Satan.

And the Great Bharatas will return in their Vimonnns, the Sumerian magicians will return from Aldebaran and the ancient dynasties of Egypt; the mummies and the mon/ of Rapa Nui will resurrect and *"the Time of S!aturno (redtmido) and Rea, and of a new lineage of gold, the most joreciada, will populate the one and the other Pole"...*

However, none of this would be possible without the dramatic and tragic presence of man on earth, of the *spectator*, of the *witness* of what has happened and will happen here, in this lost and essential place of the Universe, visible to the eyes of the flesh. Conscious tigos still, for a short time more, until cybernetics, telepresence, the internet, "memetics", "virtual reality", last diabolical weapons, Absolute Weapons of Demiurgo, allow it; before they finish with the alert consciousness of humans. For the heavens and things need someone to contemplate them and be aware of their symbol and their "presentation", extracting and projecting their *Meaning*. Because the *stars, the heavens and things "come to us eager to be transformed into symbols"*. And because only we can do it. And no one else in the whole Universe. Without us none of it exists, everything is dead, or dies.

Without us, the Most Iconic Wedding of Sirius and Venus, on July 23 of the year 107 of Our Era, at 5 o'clock in the morning, does not happen; neither its symbolism, nor its consequences, of such importance for the warriors and for those who, less and less on earth, in Gerda, still think and believe in these things.

Because the truth is that neither an animal, nor a tree, nor a plant, nor even an Angel, although they look at the sky and nourish themselves with it and the stars, are aware of what is happening there, nor of its *Sense*, nor of its *Drama*.

Although time also circulates there, being the shackles with which the Demiurge imprisons and corrupts the Universe, the three dimensions, past, present and future, do not exist without man. Only by entropy, aging and wear and tear, other beings without conscience can grasp them, sense them. Because they *are also afraid of dying*. So are flowers, insects, birds and even, in a way, angels, even though all of them exist in Eternity. It is possible that Eternity is also afraid of ceasing to be, because "it is time in reserve, not used," as my comrade and brother, the Hitlerist writer Knut Hamsun, used to say. Eternity is terrified of being used and dying.

And the fragile man has only fifty to seventy milliseconds to be able to grasp the "present", remember the "past" and project the "future", in his biological time. It occurs in the heart's tissues. A small animal does not eat with a thousand beats per minute. That is to say, it lives less in man's time; but in truth it lives more in the absolute dimension. The giants of the Golden Age lived a thousand years, in this biological relatividad of the heart. My dog, Thor, ages seven years for every one of mine. My heart picks up on it and aches, because it's going to go away, it's going to run out. And the only language that can unite the smallest of me with the largest of me, that which has an "I" with that which does not, is Love. My dog Thor and the flower in my garden know it. Biological time is of only two dimensions: mass f small, big plus time. And this fetter of the Demiurge is what makes it possible for the "I" to appear in some warriors, here on earth, being able to transmute it into an Absolute Self, conscious of Itself, recounting Eternity in the Present, uniting it to the Eternity - Before (the past) and to the Eternity - After (the future), thus breaking the chains of the Demiurge and winning in the Combat of Immortality.

To help fulfill this Mystery, Sirius has returned and has married Venus again, after thousands of years of man. For both stars are *Siddhas*, who have already conquered in other Rounds of the Eternal Return and who are there to help the *Auatra* delhi, to come to judge, mounted on his White Horse, at the end of Time, in his On ni Wim'srin? of Other Light.

And the *Self* will have illuminated the Darkness of his A/.

COMMUNISM AND NAZISM

*"I discovered that the diabolical iIiueIt.cióit of the iii.Ierés of
money was the cause of t edos the no les of society
/iurtinrin.*

¥ destrai el iii tere del ca pital usu rero."

Ados r hitler

*"Con usura no tien e el ho ni hre uti Po ro íao.
Fray Air gelico tio oiii o por usuro."*

Ezra Ponnd

AUTUMN SUN

Without having proposed it, today, May 10 of the year 107, I begin this Second Volume of the "Memoirs of Him and Me", realizing that ten is composed of two fives and that the month of May is the fifth in the new year of the Age of Hitler, which for us has begun very recently, having celebrated his birth on April 20, **next** to the monument to Wotan, in my garden in the ancient city of Val paradise. Thus, we have again the Hyperborean Number of our Hyperborean *Kabda í Kabbala*: 555, the only one that can defeat the fateful 666 of the Jewish Kabbalah, which is already everywhere and without which "no one can buy or sell", as prophesied, more than two thousand years ago, the "Apocalypse". A number that will soon be marked on the flesh of humans and all living beings, even those who can neither buy nor sell, but who *will be sold*.

In addition, today is Friday, fifth day of the week. *Vérieris*, day of Venus, of the Double Star of the Morning and Evening), Oiyehue, Yepun, He and She. Me and Her. Every Friday, at five o'clock in the morning, I fulfill the Ritual and I concentrate on Venus and on AL louine, the dead Amaba, bringing on my chest the sign of the eight-pointed star, that of Venus, that of the Araucanians; the Rune *Vérieris*, of the New *Filttarh* of Hitler and that was also on the first Independent Flag of this mysterious Chile.

It is autumn and no rain. **There is** a thin sun, in a transparent blue sky, over the sea. It is something like a sunny day remembered by someone who has died. A sun of the earth, remembered by a dead man. Perhaps by the poet Jorge Teillier, whose strange funeral we have recently accompanied in the mountain village of La Li gua, with the sound of the trumpet and the rumbling of the crop.

Everything goes away, everything passes away, even the sun. Tomorrow, perhaps, we will not see it. It will be another day. It will be Saturday, the day of Saturn (So/urdoJ, of the Archon imprisoned by the Demiurge, turned into Sat-An; Sat-Anas. And his number is 6. The day 6.

"Over the stones of/ Karaliorun, where once upon a time was the seat of Batu and the Khan Crertgts, today blows the utertto, with the uico uiento the sand; uine me and I passed..... Everything passes. Every prtrna seras the new grass grows, every autumn the cigiieiiias ertiigra ri towards the East..."

It is the voice of Hóctor Barreto f "Jasón"), which on this irrepressible day, after so many years, I still hear in my memory, reciting Svolod Ivanov, in his story "Fathers and Sons".

Could it be, perhaps, that Hóctor also still loves a sunny day on earth?

Re-memembering, re-sounding of a string, a sound that is heard through us, that passes through our soul, through our *string*. He listens to himself through a *person* (*per- sortarel*, tenses, remembers, until he becomes *personal*, per- sonality, absolute sonority, conscious of himself, one day, by the grace of the Drama of a vo, perhaps....

Now I must *remember* those times, those things that happened many years ago in my generation, after the death of Hector Barreto.

WHITE LIGHT

Who remembers her? Who even knows she existed? Even during her lifetime she was forgotten; almost no one at her funeral.... What a time these are! Not even women remember their wives, their great women, because one should know what this woman was; so immense, so polymic and resisted, loved and exalted; without measure! She, on the other hand, did remember the superior women of this world, Isadora Duncan, Teresa Vilms, Rosalia de Castro, Gabriela Mistral, Juana Rte Ibarbourou, her compatriot. And with what great generosity! With an open heart.

The human form, the image, the figure, being so ephemeral, are definitive, eternal, already at the very moment of their manifestation, when they reach perfection within imperfection, their equilibrium in their instability, having then to be snatched by the light of the spheres, by the uncreated light, settling themselves, like music, in some inaccessible point, unreachable by humans and which is the Abode of the Gods, who thus give themselves and glorify themselves, enjoying the pleasure of the Gods, as music, in some inaccessible point, unreachable by humans and which is the Abode of the Gods, who thus give themselves and glorify themselves, enjoying the perfection of that beauty of the terrestrial which, however, surpasses them in everything, being a

combination of light and shadow, of good and evil. For this reason it was said in Ancient Greece that "the beloved of the Gods die.

young", in the fullness of their splendor, when they are not yet withered, like the petunias of Gerda's gardens, like the storks of the Karo Korum.... Alexander and his beauty have gone young; but, although we neither know nor believe it, they endure in eternity, like Siegfried, like Tristan and Isolde, remade in Walhalla in the image of the archetypal Gods, which they tried to reproduce in terrestrial matter. So it will also be with Blanca Luz Brum, with Indira Gandhi, with Teresa Wilms and her daughters, who are still alive and whom I remember now in the fire of their years. Their images, those that still travel in the stars. With Nehru, with Héctor Barreto...



Blanca Luz Brum. With this same sickle she cut her umbilical cord with **Marxism.**

And White Light! Not the old woman in her sarcophagus, but the young woman and her brightness. Her straight black hair, parted in the middle, falling like two condor wings, tied back in a small bun at the nape of her neck. Her beautiful forehead, her dark

complexion, her shaped nose, her eyes of the color of

precious wood, with reflections sometimes of mahogany, sometimes of ebony, sparkling like coffee beans from her tropical forest. And the precious mouth, half-open in an irresistible smile. Spiritual lips, not sensual, of an adventurer of the soul.

She was born in Uruguay, from there she went to Lima. The Peruvian poet Parra del Río stole her from a convent. He married her and had a son. She was widowed very young. She met Mariá tegui, invalid and in a wheelchair, a great social fighter, within the myth of those years, of Marxism and the struggle and rebellion of the classes. She also became a communist and Marxist, without having the slightest idea about the dialectics of Engels and Marx, let alone that of Hegel. Thus she went to Mexico, where she joined the muralist painter Siqueiros, the same who would collaborate in the assassination of Trotsky. Separated from him she arrived in Chile, country that welcomed her until her death.

Blanca Luz had two sons and a daughter. Both sons died in automobile accidents; Eduardo Parra del Río in Lima and Nils Brunson in Chile. Curious *kormo* of these boys, or of the mother. Her daughter settled on the island of Juan Fernandez and is in possession of her diary. I have tried to get to dis put of him to see way to publish it; but I do not need it to remember her. He also left paintings, which I do not know.

Blanca Luz had a very great influence on me, in those years that followed Barreto's death; and not only on me. It was she who introduced me to the circles of the revolution, where I was able to meet and see up close the Chilean political women of those times. Socialists like the poet Julio Barrenechea, leaders like Oscar Schnake, Marmaduke Grove, César Godoy Urrutia (later a communist) and many others. Juan Bautista Rossetti, director of the newspaper "La Opinión", also a friend of Vicente Huidobro, and Luis Mery, his collaborator; Juan de Luigi, a brilliant and independent journalist; Natho, Schaulsohn (father of the current deputy). And, in the midst of all these and without having anything to do with them, an extraordinary character who will deserve a separate chapter: the Basque sculptor Jorge (Gorka) Oteiza, recently arrived in Chile, in search of the roots of his art, in the vernacular works of our America, especially Easter Island, as he believed.

Vicente Huidobro, with his young poets and followers, especially Volodia Teitelboim, navigated in these environments of

"social revolt", as did Pablo Neruda and Pablo de Rokha, in competition and bloody polemics between them. Vicente cultivated

I was fascinated by her beauty and irresistible attractions. And it was she who brought me back to her presence ("her presence and her figure") after that dramatic encounter at Barreto's funerals.

And for almost two years we worked together, collaborating on a flyer that she wrote and published, distributing it in the streets with my friends and my younger brother, Diego. She called it "Sobre la Marcha" (On the March). I also published a small annual magazine, entitled "Héctor Barreto", on the anniversaries of his death, whose first issue, from 1907, I had lost and someone has brought it to me today. Santiago del Campo, Julio Molina, Robinson Gaete, Homero López, Anuar Atías and I collaborated there, with an article that was too long, but which already outlined my thoughts and cosmogony of today: "The Stories of the Earth". And this in those years, when I pretended to be a Marxist socialist.

For varying periods of time I stopped residing with my family, on Lira Street, to go and live in the houses that Luz Luz was renting in the city. All kinds of strange people arrived there, including politicians, writers, journalists and international adventurers. I met, for example, the peruvian poet Luis Rernisone, who recited his poem "The Wandering Jew" ("Y ¿tasa la sombra trashum ante de algún judío errante, que m'aldeci do va . . ."). Also, to the artists Luis Alberto Sánchez and Manuel Seoane, who controlled the Editorial and the "El rincón" magazine, very important in those years, where they made known in our environment the universal literature on paper, "pirating it", without paying royalties to anyone.

I am interested in stating here the names -perhaps too many- of characters unknown today, as a means of rescuing them from nothingness, although most of them were nothing. However, they represent an archetype or a prototype, which is always re-pitted in the midst of historical circumstances. Especially of women, those who, like women, are going to turn dazzled and in search of light or brightness, approaching the bonfires of revolt, where they will inevitably burn their bodies, having first burned their souls. So among the adventurers whom they follow to the end, most of the time accompanied by

a non-existent idealism. The strongest can survive, going from one to another, until sometimes they succeed and go down in history, by reason of an inscrutable fate, as is the case of Evita Perón, or of Blanca Luz herself, even greater, but less lucky. In fact, she was the one who led Perón to conquer power in Argentina, having previously met the journalist Natalio Botana, editor of the magazine "Pan", where Barreto published his story "La Noche de Juan". Being a foreigner and being threatened with death by Evita, she had to leave Argentina in a hurry, returning to Chile. She had lost and left everything in Buenos Aires; however, Perón helped her in her worst times. She repaid his hand by helping his lieutenant, Kelly, to escape from prison in Chile, in collaboration with Chilean nationalists and Nazis, such as Juan Diego Davila. Blanca Luz dressed Kelly as a woman by passing her clothes to him. The scandal in Chile cost the post of Foreign Minister Osvaldo Sainte-Marie, my friend, whom I had just received in India, where I was serving as Ambassador.

¡Poor women, who let loose with greatness, with an ideal incarnated in those men, almost never superior, always unsuccessful. They were beautiful and generally came from the upper class, white, with fine and delicate skins, almost always blond, with clear, transparent, abysmal eyes, Creole women of ancient origin, like Luz Rivas Freire, separated from Josó Serrano Palma, Horacio's brother; Gloria Lynch, or Blanca McFassen, follower of a certain González Tuñón, an Argentinean who claimed to be a poet and communist. As the years went by, the case would repeat itself in Teresa Hamel, with her family, owner of Reñaca, supporter of the Popular Unity, Salvador Allende and Neruda. Orphans in their environment and their class, intellectually asoptic, they were desperately looking for something, a world with superior people, with ideals of reclamation and justice for the humble. When in Chile I discovered Nazism and could see that it was far superior to socialism and communism, the only effective, real and true means to combat social injustice here and in the world, with authentic idealists, with heroes capable of giving their lives for their faith, it was not difficult for me to take Blanca Luz there, to collaborate with them, disillusioned, as I was, with that false "revolution" of Marxist-Leninism, totally and secretly controlled by the intelligence services of world and capitalist imperialism, as we will see later.

However, not all of them were able to understand it. Only very few, almost nobody. And passing the years, many years, with the visible Nazi power gone, the Archetype repeats itself again with the fine, delicate women of the upper class, who now follow the terrorists and guerrillas of the Manuel Rodríguez Front, or of the MIR, where they find brave, heroic young men, who sometimes immolate themselves together with them, who follow them to the end (as in the case of Miguel Enriquez, brave founder of the MIR), without knowing who really leads them, infiltrated, deceived by those same secret and infernal powers that controlled the formation of the Popular Front in Chile, with almost no one discovering them.

But I do.

And not in the medium term, but little by little.

First I began to be disgusted by the ambiguous, loving and promiscuous environment that surrounded the "revolutionary" intellectuals and politicians, with the myth of "free love" in vogue, and the lack of loyalty and dirtiness in the human relations between "companions", where a Raúl Ampuero and a Julio Barreneche were exceptions.

So were Ricardo Latcham, sharp and cultured; Juan Bautista Rossetti, a true socialist, at least in theoretical conception. And what can we say about Don Eugenio Gonzalez, a man who was impeccable in everything, as were Juan Uribe and Alvaro de la Fuente.

-the "Chopo"-, eccentric geniuses.

We, the young newcomers to the "revolution" should have to make our own preparation, for which we were "indoctrinated" in courses of Marxism and direct action - "interactive" one would say today - by foreign instructors, very rare people, such as a German Jew with the surname Weiss, or something like that - false name, of course - who would later stay in Chile as the main partner of a laboratory. Also another young German, with the surname Weiss, or something like that - false name, of course - who would later stay in Chile as the main partner of a laboratory. Also another young German, with the same false name, Casona, if I remember correctly, who had his face disfigured by a Nazi beating, as he claimed, but clearly due to a badly performed cosmetic surgery. He was with a

very attractive Ecuadorian woman, Magma, who played havoc with the proletarian poet, Pablo de Rokha, who until then had lived to lyrically exalt his wife, Winet. He ran away with

Magda, producing a momentary family catastrophe and mixed reactions in the "People's Party", among his companions, also testing the solidity of the concepts and beliefs in "free love" of the "instructor" Casona. There were also lesbianas circulating. And journalists like Lenka Franulic and Ismael Edwards Matte, director and owner of the magazine "Hoy" - "for people who think", according to his amount-, where the storyteller Salvador Reyes collaborated; homosexuals, like Carlos Vattier (his aunt Ema was a close friend of my grandmother Fresia and my great aunt Clarisa); the writers Benjamín Subercaseaux and Augusto D'Halmar's taste. They came and went, appeared and disappeared. One day, Blanca Luz invited me to meet her at the

Valparaíso. I made the trip by bus, and I was watching through the window the sunset that tinged the sky with impossible colors. I took sketches for a story that was later published in the newspaper "La Nación", of Santiago, in its Sunday literary page: "In search of Number 13" f "A horizon of pumpkins was prolonged in the sky" was a phrase I remember J. In the newspaper "Frente Popular", recently inaugurated by the Peruvian "compañero", "Montero" of the Jew Eudocio Ravines), I also published another story, illustrated by Gorka Oteiza and, in the magazine "lloy", in a zolomical storytelling series with Carlos Droguett, I wrote "La Historia de Antonio", about a man who decided to lock himself in a closet, disillusioned with the outside world. I note this for those who wish to research my older works, from my early years as a writer, with those stories prior to the publication of my "Antología del Veró adero Cuento en Chile" and my book of short stories, "La E poca Más Oscura".

I arrived in Val paradise late at night and immediately found myself in the most rarefied atmosphere. A room had been reserved for us in a furious hotel and in the vicinity of people I should have known at the time. One of them was Benjamín Subercaseaux, who had not yet written a book, but had been a Lutheran pastor, an anthropology buff and a "es teta de la vida", admittedly homosexual. He lived off his family inheritance. Carlos Vattier, whom I met several times at Vicente Huidobro's house, was also there. Undoubtedly they were cultivated people who used it to cover up their vices with a cloak of elegance and literary refinement, a la Wilde, like Augusto D'Halmar himself. In the mist of the trans

I don't remember if anyone else would be there. Maybe some porteño poet, or some key personaje, who opened the doors of that dark and sinful city, in the night of the old port. But, apparently, they did not need it. Indeed, our night outing took place very soon after my arrival. And we went through the streets and alleys, which I was seeing for the first time. Ahead, holding hands and singing French songs, while initiating dance steps, marched Benja Min Subercaseaux and Carlos Vattier. Their lips, cheeks and eyelids were painted. Behind us were Blanca Luz and me. She looked at me as if trying to know my reactions and showed a certain embarrassment when she saw my clear displeasure. Suddenly, Subercaseaux disappeared and Vattier joined us, holding Blanca Luz's arm, singing "Vie en Rose", with the accent of Edith Piaf. He had a mischievous look of complicity, as if he knew what was going to happen. Indeed, around a corner and on the lintel of the door of a house balancing on the abyss of the night, there appeared the shadow of someone hiding there, smoking a cigarette and waiting for something. We recognized him, it was Su Bercaseaux, who represented that "malevolent" and "perverse" scene exclusively for us, as if it were the reproduction of the image of a decadent foreign city, of Paris, Berlin, London, Hong Kong. As we passed, he gave us a languid glance, while letting cigarette smoke escape from his painted lips.

He joined us, laughing, to guide us to a local that was closed, but opened to let us in. It was a gymnasium, where several boxers were practicing. Among them was "Duraznito" Cerezo, very well known in those days. And there I got the biggest surprise of all. A policeman in uniform, who was in the gymnasium, began to look at me curiously, as if he knew me or recognized me. Suddenly, he approached me and said: "Miguelito, Don Miguel...! Don't you remember me? Of course I do! By God! If it was Lucho, the employee of the Popeta farm, the same one that in our childhood delighted us with the yleyen stories of the devil and of the young girls in love with the patroncitos. ...

I felt ashamed to be there, with those companions. I think I introduced him to Blanca Luz, who had also painted herself too much. My God! What did my good Lucho think, what did he think?

Did he, the tenant, the "friend" of my father, the "page" of my mother, feel in his healthy peasant soul when he saw me there?

A little further on, among the people surrounding the ring and filling the gymnasium, I also spotted Juanito Uribe, the "Inspector" of the Barros Arana boarding school, who was probably looking for documents and information for his future and only novel: "El Púgil" (The Fighter). Eccentric genius of the night, noble friend. Wrapped in a scarf, he looked at me sideways, insinuating a gesture of greeting. He knew Blanca Luz and her companions well.

I insisted that we leave.

The next joint was a bar, the famous "Roxy" of Buenos Aires bohemia, which recently disappeared in a fire? I couldn't say. *There*, the sailors, at a signal, began to stamp their feet while dancing; first, slowly and slowly; then, in a "crescendo" that became infernal, rumbling and moving even the walls of the building. It was like a contagious signal, because, started by the Chilean seamen, it was imitated by the seamen from foreign ships who were there partying and drinking. If I had been in the arena, with Blanca Luz, I would have done it too, swept away by the hypnotic spell.

But we were sitting at a table and in silence. Our companions had separated to go with some Swedish sailors. Some lesbian women were beginning to circle around our table. We got up and left.

A beautiful sunny day in Valparaíso. I had decided to leave. But we were guests invited to eat at a restaurant by the sea, or with a view of the sea, the "Castillo", I think, by Benjamín Subercaseaux. Over lobster and white wine he told us that he was going to publish his first book, which he would title "Zoe", a Persian name meaning "Life". Many other books would follow, some autobiographical, such as "Niño de Lluvia", "Jemmy Button", "Chile, Una Loca Geogra-

ña", "Tierra de Océano", "Santa Matería". Some of them truly important for the history and knowledge of Chile. Subercaseaux was a talented and pathetic character, like Augusto D'Halmar, a true artist and writer, dragged down by his misfortune and abnormality, although with a better destiny than Oscar Wilde, in spite of everything. He was classist and racist, in his own way, he considered Neruda, Mistral and also Blanca Luz as Indians, although he was good friends with them, more with Blanca Luz than with Neruda. After that experience in Valparaíso, we saw each other a few other times in our lives. We were almost always at loggerheads, especially during World War II, when I dedicated an article to him in my magazine "The New Age", with the title: "Homosexuals are partisans of the rupture". He sent some thugs to look for me. Luckily they did not find me, or did not want to find me. As time went by we "agüenamos" (as one would say in Chilean) on the surface and I took him to collaborate with General Ibáñez, who appointed him Inspector of the Mayor's Office, and, then and there, gave him the "Honorary Consulate", left vacant by Gabriela Mistral. He had already spent all his fortune to inherit, and he was poor.

"-Blanca Luz, I am leaving," I told him; "I have nothing to do here." "-Yes, I understand you," he answered. I will also leave tomorrow.
na. We will meet in Santiago."
And so it was.

VIOLENCE

Much has been said about the violence of Nazism. But there was never more violence in Chile than in those times of socialism, communism and the left.

Already in the delivery of the poster "Sobre la Marcha", my brother Diego, almost a child, would get into a pool of passers-by who would tear up his newspaper. Despite his temper, Blanca **Luz** exclaimed, "How violent you are!"

I myself, at a political-campestre party, must have punched the seraphic poet, Juvencio Valle, in the face for some outburst directed to Blanca Luz. Today, at one hundred years of age, will

that good man and excellent poet remember him?

Another day I decided to give Carlos Vattier his due, for his viper's tongue. I think that the incident with Blanca Luz is related in the book that Volodia Teitelboim wrote about Vicente Huidobro, not long ago, now freed from the ironclad tutelage that the "Marxist church" imposed on his monastic organization, on "monks" or "bishops", and when his elaborate system collapsed by "decree". Teitelboim tells that in a party of the Embassy of Spain, Vattier said to Blanca Luz: "You are the colleague of the Buin regime". Earlier, Blanca Luz would have called him "Faggot!"

I found out where Vattier lived and asked my friend Róbinson Gaete, from our old literary group, to accompany me as a witness. We arrived early one morning to meet him at his residence, a boarding house on Teatinos or Nataniel Street, where today is the Ministry of Defense, or the Army Headquarters. We were received by the owner, a lady of a certain age, who went to call him, making us go into the large reception room on the second floor. Soon Vattier arrived, in shirtsleeves. Without waiting, I approached him, at the same time accusing him of cowardice and baseness for having insulted a woman in that way. I asked him to defend himself, as I was going to hit him. He folded his arms and said: "Hit! I will not defend myself..."

I hit him with a direct blow to the chin. And I turned away, without testing the results. We left to the surprise and horror of the mistress of the house.

Without waiting, Aunt Ema Vattier went to complain - and

without waiting, Aunt Ema Vattier went to complain.

I was very angry to her friend Fresia that I had mistreated her nephew because of a bad woman.

In the first volume of these "Memoirs" I referred to the "Posada del Corregidor" and published a photograph of it. It was part of the house of my grandfather, Joaquín Fernández Blanco. My mother died there and all my uncles and aunts of my mother's line were born there. The "Posada" corresponded to the left wing and back of the house, facing Esmeralda Street. The façade of the mansion faced the Parque Forestal. The former "Posada", with its colonial style and red color, is the only thing that remains today of the old house. Upon the death of my grandmother, Carmen Rosa Fernández Concha, my uncles Joaquín and Jorge agreed to sell and demolish the rest of the

house.

property. There now stands an ungraceful apartment building. In front still remains the beautiful square of yesteryear. The "Posada" is a national monument and belongs to the Municipality of Santiago, which used it as an exhibition hall. Some years ago the painter of Putaendo, Raúl Pizarro, exhibited there and this was the appropriate frame for the paintings of his enchanted colonial city. The name "Posada del Corregidos" was given by my uncle Pedro Fernández y Fernández, nicknamed the "Knight of the Night", because he lived at night, in the incorrigible bohemia of the 30's, opening night clubs, like this one and the "lai-Alai" (Basque name). Declared: "My ancestors built churches, I inaugurate 'boites', and I do as much good as them, because here the wives can come with their husbands and even with their grown-up children, to have healthy family fun. That is to say, I don't stop families...". Of course, this was only an ingenious saying, or justification, because there the bohemia and the party burned until late at night and until dawn.

The "Knight of the Night" received his guests and visitors with the ceremonial and palatial manners of the XVI II century, as if they were in the court of the Luises or the Viceroyalty of Lima. Not for nothing was he the brother of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Joaquín Fernández y Fernández and cousin of Vicente Huidobro Fernández. When I would show up, he would introduce me to his court of bohemians and transhumant poets, as his "communist nephew". In addition, he was the cousin of the Dean of the Cathedral of Santiago, the priest Infante Fernández, whom he would visit very early in the morning, bringing to the temple that "court of miracles", late-night and "pie hicateada", among whom was a Spanish bullfighter, a frequent visitor to the "Posada" and passing through Chile. The "sinners" would cough and the bullfighter would fall on his knees and with his arms open in a cross, in front of the main altar. Needless to say, it would not be long before he would introduce me to his friends and his "boites" as his "Nazi nephew". It was all the same to him, what mattered to him was that he was my uncle and that I was his nephew.

He adored Blanca Luz and she adored him. Also the women of the night of those times loved him, because he always knew how to kill them like queens, listening to them in order to mitigate their cures, their dramas and pains. In Volume I I have published a photo of Pedro Fernandez with his daughter Luz.

We arrived at the inn one night with Blanca Luz and my old writer comrades, among them "Loco" Irizarri, who made a scene there, throwing a mug of hot wine and cinnamon in the face of a table neighbor who had begun to provoke us, as we recognized him as a militant of the left. Quickly, the "inoffensive boite" became a battlefield and we had to retreat to protect Blanca Luz, which was the center of the hostilities, leaving some rearguard fighters behind.

Those were the times.

Marxism was a religion. Something like a religion on the other extreme, on the other side. Wishing to ignore all the ingredients of a true religion, denying a transcendent and spiritual world, sustaining historical materialism with Marx and his exegetes, such as Bukharin, and Marxist biology, with Prenan, intervening in all corners of thought and culture, being totalitarian, it nevertheless fulfilled the requirements of religious movements, which claim to rule the life of man from birth to death, such as Brahmanism, Judaism, Mohammedanism and Christianity itself, with Jesuitism and "opusdeism". It is as if an Archetype, alien and autonomous, with a tremendous sense of humor, took possession of the atheist and materialist "companions", inserting them into a discipline and an orthodoxy that makes faith necessary, beyond the reasoning of the "theologians" of Marxism; faith that becomes as necessary as in Catholicism, to sustain this strange scaffolding and the very life of the hierarch, if he is not only an ambitious hypocrite of power and nothing more. Hegel's dialectic already brought a strange air to the whole Leninist system, giving it a traumatic pull to the Judaism of the origins.

To make the obscure affair even stranger, another autonomous archetype was smuggled in, almost from the beginning; another "triad", but no longer Hegel's, but that of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, transposed into Marx, Engels and Lenin. Plus the "Holy Scripture" of "Das Kapital". And all this, by ecclesiastical logic, by orthodoxy; a matter of pure faith, irrefutable, irreproachable.

From all corners of the world traveled exegetes, theologians and even altar boys, to convince the infidels, those who were born in "sin", to redeem and save them, because History had also begun now, only in these years of 1936, 37 and 38; at least in Chile. All the past of the world had been an error, a falsehood, a capitalist exploitation; only with Marx, the Prophet, the Redemption of Humanity began. Only this Prophet did not announce a God, like Mohammed: his *Allah* was "Capital", "Money".

The im pronta of Marxism is the same as that of militant Christianity and Mohammedanism. A proselytizing fanaticism, an exclusionary and totalitarian monotheism, which "does not live and does not let live" and which, in the end, leads to destruction and death. "*Con nirgo noce todo, onles de mi, nada*". How different from the Greeks, the Romans and what I would see one day in India! Genuine understanding, love, charity, polytheism, paganism, where the Gods live and let live, sharing the work and the mission, in hierarchies and castes, respecting each other, true pluralism, not an overpowering globalism, nor nations united by force, controlled to the bottom by a single hand, which destroys all creative inequality.

Already in those years I began to suspect that something very sinister and dark was hidden behind all that business that had begun to take place in Chile with the formation of the Popular Front, arrived from outside, and by that invasion of such strange characters, who came continuously, to disappear most of the time without a trace. Their names caught my attention: Waldo Frank, Ilya Ehreburg, "Montero", Weiss, "Casona", Doctor Nicolai, Lipschütz, Goldschmidt. Neither Montero nor Casona were called as they said. I knew and esteemed Nicolai, Goldschmidt too, since they stayed in Chile to live and, I think, to die. I lost track of them later. Nicolai was a ridiculously wise man, who was a "monkey" to Pita. Goldschmidt, an escapee from Nazi Germany, was an unbribable scholar and art critic. At heart, he looked up to Spengler and the German Army, because of his academic training and because he had worked as a bursar in the Prussian regiments, or something like that. In Santiago he had to go out into the streets armed with a cane, to defend himself against his "critics" - be they painters or musicians. His strictness and his destructive zeal had played tricks on him in a country

young, who rather needed help and encouragement for his artists. But Goldschmidt supported the painter from Concepción, Julio Escámez, an extraordinary artist and Marxist, who became my friend of a lifetime, after our meeting and collaboration in India.

Today I know that almost all the characters mentioned here were Jewish. At that time, I had no idea. I consider it, therefore, much more important and valuable, because my distrust and resistance was not due to any prejudice or doctrine. Only their deeds and their dubious actions. And much of this would be corroborated over the years, irrefutably, as in the case of Montero, the founder of the newspaper "Frente Popular" and the political movement of the same name. His real surname was Ravines. He came from Peru and carried syphilis, which he infected a beautiful woman from Chile. In addition, he belonged to the Secret and Intelligence Services of the United States, which was proven during the Chilean military coup of 1973, which he supported: he was a member of the CIA. These were the "instructors" of Marxism, who formed the Popular Front in Chile, in the thirties and where I came to fall, without knowing how, due to the death of Hector Barreto and the hand of Blanca Luz Brum.

Chile is like a guinea pig on the planet. Here, the experiments of other parts of the world are being repeated, or advanced. The failure of the Popular Front in Spain, which led that beloved country to the most terrible destruction, as if driven by external hatred, was surely provoked by the same people. We were at the beginning of events that were also terrible, of which it would be my turn to be a witness.

In these "Memoirs", from the beginning, I have not wished to make lucubrations nor to be guided by systems or beliefs, only by lived experiences, by experiences. I never had a prejudice towards the Jews, or the descendants of Jews.

Marxist totalitarianism and its powerful shock wave, aided and abetted, also reached Chile, driven by our own intellectuals and writers, such as Vicente Huidobro, Pablo Neruda, Pablo de Rokha, Rosamel del Valle, Juvencio Valle, Humberto Díaz Casanueva, Alberto Romero, Diego Muñoz, Luis Enrique Dólano. Neither Salvador Reyes, nor Gabriel Mistral are spared.

to be used. All of them. In the "*Winnipeg*", a ship obtained by Neruda to receive those escaped from the Spanish War, Leopoldo Castedo, among others, arrives, who stays forever in Chile and collaborates with Don Francisco Antonio Encina in the "Resumen" of his monumental "Historia de Chile". The "Alianza de Intelectuales" was founded in 1937.

Yes, but who is behind this?

And art, poetry, literature are the best facade, the best alibi. Modernist movements of all kinds. Among the "Septembristas" of those days, sporadic painters (spasmodic, let's say better), Gabriel Rivadeneira, wife of Alvaro (Pilo) Yáñez, lord of estates, son of don Eliodoro Yáñez and brother of Flora, the writer, exhibits. He was just beginning to publish, under the pseudonym of Juan Emar. He was the owner of "Lo Herrera" farm, at the gates of Santiago and, later, of "La Marquesa", in Leyda, on the way to the sea. He was a close friend of Vicente Huidobro and of the generation of the Frenchified and Paris worshippers, like the painter Luis Vargas Rosas, who posed as a "proletarian" Marxist, "French", married to Magdalena Petit and brother of my good friend the photographer Mario Vargas Rosas, with whom I traveled for the first time to Europe, in 1951.

Among the "Septembrists" also exhibits a man I remember, Jaime Dvor fVoresky). Not for his wooden sculptures, which like those of Gabriel Rivadeneira will disappear even from the "obotic" memory, but for his elegance and his way of being. He was a delicate, introverted Jew. We maintained a very special and respectful relationship through the years, even in the times of the Second World War, even more than with my old schoolmate, Jedli ky, whom he found lost and whom I have never heard from again. Nor of Jaime Dvovesky, an architect of prestige, I believe. The last time we met was in Paris, at the "Hotel Mont Tabor", in the Rue Mont Tabor, near the Rue de Rivoli. He was with his wife, also Jewish; I was with my sister Berta. In that hotel Spanish was spoken and there were always South Americans. We were invited to go to the movies. This time I was struck even more clearly by the attitude he adopted towards me, which I had noticed in the past: timidity, embarrassment, as if it were difficult for him to get along with ease, a certain distance, even though he did not want it. It was as if we were two people separated by a

abyss that "someone" opened between us -but not ourselves-. And that, somehow, we would have wished that did not exist.

A LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS

THE INFINITE BASQUE

He did not arrive on the "*Winnipeg*", but on his own, and first to Argentina. He came to study the possible connections of his art, sculpture, with the pre-Columbian works of anonymous authors of Tiahuanacu and Easter Island, of Mayas, Incas and all the others. He was very young then, twenty-nine or thirty years old; he was also a republican and a "Marxist", of course, otherwise he would lack even the air to breathe. However, his direct relationship was more with the artistic circles of Santiago and of consecrated literati, such as Vicente Huidobro and his disciples; later came the politicians.

Already upon his arrival in Chile he made his genius known. He brought a prestige as an avant-garde sculptor and was offered the Palacio de Bellas Artes, in downtown Santiago, in front of our Parque Forestal, to give a lecture, exposing his theories on art and sculpture. He spoke of everything, especially mathematics and algebra, to explain his aesthetic discoveries and the proportions of his "hollows" and his "immobilities", which led to perpetual motion, which he had discovered in iron works and which thirty years later he would show me in his workshop in the Basque countryside. As the blackboard on which he traced his logarithms and explanatory formulas ran out, he continued undeterred to write on the walls. And so he finished his brilliant talk, to the amazement or fascination of the dumbfounded audience.

After the talk there was a dinner in his honor. Oteiza had arrived in Chile accompanied by an Argentinian poetess, who became too enthusiastic in the conversation with her table neighbor. This made his Basque friend more and more uneasy. His nervousness was increasing, to the point of getting up suddenly from his seat. Going to the glass partition that closed off the dining room, he gave it a tremendous punch, breaking the glass and the

hand. Next, he turned to the crowd and threw his blood at them, while exclaiming, "Basque blood, cunt; take Basque blood, of men and women faithful to their love!"

The poetess returned to Argentina and Gorka stayed in Chile, where he frequented cenacles of artists and poets, without becoming truly intimate with them; neither with Neruda, nor with De Rokha, although quite a lot with Vicente Huidobro, to whom he gave a beautiful sculpture dedicated to his poem "Altazor", which I have been unable to find, despite looking for it intensely today, like several others that he left in Chile, after one or two exhibitions that he mounted.

Soon Ote iza would be left without economic resources in Chile and it was Blanca Luz who came to his aid. Vicente Huidobro had introduced her to him. And it was incredible to see what was happening between them. I was a witness. Sometimes they would meet walking in the street and they would hug each other. She would ask him:

"-How are you, Basque?" "-

Fantastic, fantastic!" "-And your pocket, how are you doing?"

"-Of that, no way. Without a bitch; peeling!"

And Blanca Luz took out her family ring, with a beautiful pearl and diamonds, and passed it to her:

"-Take it, Gorka, go ahead and send it; but with the commitment to bring me the ballot so that I can rescue it..."

"-Bastards!", said Oteiza. "Those pawnshop owners, of the 'Montes de Piedad', are Basque bastards, who have forgotten to speak Basque and are sons of a bad mother..."

Many times there I also took my coat made of English cloth, a gift from Juan José Latorre, the Admiral's son, to sign it in order to have money to "move around".

So was Blanca Luz and so was Oteiza.

In the Santiago of the thirties everything happened in the central neighborhoods. Lira, my street, was already a bit peripheral. Blanca Luz had an apartment on Victoria Subercaseaux, next to Cerro Santa Lucía, across Alameda de las Delicias -Avenida O'Higgins today-. She decided to move to Nunoa, to Sucre Street,

or Simón Bolívar, I think, to a small house with a large back garden, with leafy trees and fruit trees. This was already outside the walls. That way,

We had "summered" with the family some years before, renting General Goñi's country house, with beautiful and immense roses, which my friend Hector Barreto touched delicately with his fingertips, saying: "It is like caressing a woman's cheek".

Now Blanca Luz invited Gorka to come to her villa. In this way she momentarily solved his existential problem; moreover, she provided him with an unexpected workshop, in the open air, so that he could sculpt as he pleased in the ample garden, with all kinds of materials at his disposal, stones and trees. And it was a spectacle to see him working in that torrid summer, in his underpants, his torso uncovered and striking furious blows with his hammer, or with whatever it was, like Vulcan, or like Thor himself.

Oteiza was of medium height, all nerve and muscle, small, lively, blue eyes, a sharp smile, contagious laughter, unique, brilliant phrases, heavy eyebrows, which when he moved upwards created a wrinkle in his forehead that crossed it from side to side. And he, then, affirmed that it was the perception of that wrinkle that led him to solve and discover the algebraic formula that gave him the golden ratio for his sculpture.

Another time, going along the Alameda, near Miraflores Street, not far from the Spanish Embassy, which then had an old manor house there, we had to negotiate a hill of loose cobblestones. They were repairing the road, in that favorite profession of Chileans, of plugging and uncovering holes, making and unmaking sidewalks. Gorka looked at me and said: "I am an itinerant sculptor, without a fixed workshop. I'm going to make you a sculpture of the first Secretary of the Spanish Embassy, Rodríguez Aldaves, right here! And he took an adoquin and placed it on the ledge of a window, in such a way, a little bit on edge, that it was really the face, or rather, the expression of the face of that personage. I approved his work with enthusiasm. He let out his contagious laughter, and we continued walking. There, who knows for how long, the Spanish diplomatic will have remained immortalized in a cobblestone.

Once again it was the turn of Ambassador Rodrigo Soriano, a real character, with a resume of duels in Spain. This time it was on Estado Street and in the old and famous "Gath y Chaves" store, precursor of today's "supermarkets", in the style of the London department stores, or "El Corte Inglés" in Madrid. There my grandfather used to take us to Fresia to shop and have a drink.

I was afraid of the elevators, especially the spaces between the doors and the elevator floor, warning us not to step in there. Now Gorka stood outside in front of a display case and pointed to a toy locomotive. Staring at it, he pointed it out to me, "Stand here, front to front and a little to the side. That's Ambassador Rodrigo Soriano!"

And indeed, it was. It had the face of that locomotive.

In the cinemas of Santiago they showed the newsreels with the events of the Spanish War. One day Gorka saw how the planes were bombing his Basque village of Orto. He frantically got up from his seat shouting expletives against the murderous fascists. And he had to be forcibly removed. I think it was at the Italia cinema, in Plaza Baquedano. I was not present, and they told me about it.

But I do know that to this day ól still does not forgive the Germans bombed the sacred city of Guernika and the "Patriarchal Tree". Ah, if only I could still inform you and convince you that Hitler's air force had nothing to do with that destruction. This was always known; but the interests of the Bolsheviks and of Franco himself were to charge the Germans, whom they both hated equally, with the crime or the mistake committed by Franco's Spanish aviators, who used German planes and bombs. The astute Bolshevik propaganda, directed from Paris by the very intelligent Jew Will Münzenberg, made the most of it by inventing the "Guernika case". Picasso was also used. Franco, until the end of the Civil War and then of the European War, was controlled and managed by the British spy in German uniform, Admiral Canaris, a scoundrel and a highly skilled traitor. This is well documented in "Canaris and the Spanish Civil War", by the French writer and researcher André Brissau. The Guernika Operation is explained in detail in Wilfred von Oven's masterful book on the Spanish Civil War: "Hitler and the Spanish Civil War". Von Oven despises Franco as much as I and the commanders of the "Condor Division", without exception, who knew him closely and made him win the war, in spite of his hesitations and inabilities as a strategist and conductor. In his speech at the departure from Spain of the "Condor Division", after the end of its mission there, the commanding air force general, Von Richthofen, a direct descendant of the hero of the First World War, responded in reply to the "Condor Division's" request by saying that the "Condor Division" was the only one to have been able to win the war.

der to the Spanish toast, "To the two best soldiers in the world, the Germans and the Spaniards!" he replied, "To the two best infantrymen in the world, the Nationalist Spaniard and the Republican Spaniard!"

In the end, the Germans admired equally the Spanish nationalist fighters and the Republicans, like my tragic friend Barreto. And Hitler, according to Von Oven, who had heard it from Goebbels, who was his Personal Press Attaché in the last two years of the War, declared that in Spain he had supported the "wrong side", being betrayed by a Jesuit, Serrano y Suñer, and a "marrano", Franco. And he hoped that one day the left wing of the Falange, the syndicalists of Ledesma Ramos, together with the Spanish Republicans who were refugees abroad, could rebel and make the real Revolution, which Franco would abort. For this reason he gave orders to Himmler, during the war, to treat the Spanish communist prisoners in the concentration camps in a deferential and special way. It is difficult to know whether his orders were carried out.

Von Oven fought the war in Spain, as a correspondent attached to the "Condor Division".

As sometimes I also slept at Blanca Luz's house, he moved a camp bed to the garden, under the big trees, where O tei za had not only set up his workshop, but also his provisional dwelling, with a tent, or a "rancho" made of branches, where he piled his belongings. There I spent several nights in the open air, looking at the stars and talking with him about the current events of the Spanish War, his family and his youthful life. With that sense of humor of his, he would tell me about the times when he followed the exercises of Ignatius of Loyola, his compatriot, and would go walking at night by the sea, balancing himself on the high ground to test himself, facing the dark abyss of the waters and fearing that someone would push him over. He also described to me the dance of the "e zpatadanzari", the dancers of the swords, when he was in the square of his village and, from the windows of the houses, the women of the great Basque family shouted at him, encouraging him: "Bravo, Gorka! Well done, Gorka! Or when, needing to work, he was employed in a village tavern. He was a teetotaler and had to prepare

in the tavern all kinds of drinks for the customers. When he retired he was no longer a teetotaler and returned to the same tavern to drink his good "chatos" of wine with the same customers he had served before.

At that time, I was still very much affected and under the terrible impact of the disappearance of my youthful comrade, Hector Barreto. His Archetype was not desperfi la ba, but grew larger as the months and years went by. Even after I was married and in the middle of the World War, I wrote a short story entitled "The Search", which was published in the magazine "Atenea", where his memory was only present. However, now, in contact and with the friendship of this Basque artist, I felt something like the open and healthy wound began to heal, little by little. But the process must have been interrupted by his sudden departure.

However, it was not the same, it could not be. With Barreto there was a common Collective Unconscious, formed by the history and landscape of this mystical land, by the ever present shadow of the sacred mountain, of the giants that inhabit it and the legends and myths of the night. The nourishment of our bones and our blood. In spite of this, my many Basque ancestors built an almost instantaneous bridge between that artist who had just arrived in Chile, so brilliant in his words and his deeds. I understand that he was much older than "our" Greece and "our" Egyptians, coming from the caves and the cave art of the Paleolithic; but there he also encountered our mummies of Tiahuanacu and the mystery of the Selk'nam and Easter Island.

Sometimes he would say: "Our homeland is suffering...". Or, 'what is not

- I want to re n ace r ; i want to
to weep...". Or, "How much the
families who laugh every day
will cry! And speaking of his
own people: "The French
Basques are

Gorka Oteiza, in the middle,
with Miguel Serrano and
Fernando Uribe; in Santiago
de Chile, in the thirties.

Frenchified; the Spanish Basques, Spanishized". Of Chile he said that it was "a penitent hole, in which one would go up to one's head, being able to transform oneself into a mystic in pain". But he wanted to escape, to get out, and he could not. He had dreams in which he tried to climb the steep peaks in front of Santiago and, when he was about to reach the top to pass from the other side, he began to fall, slipping and breaking his fingers *and* nails as he tried desperately to hold on.

Oteiza's last residence in Chile was a boarding house on Victoria Subercaseaux Street, where the "Hotel Foresta" is located today. Also living there were the architect Enrique Gebhard, a lover of Beethoven's music, and the cartoonist Luis Sepúlveda, from Talca, who signed himself "Alh ué". An excellent artist and person, he illustrated the cover of my first book, "La Antología del Verdadero Cuento en Chile", and, years later, after World War II, "La Antártida y Otros Mitos". He died too young. Inés Floto, a woman of German descent, tall and corpulent, who climbed the scaffolding of the constructions with the workers to direct their work, was also arriving there, friendly and with a face of regular and beautiful features. As Gorka had very few belongings and knowing that he would need clothes to cover his bed, I took from my mother Delfina a beautiful pure wool Scottish shawl, plus a blanket, or blanket as they call it in Spain, plus a three-bladed hanging mirror, which had belonged to my father and which she now used to carefully comb her gray hair. She never forgave me, and when she died, not having been able to keep her precious shawl, I covered her body in the coffin with one of my own, which was also beautiful.

Well, one morning he arrived at that boarding house to visit my friend, but he was nowhere to be found. And that's how I found out, from "Alhué", that he had left suddenly, out of the blue, without saying goodbye to anyone. Very early in the morning he had looked out of the window to see a car pass by with some Argentine friends, who had also recognized him. They were passing through Chile and were on their way back to Buenos Aires. Gorka asked them to take him with them, just as he was and jumped out of the window.

Thus, he managed to get out, escape from this "sacred hole and peni tente".

I did not see him again until many years later, in the midst of the great world trophy catastrophe and when I had embraced the cause of the losers. How could I explain so many things to him? There was not even time. This Chile was no longer the same. Something had broken in the deepest soul, after the tremendous drama of the massacre of the Seguro Obrero. I, too, had ended my "season in hell", having been able to glimpse the gleams of a golden age on earth, in contact with a youth of heroes, even in my own land.

Oteiza came to see me at the new house we had moved into, in Vicuña Mackenna Interior. The doorbell rang, I opened the door, and there he was with a Basque beret and a pointed chin. Excitedly we embraced. He had married and introduced me to his Basque wife, named Ixiar. Very soon, he left again. By others, he knew of my change of political position, without suspecting that it was also existential. There was no time to explain it. And I did not see him again until almost thirty-five years later, when I lived in Ticino, in the Italian Switzerland, in the old Camuzzi House, which also belonged to Hermann Hesse. I traveled several thousand kilometers in search of him to find him in Pamplona. I did not want to announce myself and I arrived when he was having lunch, as they say in Spain. He was sitting at the table with his wife and someone else. He didn't even get up. Now he had an almost white beard. He looked at me and said:

"-Are you not Miguel Serrano? I'm angry with you..." "And why?", I asked him, without being mostly surprised about I was rather happy to see that it was the same, that it had not changed.

"Why? You said in Chile, the last time I was there, you wrote it down: 'A Spaniard passed through here who spoke such and such'. ...

Don't I have a name, wasn't I your friend? Besides, I am not Spanish, I am Basque!..."

"Man," I replied, "if I wasn't your friend I wouldn't be here. I have traveled thousands of miles to meet you..."

He jumped up and pulled me into his arms, "Sit down and eat with us. You'll be hungry!"

It was a wonderful *day*, full of memories, in which he never tired of asking me about Chile and old friends, of whom I knew nothing, because I was also absent for more than twenty years,

with my stay in India, Yugoslavia and Austria.

He introduced me to a Basque priest, a friend of his, to help me decipher my Gnostic ring, since he knew something of Coptic, having resided in Istanbul and in the places of ancient Babylon. We then set off on a journey to his country house, where he had his museum and workshop. While he was driving a small truck at high speed, together with his wife and swerving along the mountain roads, he was explaining his ideas to me: "Here everyone has to be Basque, everyone, the priests, the communists, the faggots, everyone!.... I am in the middle of the struggle to impose our identity. As Franco has me on file, I often live as close to the border as possible, so as to get out of the way and not get caught..."

"What beauty there is in this landscape," I said, pointing to the mountains and forests.

"-I am not interested in beauty," he answered me, "it is only a deception for the artist of verd ad , a trap..."

Back at his country house he showed me his sculptures. On a display case attached to the wall of the workshop there was a long row of dark metal heads, and I was struck by the fact that they were cut on the skull at the level of the temple, leaving a hole like a vase. And I asked him for the reason. He answered me: "It is a sample of Basque heads, because the Basques have no brains, their heads are hollow.... If it were not like that, we would not be where we are..."

It was here that he showed me his "perpetual motion" sculpture, a small iron work, made in such a way that when he threw it on the ground it started to run and never stopped. Without worrying about stopping it, he went out into the garden with me.

"-What a beautiful thing to do!" I exclaimed.

"-Yes," he told me, "I did it to go out for a pee."

While I was there, in his beloved Basque land, he did not fail to shower me with attentions and gifts. He gave me a new pair of glasses that I still wear today. And his wife, an apple, which I took with me on my return trip to Montagnola and which I kept in a fruit bowl for a long time, to remember them by.

And I did not see him again until twenty years later, when I read an interview with him in a Barcelona newspaper, where it was said that he was very rich and that he was famous in Spain and Europe as a sculptor. Franco had died, many things had happened here too, I had returned to Chile, with a miserable retirement and I was at a critical moment, "scraping the boiler", as they say,

"scraping the boiler".

I had spent my reserves and sold land so that I could edit my books on Esoteric Hitlerism and continue the fight. I had spent my reserves and sold land in order to edit my books on Esoteric Hitlerism and continue the fight. On a sudden impulse I decided to write to my old friend Gorka. And I said to him: "What are you going to do with your money, leave it to bourgeois relatives, so as to strengthen the 'system'? You, a real revolutionary. Here is another real revolutionary who will fight to the end, like you, no matter what labels we put on ourselves...". In the memory of our Blanca Luz and those old streets that sheltered us when we were young, full of ideals, just like today? I need your help to keep on fighting, to put gas in the engine...".

Gorka Oteiza did not wait. By cable he sent me a check for twenty thousand dollars.

Today he is eighty-seven years old and I am seventy-eight. A year ago I saw him again at his residence in Zarautz. Ixiar had died, but there he lives with her in his soul and writes very beautiful verses, like those of his compatriot poet, Larrea. If the Gods allow me, I will see him again, before he leaves me forever to become a star, like all the great Basques, like Unamuno, like Pío Baroja and Ignacio de Loyola himself.

I wonder if anyone today, at least among us, here, in our country, "Our homeland is pain," he told me, still has the time, brain, soul and heart to cultivate through time and beyond time a friendship like this one.

Before, in Chile, friendship was a religion.

INTELLECTUALS

It was the slogan of Marxism, or rather of those who secretly controlled it from behind the scenes, to recruit intellectuals: philosophers, novelists and poets, painters and sculptors. Although the Soviet, Stalinist orthodoxy, encouraged inwardly "realism" and "social literature", outwardly took advantage of everyone, even Picasso and surrealism, as an effective means of propagandizing and corrupting the "bourgeois world", which thus grew weaker every day, preparing it to meekly receive the final paw of the bear. The Jews, infiltrated in the movements

The literary and artistic world, including (dodecaphonic) music, and the market and propaganda, were moving here like fish in water. On the other hand, the intellectuals, always eager for easy success and in the poverty in which they find themselves, go with the fashion. And the fashion was Marxism and the left, even today, when Marxism seems to have been shipwrecked. But one senses that it could be refloated, like an old "pontoon", and repaired at the expense of some powerful transnational.

Either they are used, or they are the scapegoats. In the Spanish War, the best, the greatest, were persecuted and had to emigrate: Ortega y Gasset, Unamuno, Pío Baroja, without being with Marxism, were supporters of the Republic. And before Franco's cry of "Long live death!", they feared it would reach them, as it did García Lorca. In Chile, Marxism looked for its "propagandist" with tweezers and found him with certainty in the poet Pablo Neruda, who would not have had the international dimension he achieved if it had not been for the impulse the soviets gave him. He would have been a Chilean poet, like Mistral, Pedro Prado, Huidobro, Díaz Casanueva, De Rokha, Rosamel del Valle or Ómar Cáceres. For universal success, Neruda sold his soul to Stalin. When the Argentine agent of Marxism, the aristocrat Delia del Carril, found Neruda in Madrid, he was living a bohemian languor, in boarding house rooms, with worn clothes and poorly fed. Santiago del Campo, who met him there, told me. Today there is no writer who is not willing to write praises to Pablo Neruda, exalting him, although he never helped anyone who could not facilitate his promotion and position. Materialist and skeptic by nature, since his childhood, for sure. I remember him on the very few occasions in my life that I met him. The first was precisely in the 1930s. At the "Fuente Iris", across the Alameda and in front of the newspaper "La Opinión". Neruda was coming and going from Spain, making public collections to help the Iberian people. It was he who took care of Rezar *el* sabor "*Winnipeg*", as we have already said, where refugees from the Republic arrived in Chile. He was already an emboldened communist and he would do all this following instructions. Ibanez, in his first Presidency, had given him a consulate in Asia and Neruda had then entered the Consular Service of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, from where my uncle Joaquín Fernández took him out, whom he never forgave, dedicating a vitriolic poem to him.

That time, at the "Fuente Iris", I was struck by the fact that he sat me next to him at the table and passed me, as if at random and with reluctance -but with intention-, some papers of a "Manifesto" that he was going to publish. Saying to me, "Give me your opinion, what do you think?"

I was well seasoned, so to speak, in polemics and combats, and highly discounted, because of everything I saw and experienced. Neruda's attitude did not attract my attention, seeing in it the typical gesture of a shrewd politician, who wished to conquer a possible follower and acolyte, willing to serve him, like so many others. Those were also the times of the polemics and literary battles between what I called "the three all-powerful families" of Chilean literature: Huidobro, Neruda and De Rokha. Beginning writers enlisted on one side or the other.

Surely it must have struck him that I took a cursory, quick glance at his papers and returned them to him without comment.

PABLO NERUDA

It is regrettable the cult that in Chile and also in Spain, is so artificially rendered to this poet. From priest to freemason, from rightist to leftist, even a slaughterer, a soccer player or a "militiaman" of the last times, a carabinero on duty, or a "maniguado" (a "maniguado" (a man who has been a policeman) of the Navy) speak of Nerud as if they had ever read him, as if he were a Santa Teresita of the Andes or an "animita", capable of performing miracles. It is Marxism that continues to act, or what lies behind it: a powerful black magic confraternity, together with Lenin's "living mummy" in Moscow; also in Washington, and in London, underground or outside the earth. Neruda has to continue to be used, for much was invested in him and his Museum, here in Valparaíso, is maintained and financed by none other than a mysterious and powerful transnational, the Spanish "Telefonica".

Intellectuals will continue, for a short time more, to be useful for the Great Conspiracy: García Márquez on one side, Vargas Llosa on the other; it doesn't matter. And all this until cybertronics, the Internet, virtual reality and other paraphernalia, which have agonized art, literature, poetry, poetry, art and literature in agony, allow it.

philosophy and history. To all those humanistic branches, which are now disappearing from Chilean universities, that were once the pride of this country, which has begun to spread throughout the Americas, including the "ya nqui".

I met Neruda again in India, now also sent by General I báñez, as Ambassador, in his second Presidency. Many years had passed. We were in the fifties. He came with Matilde Urrutia, I think they were married, because Delia del Carril had died, who was called "la Hormi guita", surely because of her tireless style of working for the "Cause". She told me that it was the first time they traveled the world freely and without having to hide from the "Hormi guita". He also asked me an incisive question:

"-How long have you been here at your Mission?" "-More than two years," I replied.

"-Ah!" he said to me. "You're going to have to do the General a new favor, so that he'll let you..."

Neruda was portrayed in full body. This was the way he had of "navigating", of "moving". One favor after another for Stalin and for those "invisible people" behind everything, until he reached the Nobel Prize. For the rest, a way of being very typical of Creoles without ideals, without essential loyalty, without true greatness, without bloodlines, without distances from Hyperborea.

I took care of him as best I could, trying to get to know him. I got him a visa to Ceil án, where he had also been Consul. He wanted to go back there with Matilde. He was kind, as long as he needed me. He said things full of light humor and grace. For example: "Here in India there is no one badly dressed..." (they were almost naked). Or, referring to the employees in the houses, a veritable army because of their number and who, by the same token, impede any private life: "There is no need to worry, because even when they know everything, they do not use it..."

I took him to dinner at the "Moti-Mahal", a typical Indian restaurant, where they serve chickens cooked with a special spicy sauce, in a hole in the ground. They are pulled out with large tongs, or tri-tips, as if from hell itself, by cooks sitting on the ground in the Hindu manner, and "no bad looking". It is the delicious "Tanduri- chicken". As Delhi is a "dry" city, without alcohol, we carry red wine inside some coke bottles, where it would go unnoticed.



Matilde
Alvarez

Miguel
Serrano

With Neruda
in India.

In my hut in Old Delhi, at the "Swiss Hotel", that night Matilde sang for us "José Miguel Carrera" and "Manuel Rodríguez", with lyrics by Neruda and music by Vicente Bianchi. He did it "a capella". He closed his eyes, moved.

Then, we took some pictures. In a maharaja's robe, which I lent him, and in a Tibetan robe, a gift from Maharaja Kumar of Sikkim. He wanted the two of us to be alone, saying to Matilde, half jokingly, "You have no right to wear these outfits."

I got her an invitation from Indira Gandhi to tea at the Prime Minister's Residence, where she lived with her father. We sat there on the sofas in that spacious living room, which I knew so well, while Indira served tea in fine china cups,

She explained to us that in long and byzantine discussions in England *it* had been concluded that milk should be put first in the cup, and then the tea. The controversy involved experts *and* even the "Times" of London, and a consensus was finally reached: tea and milk mix much better and their taste is thus even, smooth and delicious. She had learned it at Lord Mountbatten's house, where she stayed on her visits to the Commonwealth metropolis, and at Buckingham Palace.

In memory of her, I always take tea that way. Neruda once made a curious statement. We were talking about Indonesia, where he had also resided, and when referring to those wooden figures, elongated like ~~images~~ of El Greco, said that he was their author, since he had inspired them during his visit to Jakarta. Indira stared at him in disbelief. I had also acquired some of these statuettes in Bali. I still have them.

Then we went out to the garden to see the tiger cubs, who played for a while at the feet of that Queen of Sheba who was Indira. Neruda and Matilde de los Angeles contemplated them with a certain distrust.

From the poet's visit to India something extraordinary came to me. He gave me a gift that he never really knew about. He was interested in touring antique dealers and

I provided him with my car and my driver, Michael,



Neruda told Indira Gandhi that he had been the creator of these statuettes from Bali. She looked at me and smiled.

to take him to Sundarnagar, to an acquaintance of mine. From that visit to the antique dealer he came back very excited. He had found there a Gandara Buddha head, in terracotta, more than two thousand years old. But they did not want to sell it to him, because it was reserved for my friend, the English High Commissioner, Malcolm McDonald, son of Ramsay McDonald, a great collector and expert in Hindu art. Change it to Antarctica!"

I have already told this story in "Adolf Hitler, the Last Avatar", of how I tried to acquire it without success and without insisting too much, because it was my English friend. But I left the antique dealer's store ready to obtain a head, if not better than that one, equal in value. And I went straight to the house of a Russian friend, married to an Austrian architect and also an art collector. I remembered that she had taken from the ruins of Kajuraho a superb head of Siva, which she did not dare to show, except to very few people. We had traveled together to those marvellous tern plos, when from there she took it. "Acausally", let us say with Jung, she was in the living room of her house discussing prices with an antique dealer when I arrived. As if out of the blue came my proposal to buy the Siva from her.

"-Five thousand rupees," I said.

"-Not so many," he replied, "I only need three thousand to acquire what this salesman is offering me."

And so I left with my wonderful treasure, the "Venus de Milo" from India, of which I have never stopped, until today....

I must rectify, because there was a moment when I thought I had lost him forever, my tantric God Siva, about whom I wrote many pages, trying to penetrate his secret, his mystery, his enigmatic expression! I gave him up along with my house in Colchagua, when I was going to colonize the Patagonian south, in an attempt to form an autarchic world there and to open my way to the entrances to the *Inner Earth*. Thus I have gone through the world exchanging dreams for other dreams... And I said goodbye to Shiva one night, together with a German cameraman, Gretel, who, moved, understood all that it meant to me. We were both standing in front of the stone head, the one who had traveled so many years with me, from India to Yugoslavia, to Austria and the Ticino, to Hermann Hesse's old mansion. That night it seemed

It was as if the face of a thousand-year-old rock, on which so many ancient suns and rains would have fallen, when it was part of a sacred body in the ancient walls of a tantric temple, opened its half-closed eyelids and something pierced us, like a sadness and a goodbye, as if it were telling me: "Until we meet again in the Eternal Return, in another Ronri a ...". And a cold air penetrated my heart ...

But what strange things! What a thousand agribusinesses! Siva was to return in this incarnation of mine, after several years of absence. He was more faithful than I was. Perhaps he realized my suffering, or perhaps he did not resist his own. And one day I saw Carlos Cardoen arrive at this house in Valparaíso, who received him together with my own age from Colchagua. He knew of the failure of my colonization of the Melimoyu. He was now climbing the stairs on his feet, carrying the heavy effigy in his arms. And he handed it to me saying: "It is yours, it was always yours, from the beginning; you have written such beautiful pages about it, that nowhere else can it be but with you ...".

This gesture commits my friendship forever with this young entrepreneur and promoter of culture, founder of museums and collector of the vernacular art of our America. What a great gesture and what a great human being! It is not easy in Chile, nor in the rest of the world, to find such a person. Only Oteiza and one other, a

German comrade, a submariner in the last war, Hans Loeper. He was very rich when he visited me in Colchagua. Today he has lost everything. Then, he also wanted to help me to fulfill my plan in the pre-polar Great South. And he bought me an original picture of

Adolf Hitler, to keep and protect it. He gave me a hundred thousand dollars. When my project failed, for the reasons that I will explain in the third and last volume of these "Memoirs", he also arrived with the painting in Valparaíso and returned it to me, without even thinking about the recovery of the money. And now
I was poor, like me...

Here are superior and great beings. There are in this world. And they come to visit us. For the work of the Alchemist produces its unfailing results: "Unique friends come to our aid; for they hear us a thousand leagues away. ..". They are sent to us by our comrades the Gods, those from the other side, those from "Beyond".



Head of God Shiva.
Carved in Kajuraho
more than a thousand
years ago. Back with
me.

Original painting
of Adolf Hitler.
Again in
possession of the
author. You can
see the similarity
of the alpine
mountain with the
Meli m oyu, of our
Patagonia.



From India, Neruda went on to China. From Calcutta he sent me a card, in which he told me about a meeting there with an old acquaintance, a beautiful lady Sen, if I remember correctly. And he declared: "I prefer incarnations to reincarnations...". Having to travel to Paris, to meet my sister Berta, I coincided with Neruda, who was returning from the Far East. We invited him to dine at the restaurant "La Colombe", typical and old, on the other side of the Seine, near the Ile Saint-Louis. And I did not see him again until the University of Concepción invited me to an "International Symposium", organized in great form during the rectorship of David Stitchkin and with the inspiration of the poet Gonzalo Rojas, a good, loyal and courageous friend until today, and of the influential communist ^{intelligentsia}. My name had been recommended by the painter Julio Escámez, illustrator of three of my books, who resided with me in India for a time and later in Yugoslavia and Austria. Writers, poets and scientists came from all over the world; also from common Russia.

nist. The main course would be, of course, Neruda.

Arriving in Santiago I went to visit him at his house in San Cristobal hill, "La Chascona", as it is called today. I immediately noticed the difference in his attitude. My encounter was not pleasant. I had not seen him since India and was expecting another reception. He was in bed, with Matilde. He started recommending me to read the communist newspaper, "El Siglo", which seemed to me a lack of respect, to say the least, from one writer to another. He immediately told me that the bronze cot where they rested had belonged to the Countesses of Sierra Bella. It was very beautiful, and I replied: "It belonged to one of my great-grandmothers. You must have bought it. I hope you paid what it was worth. And I left.

Recently I have come to know of a diary of the life of a Chilean who lived with Neruda in Burma. It is a manuscript and it tells very unfavorable things for this poet, revealing his selfishness and egocentrism.

My collaboration in the "Sim posium" was entitled: "A Message from South America". Carpentier, the Cuban novelist of "Los Pasos Perdidos", the Russian and Japanese representatives were present, with whom I had an interesting discussion. Neruda was not present.

I met him again at another Congress, this time in Yugoslavia. An International Meeting of Writers, in a beautiful place in the mountains. I traveled alone, driving my car. When I arrived I went straight to the hotel and did nothing to find him. I had learned my lesson. I knew he was coming with Matilde and the Central American writer, Asturias. I saw them in the Conference room, at his inauguration. I did not attend their press conference either. The Yugoslav writers invited me to a dinner, excluding him. They did not like him because of his Stalinism. When I asked them about him, they told me that they had not found him and that perhaps "he was lost in his greatness". These were their ironic words, which I still remember.

The next day, Neruda asked me to take him for a drive through the Yugoslavian countryside with Matilde and Asturias. I agreed. Suddenly, he suggested that we both stop and get out of the car. I thought he would have something important to tell me. But that was not the case. I just wanted to walk with him for a moment among the trees, with a very serious face. While I was talking about anything, I looked sideways towards the car, where Asturias had met Matilde. I understood, smiling: Neruda wanted this writer to think that we were both confiding to each other important diplomatic secrets about international politics, especially Yugoslavia, which he would transmit in the greatest secrecy to the Moscow "Politburo", to which he belonged as a paid member of the *Komirintern*.

That's what this man was like.

When Allende came to power and was awarded the Nobel Prize, appointing him Ambassador to France, I was kicked out of diplomacy. Then, my friend Indira Gandhi thought perhaps she could help me through Neruda and sent me a letter in which she congratulated me on the poet's winning of the Nobel Prize. "You, who have wanted this so much," she wrote me, making it up, for I had never cared, let alone talked about it with her. From Sui za I forwarded this letter to Neruda, at the Embassy in **Paris**, so that he would know Indira Gandhi's reaction to his success. She was now Prime Minister of India. She did *not* even acknowledge receipt.

HACIENDA "LA MARQUESA

In those years in Chile my generation was able to listen to the best music. Jaime Rayo, the poet, and Juan Despich, his friend and my friend, were studying violin. Together we would go to the Municipal Theater to listen to Zigareti, the Hungarian violinist, the cellist Cerutti and Dovrila Franulic, sister of Lenka, the journalist. Pablo Casals and the guitarist Andrés Segovia came to Chile. Antonio's Ballet and Margarita Xi rgú's Theater Company, with López Lagar, performed "Bodas de Sangre" and "Doña Rosita la Soltera", by García Lorca. Vicente Huidobro would take me to the dressing rooms to introduce me to the beautiful women in the cast. Meanwhile, the literary war continued in the newspaper "La Opinión", between the "Big Three", without respite or respite, with the coarsest epithets. The opponents managed to go to the newspaper to leave their diatribes so as not to meet each other, each one at his own time, which was sacredly respected.

However, Huidobro did not fare well. He must have said something very strong to Diego Muñoz, from Neruda's team and author of the book "De Repente". He hit him. Juan Emar told me that the scene was very painful. Vicente, on the other hand, explained that "suddenly" he saw a "detective" (Muñoz worked, or had worked in "Investigaciones") coming at him, with a tremendous smell of armpits that made him lose consciousness and fall to the ground.

And the violence did not stop there. I myself attended one afternoon a conference of the "huidobristas", in the honor room of the University of Chile, accompanied by Juan Despich. Eduardo Anguita was speaking and with him were Braulio Arenas, Teófilo Cid and Enrique Gómez Correa, the "mandragorists". I thought I heard him say:

"-Those ~~uneducated~~ barbarians, who know nothing about Europe...". I got up from my seat and interrupted him:

"-Who do you mean?"

"-To you, for his puestas," he answered me.

I went straight to where he was and threw a goal to him. Arenas, Cid and Gómez Correa rushed over to hold me down. I had dropped my hat. "Pass me the hat!", I said. And they passed it to me.

With a calm step I left the classroom, followed by Juan Despich.

This fact was reported in the press in those days. And it was

believed to have been a staged show. But it was not.

Alvaro Yáñez Bianchi ("Pilo") and his sister Flora f Florita) were children of Don Eliodoro Yáñez, lawyer, owner and founder of the newspaper "La Nación", located in "Lo Herrera". Distinguished public man, as it is said, together with my uncle Joaquín Fernández, he was one of the best Ministers of Foreign Affairs of Chile. If his President had not overruled him, the country would not have lost Patagonia, we would be great and we would have two oceans. On the other hand, the radical President Juan Antonio Ríos never betrayed my uncle Joaquín, who was able to stop Perón, neutralizing the limitless ambitions of the Argentines. Alas, for a very short time! The Chileans have no sense of Nationhood; locked up in their estates, in their inner valleys, they have let History pass them by, or over them, like a steamroller. In a word, they are cretins who have stolen their homeland. Since the misnamed Independence, Chile has had only two statesmen: Don Diego Portales and Don Gabriel González Videla. And the best Presidents have been those of the radical decade, paradoxically: Don Pedro Aguirre Cerd a, who claimed Antarctica for Chile; Don Juan Antonio Ríos, who supported my uncle Joaquín. And President González Videla, with his Minister of Defense, General Ramón Cañas Montalva, put a barrier to Argentine expansionism.

The story that I tell here began precisely with the formation of the Popular Front, which brought the Radical Party and its standard bearers to power in Chile.

Florita Yáñez, the daughter of don Eliodoro, a delicate writer, a fine, beautiful, charming woman, married to José Echeverría, received magnificently in her house, built by her son-in-law, the architect Fernando Castillo Velasco, nephew of Fanor Velasco, a bohemian character and very close to my family. Fernando was Rector of the Catholic University and Intendant of Santiago. He has never ceased to be my friend, with the old friendship, over ideologies and beliefs.

Alvaro Yáñez lived for long periods in Paris. He was very close to Vicente Huidobro and a writer himself. He signed himself Juan Emar. A strange, unique character, he collaborated with sporadic articles in the newspaper founded by his father. He bought

the estate "La Marquesa".

and gave it to the writer Eduardo Barrios, so that he could manage it. He went to live there with his second wife, Gabriela Rivadeneira, the "septembrist" painter. Eduardo Barrios was married to an older sister of Gabriela.

This hacienda was destined to become a meeting place for leftist writers from Chile and other countries, headed by Vicente Huidobro. All kinds of people would arrive and stay there. Very later I was a regular visitor, being able to relive the rural life of my childhood, now in a field of curlers, in the coastal mountain range, near the town of Leyda and Cuncumén, where all the roofs were made of totora or coihue and the "espinazo de yegua" was still played; that is to say, the harp. It was said that the name Leyda derived from the huaso saying: "Por aquí está 'léida' pa'l mar". To the north, "La Marquesa" was bordered by the estate of some ladies Mira, related to the Fernández Concha family and administered by a German nephew, Bernard Heussler, a staunch Catholic, who dedicated himself to promoting "missions" when he inherited the land.

To the south was "La Marquesa Chica", which belonged to Teresa Barros, a beautiful woman, daughter of Don Florencio Barros, owner at the time of the two haciendas and whose anecdotes and stories inspired Eduardo Barrios to write his last novel, "Gran Señor y Rajadiablos". Thus, his work as a farmer at "La Marquesa" may not have made him rich, but it did help him as a writer.

Teresa Barros had married a legendary character, Enrique Riveros, a film actor in Europe; he and his younger brother, Jorge, were of impressive masculine beauty, the former very similar to Rudolph Valentino, whom he had played in the movies in France. He dressed as a huaso like an actor, with the richest fabrics, daggers with pearl-shell handles and a pistol at his belt. With his lanky, athletic type and his swarthy face, with classical features and dark gypsy eyes, he was a typical "Roma Andalu za za", as García Lorca would say.

None of the writers of my generation, except Eduardo Anguita, were invited. There was a certain elitism among the inhabitants of "La Marquesa", the lords of the estate, who posed as leftists and "revolutionaries". Certainly not Eduardo Barrios, who made no secret of his traditionalism and his sympathy for Hitler, in those times before the outbreak of the Second World War. At

In another of my books I have already recounted the deep impression made on me by a discussion at dinner time in the large dining room of the hacienda. The annexation of Austria by the Third Reich had just been announced. Everyone was against it and so was I. Eduardo Barrios, with the sole support of Esteban Rivadeneira, his brother-in-law, had declared that Hitler was a genius. He was now in a corner and, having no other defense, he resorted to an argument that seemed extraordinary to me and left me meditating. To this day I remember it, with admiration. He said:

"-Well! Can't you understand that my sympathies are with Germany, because my mother was German?"

There was silence. And the conversation changed.

When Anguita stayed at "La Marquesa", we occupied the same room. We talked at length about the works of D.H. Lawrence, which impressed us both deeply, and about our friends who did not come here. About "Chico" Molina, Braulio Arenas, Santiago del Campo, Oteiza, Blanca Luz Brum. None of them, and here I also include Anguita, ever rode a horse. I think he was invited because of his wit and I was invited because I was Vicente's nephew and because Gabriela's mother, mother-in-law of Eduardo Barrios and Alvaro Yáñez, the owner of the house, knew my grandmother, Fresia Manterola. She was an austere lady, always dressed in black, distinguished, with the last name of Rodríguez. In truth, she did not go very often, because she did not fit in there.

I used to do my cabal gatas with my friend José Echeverría Yáñez, son of Florida, who lives today in a Central American country, where he is a professor of philosophy. He gave me asylum in his house in Santiago, after the war, when I was included in the "Black List" of the Anglo-Saxon allies. To his younger brother, Alfonso, who died prematurely, I owe the fact that I met my English translator, Professor Frank Mac Shane, in India. He sent him to me from Chile.

The games and jokes that Vicente Hui Dobro and Eduardo Anguita invented at lunchtime and in the presence of the farm foreman, a good-natured and naïve man of the countryside, were hilarious. Vicente would begin by pointing to a vase of white roses in the center of the table and addressing Anguita:

-
1. I learn of his recent death... "I have no friends left of my age," Herm ann Hesse used to *say* to me. I could say the same thing.

"-Look you, Eduardo, what pretty blue roses!" "-

What? If they are green, Vicente. ...".

"-Greens? You're crazy. They're blue..."

The foreman became neiwious, and looked everywhere.

Finally, unable to keep quiet, he exclaimed:

"-What do y o u say, gentlemen? If those dores are white."

Vicente and Anguita looked at each other, fi nguring paran surprise. Then-

the foreman.

"-White? Tell me, Anpuita, if they are green?" "-

How, Vicente, they are blue!"

The rest of us could hardly contain our laughter.

And then, both at once and turning to the foreman: "-Have you had your eyesight checked? Have you not thought of using

glasses? Man, you're wrong, very wrong. Look at you saying those glasses are white!"

The foreman would stand up, looking at all two of them with fear, as if he were about to drop dead; he would throw away his napkin and leave the room quickly, like the devil in the devil's own hands.

We were all thinking about what that good man would say about us, once we were in his house.

After lunch, Vicente would sit in the garden, under an oak tree and start auctioning trees. This auction lasted at least an hour, and prices went up and down among the "buyers".

Another game - and this one was at night, after dinner and in the large living room - was called "c!el asesino" (the killer). The lights were t u r n e d o f f and a stranger committed a crime, tapped on the shoulder someone he chose in the dark. The one who was touched in this way, said: "I am dead!" And he remained motionless, with one hand on the place where he had been touched; that is to say, on the "wound". The lights would come on, the door of the room would open and the detective would enter. The interrogations of the assistants began, until the murderer was discovered.

At that time Dr. Nicolai visited "La Marquesa". He wore a monocle and a pointed chinstrap. We were all afraid to play murderer with him, especially when he played that role. He took it so seriously that we were afraid he might actually kill. When he once tried to play alone, he hit the ball so hard that it came off the

horse behind the stick and he had to stay in bed for several days.
Sometimes we caught him in the

mornings peeking out the door of her room, wearing a long nightgown and with her monocle on, trying to discover some little cinnamon-smelling, quillay-scented plant.

Salvador Reyes, the author of "Lo que el Tiempo Deja" (What Time Leaves Behind), was also invited once. At the end of his days he wrote the prophetic book "Fuego en la Frontera", about the border problems with Argentina, which he knew very well for having been a diplomat. I do not believe that he was in "La Marquesa" more than once. He did not return.

Vicente Huidobro also liked to tell children's stories:

On a train there is a completely bald man and a child asks his mother: "Mom, why does he have a bald head? Another child who sees the sea and the waves for the first time: "Look, mom, the water is doing evil...".

He also said that the best way to cure a sore throat was to gargle with the word "Tinguiririca". One of those present answered that for prostate disease the sure remedy was to repeat twenty times the word "Chuchicamata" (he said "chuchi", not "Chuquicamata") combined with gulps of "culén" water.

Others who arrived: Cósar Copetta, "Paico" Cuevas and the psychoanalyst Dr. Ramón Clarés Pérez, a very interesting man, who, as the years went by, collaborated with me in the literary page of the National Socialist newspaper "Trabajo", with an article entitled "Psychoanalysis of the War".

Early one morning, Eduardo Barrios came to get us out of our beds to invite us to witness the spectacle of a colt riding. Vicente was visiting with Ximena. I remember that she wanted to go, but he did not allow her to go. Also passing through "La Marquesa" was a beautiful woman, Luz Rivas Freire, José Serrano Palma's wife and a Communist Party militant. We all went to the corrals. We arrived when the paddle was making its triumphal entrance, like a storm, and was going straight to where the mare in heat was standing very still. The spectacle was grandiose. The colt began to delicately bite the female's ankles, then her neck, exciting her to the maximum, to mount on her rump, with a thunderous noise and the fa was huge and erect. He penetrated her successfully, with no more than two movements he ejaculated, then he was left like a warrior in defeat.



Con el doctor Ramón Clarés Pérez y Gabriela Rivadeneira, esposa de Alvaro Yáñez (Juan Emar).

El escritor Eduardo Barrios vestido de huaso; el "Paico" Cuevas; el doctor Ramón Clarés; Esteban Rivadeneira; las hijas de Eduardo Barrios y el autor, en el Fundo "La Marquesa".



Juan Emar y Miguel Serrano en "La Marquesa".

The female, on the other hand, had remained static, without moving, throwing back her ears. The female, on the other hand, had remained static, without moving, throwing back her ears. That was all for her. She had won in this combat of the species, of the attraction *and* defeat of the hero, of the gale, of the paid relay, now turned into a rag, into a poor thing. He had fulfilled his mission. He was no longer needed, until he could see what he had to wear. He was taken out of the corral. And we left.

Luz Rivas had come on horseback from the houses. I had not. She invited me to get on the anca to take me. I accepted and jumped on. "Hold on to my waist," she said, "we are going to gallop".

She squeezed me to her. "Cuidado que no te vaya a pasar lo que al potro," she added with a clear and mischievous laugh.

That's what this woman was like. She was a fighter for her ideals, a vegetarian and a great lover. I think she is still alive. She had freckles, light eyes and hair; she looked like an Englishwoman, fascinating.

Pilo Yáñez was the strangest man of all those present and accounted for. He did not speak a word for days on end. He would get up for breakfast and sit at the head of the table. At lunch and dinner he continued in his silence. Occasionally he would get up with a fly swatter in one hand to go and squash a bug against the wall. His greatest concession was to laugh or guffaw at a joke by Anguilla or a "*trouoaille*" by Vincent Huidobro, his great Parisian friend. When the musician Acario Cotapos came and imitated the noise of the trains and the way of speaking of the Yankees, the Andalusians or the Argentines, he would come out of his silence to share games and sayings. He wrote a lot in his workroom, without showing his creations to anyone, until they appeared in two unexpected and surprising books: "Diez" and "Miltín". I published some of his stories in my "Antología del Verdadero Cuento en Chile" (Anthology of the True Story in Chile), which was to come out a few years later. At his death, he left a monumental work, which has not yet been published. A rare, extraordinary, unique creation

in Castilian literature. He died poor, ruined, like all the great lords of his time. Besides, he was completely alone".

This was not the landscape of the foothills of the farm of my childhood, nor that of Chillán, with the Andean peaks on the horizon and the great eagles tracing circles in the clear skies; But its gentle hills, which also announce the peaks of the Coastal Range and which are flooded with transparent light at sunset, with the great avenues and the smell of wheat fields, stables and hawthorns, pushed me to return to the roots of my homeland, to the bottom, beyond this thick layer of dirt, madness and mentality so alien to our true idiosyncrasy, to our deepest being. I do not know if any other of those present there would feel something similar. They were off-centered by the mirage of a France in which, after all, they did not fit, which considered them as "metecos", or in a "Belle Epoque" no longer existing. The poison of social doctrines that they did not quite assimilate, even when they propagated them as absolute truths, to the four horizons, had ended up by chaoticizing their *almas*, their blood and their instincts, together with a horrible avant-garde art. What a contradiction, for example, to see Vicente Huidobro Fernández, owner of the "Hacienda Llo-Lleo", of the "Viña Santa Rita", preaching Marx, Stalin and a social equality in which he did not believe in with his skin and which he did not confirm with his deeds and sayings.

I never saw him approach a peasant and talk on equal terms. On the other hand, I did see him get furious when I, following my father's example, would ride naturally through the fields, side by side with the *huaso* of the hacienda, conversing, inquiring, teaching and learning, forgetting the existence of Vicente, who had ridden away from us on his horse. Afterwards, he would chide me.

"-What are you conversing with that broken man, instead of talking to me about poetry!"

More than once I answered him:

-
2. "Umbral" has recently been published in five enormous volumes by the Biblioteca Nacional.

"-The real poetry is there."

I took very seriously, as always, that "social equality", preached by us in those days. As seriously as Luz Rivas.

But Vicente Huidobro excluded loved:

"It's a good thing we have Easter Island, because we could send all the broken people there. The wind blows in the direction of Polynesia and would carry the smell of paws over there...!"

Very similar to what, over the years, another contradictory character who became President of this unfortunate country would express: Salvador Allende. When he returned home after a popular rally, where he delivered his demagogic speeches, he would ask for a hot shower to be prepared for him urgently, so that he could "wash off the smell of the broken". .

A MEDIEVAL ARTIST

We agreed with Vicente to go out to "correr la liebre", at dawn. We would take with us hare dogs and a huaso de a uxiliar. Vicente rode a "baya" mare and I rode a red horse, with English saddles and tack. Vicente's fleeces were those that open at the sides; my boots were Cossack, with my father's riding breeches and a white linen blouse, in the style of the Russian mujiks, with a belt to hold a field dagger. I also wore the huasca with a silver hilt and the initials of my grandfather, José Miguel Serrano, which I still have.

We were going cross-country and in the direction of the sea. Soon, the hare appeared on the slopes of the hills and the dogs launched themselves, in exhalation, in pursuit of it. I nailed the spurs to my horse, let go of the reins and galloped off. The hare started up a hill at high speed, followed by the dogs. I was jumping over the ditches and thorns, and my horse was slowing down uphill. Vicente and the huaso galloped below, to close the hare's path once it was forced to descend to the plains.

On the way down, the hare loses its balance and rolls off the ground. The dogs catch up with it just as Vincent arrives to cut off the

past. The dogs had to be "huasked" so that they would not destroy it. The dogs had to be "chased" so that they would not tear it to pieces.

I will always remember the expression of Vicente Huidobro, off his horse, his hat on the ground, the huasca in one hand, wiping the sweat from his forehead with the other, collapsed in the depths of his being. He was too moved. He exclaimed: "-Let's get out of here! If this is 'lei da pa'l mar' let's go on then to my family's hacienda, to visit my Brother Domingo. We will bring him the hare as a gift...".

And we took that direction. Vincent marched all the time in silence, deep in thought.

We arrived at the Hacienda de Llo-Lleo shortly before noon, through those valleys and hills. We entered through the wide avenues. Vicente asked some tenants to tell his brother -who managed the family estate and lived there permanently- that he was coming to visit him with his nephew Miguel Serrano. We slowed down our horses to give the messenger time.

Shortly before reaching the houses, we heard anguished cries and the sound of a gallop. We saw an uncontrolled horse pass by, with a rider who was barely holding on to the saddle and who was shouting for help. It was the poet Diego Dublé Urrutia, Vicente's brother-in-law, whose horse had bolted and, in total panic, could not even manage to hold the reins. A little further on, he crashed to the ground. Some young members of the family and some farmhands came running from the houses to help him.

There was nothing we could do but watch the event. Some years later, I would become very close friends with Don Diego.

Dublé, a sympathizer of nationalism and a silent observer, I would dare to say shaken, of the "secret" of that family. He was also a good poet, who stopped writing after his death, becoming a sort of Christian mystic. I really regret not having spent more time with him to discuss. What he knew, he took with him.

Vicente used to say that his brother Domingo was "beautiful". And indeed he was a beautiful man. An artist in every act, in every gesture. The three brothers, Vicente, Domingo and Rafael (this last one



Domingo García-Huidobro, the sculptor.
Brother of Vicente.



"The Moon Travelers."
sculpture by Domingo García-Huidobro.

They were artists: Vicente, a poet; Domingo, a sculptor; Rafael, a painter. It must have been their mother, María Luisa Fernández Concha y Bascuñán, who pushed them along this path, through her genes.

Dominic was given to live an extraordinary life, that of a sculptor of the Middle Ages, in an anonymity that he would have wished total anonymity, fixing his works "*Admno me fixit*" and not with his name of this incarnation. He sculpted beautiful works, with a light that came from within the stone or wood of his choice; wishing only to be able to open a way, a space, a door to the light that the matter contained, accumulated within it; the light of the stone, of the wood. The Light of God there hidden and suffering, which ól, sculpting as if praying, would bring out to join it with this other light. To give more light to the light, to redeem the earthly light. And he did it almost in ecstasy, like the Blessed Angolic. He exhibited his works to the peasants of his estate, to the fishermen of San Antonio, or he donated them to the Jesuit convents, to the centers of Padre Hurtado, or to the hills of Llo-Lleo, where his Way of the Cross is located. A stone cloister was built in Tejas Verdes, with a *tower* and fountains surrounded by roses, with water lilies and lotuses over the water. In the afternoons a monk came there to play the flute and to enchant the doves. All the faces of the sculpted virgins were that of their mother. I think that those of Christ would be that of his grandfather, Don Domingo. The Virgin of the Fernández Concha Portal has the beautiful face of the Beloved.

And my uncle Domingo achieved what he wanted so much: total anonymity, because nobody knows today what a great sculptor he was. Domingo García Huidobro sculpted for God. Vicente would say that only for himself and for his own, because "he also knew that God does not exist".

I would say for his "I nexistent Flower", for his *EL*.

Very few times we saw each other in this life, but the relationship that was established between us was delicate and deep, I would dare to say more than with Vicente. There was something that resembled us. My aunt Clarisa Manterol had built a house in Tejas Verdes, a seaside resort created by Mr. Humberto Valenzuela, Director of the Department of Trust Commissions of Banco de Chile and where our writer friend Guillermo (Anuar) Atías also worked. I spent long periods of time there, next to the Maipo River and Las Rocas de Santo

Domingo. The sculptor invited me more than once to visit his cloister. In the stone tower he had coats of arms and weapons,



The mallet with which Domingo García-Huidobro used to carve. When, because of his age, he stopped doing it, he carved an angel on it and kept it.



The cloister of the tower of Domingo García-Huidobro in Tejas Verdes. Artist and Medieval craftsman.

because this feudal and mystic lord was also a Chilean pistol shooter. A Renaissance horn bre, or a Visigothic warrior of the Reconquest.

He spoke to me of Love, with a capital A, I think of *A-MOR*, and of the necessity of not realizing it in the flesh in order to make it lasting, eternal. As the years went by, he took me one day to see his workshop in Santiago's house. Vicente had already died. And he showed me a wooden sculpture, a kind of "es tela". Two almost opposite faces, of a woman with her head in the wind and of a man. "This is Vicente with his Ella," he explained. "That's how I imagine them, going through the skies. They are '*Los Viajeros de la Leno*'".

Where is that sculpture today? Perhaps Lolo Mujica García Huidobro, his niece and my cousin, who was Director of the Museum of Modern Art, has it some years ago.

When my book "*Ni por Mar ni por Tierra*" was published, I gave Domingo García Huidobro a copy dedicated to him. When he died, his son Juan brought it to me, telling me: "Keep it as a souvenir of that delicate friendship with my father".

Domingo studied painting with Juan Francisco Gonzalez, becoming his favorite disciple. He also sculpted it. The Art of truth, whether painting, sculpture, music, poetry or writing, will last forever, even if it is ignored in its time, or is realized at the gates of the end of the world. Those anonymous artists of the Gothic cathedrals, of the Hindu temples, of Tiahuanacu and of the Paleolithic caves knew it. The sculptors of the mohai of Rapa-Nui, or of the pyramids and the Sphinx knew it. Because he who has "touched" the Face of the Archetype rings a bell in the center of a closed Universe, producing a fatal, indelible and eternally valid effect, because the "Archetype is One and indivisible". And because he who works for Eternity, does so "from the deep and infinite faculties of man". Where only the Archetype rests, dwells. And the one who has arrived there is no longer called Dominic, nor Vincent, nor Michael. He has another unknown name, which will be revealed to him only when he is dead. Domingo will have been revealed to him by his great uncle, Don Rafael, after his death. To Vicente, his mother.

MOTHER

*"Oh, my blood, what
have you done,
How is postfi/e that you [seras
Siri will take you through the
distances, without thinking about
time.*

*"Oh, my blood,
Your absence is useless
Since you are in my heart, Since you
are the essence of my life.*

*"Oh, my blood,
A tearful uieie rolling. I'm
crying
Because I am the dead man who remained eri the cñimino,
Sweet depth of my **arteries**.*

*"Oh, my blood,
Toit in útil in ousencio.
Flower-pigeon, where are you now?
With the energy of your
wings And the tenderness
of your soul".*

(From Vicente Huí dobrol

Now we are entering another tower, there, in the park of the Hacienda de Llo-Lleo. Cobwebs hang on the door, which the boss forbids us to destroy. Domingo receives us in his shelter dressed as a huaso, a blue velvet jacket with ivory buttons, striped pants and a blanket of Cas tilla, velvety like an antique cloak. He discovers himself as he enters.

He has prepared a meal for the three of us. It is served by a huaso. He has also put on a record with Gregorian music. I cannot help but compare the atmosphere, this style, with that of "La Marquesa". The Hispanic tradition, vi rreinal, serious, solemn, dramatic, with that other one of foreign imitation, Frenchified,

socializing, where the past and the purity of the peasant is made a mola, that

declares that the color of the flower is what it really is. As if Vincent also notices it, when his brother Domingo passes him a sheet of paper with a poem by Michelangelo, in French, and asks him to translate it into Spanish, he tries to destroy the atmosphere, saying:

"-Since this poem refers to angels, the best way to translate it is in the outhouse. .. Tell me, where is the toilet? ...".

Domingo smilingly pointed it out to him. And Vicente translated Michelangelo's poem there.

Before Tejas Verdes was built, on the banks of the Maipo River, I used to spend time in what was called "La Boca", or mouth of the Maipo, crossing by boat to Las Rocas de Santo Domingo and the "Bucalemu" farm. He also visited "Lo Gallardo", where Inós del Río de Balmaceda, known as "La Momo", great friend and benefactor of poets and Nazi sympathizer, would live and die. There, in Santo Domingo, an "Inti huatana" is found, and it is thought that all this complex of large rocks is not natural and its aggregation, the result of a prehistoric work of man, as in Stonehenge, an observatory, a temple. The builders were forced to leave the site, ascending the course of the river to the heights of the Tin Guirica Volcano. They would give birth to what some researchers today call the "Maipo-Rapel archaic cave complex" (Jacques de Mahieu). In the Andean caves they painted on their walls. They are known as "The Painted Houses" and are found in the mountain ranges that extend up to the summits of my childhood home.

No more than fifty years ago, Llo-Lleo, San Antonio, Cartagena, Las Cruces, were places and towns visited by people who left the metropolis to rest and spend the summer. When the inheritance of his family was divided, with the Llo-Lleo Hacienda, Vicente Huidobro decided to keep a high land and a house on Cartagena. And it was there where he died and where his tomb is today, quite abandoned, unfortunately. Almost twenty years ago I went there to see him, in great solitude. A horse was grazing on the tombstone. I saw the date of his birth and of

his death in 1948. He was younger than I am now. I was there for a while thinking that in that place Eduardo Anguita and Braulio Arenas had shed their tears for their friend and teacher.

And Eduardo Anguita, "commissioned by Gonzalo de Berceo", the first *author* of a book in the Castilian language, "Los Milagros de Nuestra Señora", dedicates his "Mester de Clerecía" to Vicente Huidobro:

*"A fine emperor has died from the air.
Darkness is so great that it is not around.
The sories have been silent since the death
of the rosenor, who was among all the
greatest bird of all times.*

*"Altar Yóliez e Hiibrier e Vargas el pinclor,
Areiias e Rodríffuez, e i o, que soi menor,
loan Gris, Gerardo Diego e Ltpschiütz escul ptor,
loaii Lorreo, who doubles eú,scaro drum.*

*"Hi uiene ri su Cagliostro e su Cid Campeador,
La golon[ina aulla con tristura e pauor,
E ploran nicho.s omme by fight e by mistake. All
of them are conjured up by the Altazor.*

*"Dispónense a enterra he en [os sa de pastor,
Mas su cuerpo non /ioffon en nerigún rededor;
Anst faceri uri hueco con su forma e grossor.
E [incari in sepulcher cese hollow of love.*

*'liriceri te de Huidobro, mi hermano e mi señor,
Nort {agas la [az m ms/io por plazer mi dolor,
Nin Con partas lazerio con el n neil ro clamor,
If you are a great joy of music, the Saviour will melt you.*

*"The lark, the lark, the lark, the lark, the
lark, the lark, the lark, the lark,
the lark, the lark, the lark, the lark, the
lark, the lark, the lark and the lark.
One to another transpósaese commio fructa e
olor E iieriguno is broken nia fiere his modesty.*

*"Non luce e ri todo el prado [áisóri de rnós color,
Si óngel de rnós [requenzia, nì aire de mós
rigor. Cado bilbo amoroso uueía de alcor a alcor
Llenado yor la hrisa del estío caritor.*

*"El le dize cantigas a la Virgo de ariior,
Sowed in a new rose, as Altazor said; It
blooms next to the heat.
Se ariiainaritari in Elia siri rtiiedo min rancor.*

*"Mi Menor Jesuchristo, int Padre e Rederriotor,
lo ruego que me invites me to the concert maior,
Fagas en la mi carne plagas de grant dolor Ca
non est iristrumerit sin roturas de amor".*

From the depths of his land, Vicente answers him:

*"When the stones hear my footsteps
They feel a tenderness that eiisariclia them the
soul, They make furtive signs to each other and
speak low:
There approaches the good
friend The man of the
distances
Who is weary from so much death on his shoulder
From so much life in his chest
And I know where to spend the night".*

In Llo-Lleo, where I lived for several summers, I used to visit the house of Don Lisandro Santelices, who also owned a tower to look out over the sea. On its walls Luis Bernisone had written poems, he of "the trashy shadow of the wandering Jew who goes cursed". Also Santos Chocano and my friend Santiago del Campo. None of that exists anymore, for sure, and the house and the tower will have disappeared, as in Tejas Verdes the cloister of the "sculptor of the Middle Ages". A Regiment was installed there, from which Colonel Manuel Contreras left to take charge of the "DINA" when the military coup d'état took place in 1973. Before Tejas Verdes was built, I used to cross the dunes from Llo-Lleo to

go to the mouth of the Maipo to join the fishermen. With them I crossed the river in a boat and traveled

to Punta de la Culebra, I stayed with the peasants in their huts and fished offshore. In this way, I listened to their plight and learned about their joys and sorrows. I took seriously the struggle for the "rights of the poor" and shared, as far as I could, their dignified misery. That is the origin of my short story "La Lumbre de los Humil- des", which I published in "La Epoca Más Oscura".

So many years ago, the three of us returned, with Vicente Huidobro and the farmer on horseback. Crossing the same territories where we had come from, the soft hills of wheat fields, enveloped by the evening light. When we arrived at "La Marquesa", we unbuckled and went our separate ways, as the inhabitants of the houses had already retired to rest. But Vicente retraced his steps and came to my side. He looked at me fixedly and with a different voice, he spoke to me. "You know? This is the last time I go hunting hares. I never you will see me in this again. Those poor little animals have their eyes bulging and round from the terror of the dogs and the men who chase them and tear them apart. Never, never again!...!"
I can still see his pale, changed face.

AM I A MARXIST?

Enrique Riveros drives me in his car from Santiago. We are invited to "La Marquesa" to a country lunch in honor of some famous Spanish Republican politicians, visiting Chile. First we will go to "La Marquesa Chica" to change clothes and vehicle. We will go on horseback to lunch. In the meantime, we have entered the dirt road and the car gets into some holes and jumps.

"Don Florencio Barros, my father-in-law, advised that holes, like women, should be grabbed in the middle"....

And Enrique Riveros laughs out loud.

We arrive when the diners are already seated at long tables under the trees in the park. I think we make a strong impression with our arrival on horseback to that place. Riveros, in his "huaso de película" attire, and I as a young "mujik", or Russian prince. í "The Idiot Prince", Huidobro would say). Very appropriate, because the guests are the Spanish socialist leader, Indalecio

Prieto and the lawyer, also a socialist, Osorio y Gallardo, both of them very relevant in the events of the Spanish Civil War. Indalecio Prieto, a great orator, would deliver a speech in the National Stadium of Santiago, completely full. He was of a spectacular corpulence -a fat man-. Now they made room for me to sit near him. Osorio y Gallardo was a serious man, with a pointed beard and gray hair. Indalecio Prieto recounted the events of that terrible war and he did it with objectivity, without partisan passion, although excited. I don't know why it seemed to me as if he was addressing *me*. He was talking about none other than the head and founder of the Spanish "Falange":

"José Antonio Primo de Rivera was a brave, noble and intelligent man. In lists that are known to organize his Ministries, if it had succeeded, it has been found to include my name. ... We did not want to execute him when we captured him, and we proposed an exchange to Franco, but he refused.... In front of the firing squad he refused to have his eyes covered. And he gave his coat to his jailer.... Also Ramiro Ledesma Ramos, another fascist,

but more Nazi than Fascist and Catholic, he died courageously, declaring that he would choose the manner and the hour of his death. He threw himself on top of a guard

It was rare to snatch the rifle from him, knowing that he would be riddled with bullets on the spot? He was more Hitler's friend than Mussolini's...".

These statements of the republican leader espariol, socialist and mar-

The "m xist, they were destined to make a great impression on me.

Tomb of Primo de Rivera.

The time came when Vicente Huidobro prepared his trip to Spain, to "fight". He could not be less. Intellectuals and writers from all over the world joined the republicans and Marxism. From France, André Malraux, who had already been in the Chinese Revolution, writing his book "La Esperanza"; from the United States, Hemingway, who would publish "For Whom the Bell Tolls". From South America, several more would go; from Chile, Neruda, Juvencio Valle and Vicente Huidobro. One day he told me: "I invite you to go with me to Spain, to fight for that great cause, against Fascism".

For the first time, I entered into doubt and hesitation. I gave myself time to answer him. And I thought: "What am I going to do there, fight on the side of the Marxists? Am I a Marxist? Do I know what Marxism is? I am now with these horrible people, and I am there for my friend Hóctor Barreto, murdered by the Nazis, as he could have been by the rustlers, or by the same socialists, if he had happened to be on the other side. As if in a film, the people I had known all that nightmarish time passed through my mind: Montero-Ravines, Casona, etc., plus those of the "La Marquesa" farm. Only Blanca Luz and Oteiza were saved, because they were sincere and did not use Spanish politics and tragedy to obtain personal renown and glory. Vicente himself prepared his trip as a literary operation, of his "Creacionism". That is to say, everything would be invented, from the beginning to the end, as he would later do during World War II, when he returned saying that he had entered Berlin with the troops of General de Lattre de Tassigny and brought with him Hitler's telephone. Earlier he had sent Ximena, his wife, a telegram, through an International News Agency, announcing that "the poet Vicente Huidobro had died fighting at the front". Similar to the story he told me, perhaps inventing it, of one of our ancestors who had been laid alive in a coffin, in his house in "Las Condes", to know the reaction of his wife. Pure surrealism, madness, madness, madness, which disgusted me because it was an insane game with the great dramas of our generation and of history. Neruda was doing the same and so was Malraux, for sure, and all that troop of adventurers of the left, used and used with skill by a secret and hidden hand, which did not show its true name and origin.

Being still so young and inexperienced, I was beginning to open my eyes and realize what a game I was in danger of getting involved in.

And I said no to Vicente.

I decided to take advantage of that time studying the doctrine of Marxism, for which I concentrated in my room in the house on Vicuña Mackenna Interior, with a view at that time of the snow-capped peaks of El Plomo, La Paloma and San Ramón. As I have already said, I read Bukharin's "Historical Materialism"; then Marx's "The Capital" and Prenan's "Biology of Marxism". Along with these, Max Scheler's "Theory of Values"; Keyserling's "South American Meditations". I also read Hegel, Kant, Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. In fact, I reread them. And then Marxism appeared to me as a doctrine for the ignorant and uneducated, an ill-intentioned simplification and distortion of History and of the branch of Humanity. An explanation for the weak brains of the great masses and a weapon to be used by minorities thirsty for power and filled with an unconfessable hatred for tradition and the nobility of blood and lineage. If people like Vicente Huidobro also provided themselves with all this, it was one more proof of the indisputable decadence of the times, analyzed by Spengler, whom I also reread. Characters like Huidobro always appeared in these limit situations; in the French Revolution, with "Felipe Igualdad" and in the Russian, or Bolshevik, with Tolstoy. For one reason or another they would betray their origin, without really helping anyone, since the "revolt of the slaves" only uses them, without really needing them. The case of Huidobro would be the best proof of this. The "revolution" got rid of Neruda, leaving him aside, I would dare say despising him. He returned here quickly from Spain, to arrive before Neruda, and organized his own hero's tribute; "in chiquito", so to speak: A dinner in a restaurant in downtown Santiago, with his poet disciples and young followers. He distributed some sheets of paper printed with a song that he claimed had been composed and dedicated to him by the militia in Spain. He had clearly written it himself. And he taught them to sing it, pitifully intoning it. It went something like: "Here comes Vicente Huidobro, the poet, to help us fight. Now we will win! ...". And he showed a photocopy with Mal raux.

Shortly after, Neruda arrived and the demonstration was grandiose, organized by the Communist Party at the National Stadium.

I came out of my retirement and readings converted into an anti-Marxist. It was then that I published the "Antología del Verdadero Cuento en Chile" (Anthology of the True Short Story in Chile), published by myself at Im prenta Gutenberg, owned by a good friend, Jim énez, and with the cover of the di bujante "Al hué". I selected stories by Anguita, Braulio Arenas, Teófilo Cid, Juan Tejada, Anuar Atías, Pedro Carrillo, Carlos Droguett, Adrián Jiménez, Juan Emar, Héctor Barreto and myself. This "Anthology" was destined to produce a great commotion in the Chilean literary environment and also in Argentina and Mexico, from where Alfonso Reyes, a fine critic and thinker, wrote to me. Here, the critics turned against such a revolutionary appearance. Alone, besides writing in "El Mercurio", spoke on the radio, saying that, as in a soccer team, we were eleven inergu less.

And something I have never said until now: I had great difficulty in financing the edition. I decided to write a letter to the President of the Republic at that time, Arturo Alessandri Palma, asking for his help, as a contribution to the culture and solidarity with the new generation of writers f only Juan Emar did not belong. He answered me, excusing himself. He did it through the "criol lista" writer Luis Durand, an excellent person, whom he had as his private secretary to answer and write his letters before.

AM I A FASCIST?

Great polomicas of those years. Even with Carlos Droguett and Salvador Reyes (he signed "Simbad"), in the magazine "Hoy". Vicente Huidobro attacked me with a violent article, which outraged even my aunt Clarisa, being so Frenchified, therefore "huidobrista". I think Huidobro lost control, perhaps because he was not included in the "Anthology". Thanks to the journalist De Luigi, from the newspaper "La Hora", he moderated my answer, which I ~~thank~~ him greatly to this day. I was telling him that in my

My family had "taught me to respect older people and that's why I didn't send him the godparents. And because he was my uncle..."

I felt Vincent breathe a sigh of relief. That was how he was when he was exalted, capable of transforming himself into an unknown being. When I was collaborating with the Nazis and writing in the newspaper "Trabajo", he sent me an anonymous letter. I have only received another similar one, from President Arturo Alessandri Palma.

In spite of the many years that have passed, I have thought about this many times, trying to penetrate the meaning and sense of such an act, in order to understand the true personality of its authors. The anonymous letters resemble each other, and therefore those who sent them must have much in common.

I prefer not to say more, not to go to the bottom of this issue. Leave it here.

Pablo de Rokha also attacked me violently. He published an article in his newspaper "Multitud", June 24, 1939. He titled it "Los Tres Chanchitos" (The Three Little Pigs), alluding to a "comic" very popular at that time, where "three little pigs" appeared as central characters. He directed his diatribes against Rubén Azócar, author of "Gente en la Isla"; Lautaro Robles, of "Crónica Policial", and Miguel Serrano, of "Antología del verdadero Cuento en Chile". The third "chanchito" was me. Besides, he accused me of being a fascist.

And it was the latter that really touched me.

Was he, by any chance, a fascist without knowing it?

He knew nothing about Fascism, which he had attacked so much. Perhaps had come the time to have to study it.

I AM NAZI

At the Barros Arana boarding school, on the advice of my friend Guillermo Tapia, I had acquired a book about Hitler, written by two authors, which I had never read. Now I decided to do so. I also reviewed other writings on Mussolini and Fascism. But what really interested me, and became a transcendental discovery, was the economic theory of Nazism, especially after my reading of "Capital" and "Historical Materialism", with its postulates of Class Struggle. Hitler's abolition of *interest on money* was really the Columbus Egg. That was all there was to it, there was no need to give it any more thought. This was a brilliant discovery,

which transformed the whole subject. From the

In the most distant times of man, since Iskander and his conquests of half the world, and even before, someone had invented interest and usury, apparently as a means of facilitating the transport of treasures and species, of the spoils of warriors: the bill of exchange, the promissory note, with an interest or "commission", thus transforming the currency, money, gold, into the main product or merchandise, above raw materials and barter. And from that interest, or commission, the parasite who had invented it began to live, without working, without producing anything. Money, gold, reproduced itself with *interest*, in lending and in "service". From there we arrive at the modern bank. And no one, no economic system, neither liberal nor Marxist, put an end to money interest; on the contrary, they confirmed it. Only one, the National Socialist. When necessary, it returns to the barter system and Germany offers Chile "Junker" kitchens, automobiles, valuable articles of its industry, in exchange for copper and saltpeter. The dinem is only a means of facilitating the exchange. Moreover, within the *Third Reich* prices are fixed once and for all, so that the phantasmagoria of inflation, an endemic evil of capitalist and monetarist societies, comes to an end. Taxes are abolished, as a means of financing the State, because production, growth through work, makes possible a healthy emission without inflation. And Hitler says: "If I lend you a closet, you give me back the closet, not a closet and a half. But if a bank in America, or in any other country, lends you a hundred dollars, you have to pay him back a hundred and fifty, and on that fifty the parasite, the usurer, lives...". He made the *Labor Value* replace the Gold Standard, so that "the worker in Germany would feel better than a king in another country." The workers had free vacations, in big ships that transported them to see the world and taste the differences. The youth lived and studied in the forests and Hitler himself designed a car for the people, the *Volhswagen*, which after sixty years still runs and which the worker paid for with five marks a week and without interest. The woman received a salary at home for her work at home and the education of her children, and a prize for each new birth. There was socialism, but national (National Socialism), without class struggle, but class collaboration. Socialism consisted in putting the interest of the community above the interest of the individual, or of a group of individuals, so that if buses, for example, polluted a city,

buses were abolished and another means of transportation was installed for the benefit of all.

In those days, two Chilean socialists who had been scholarship holders in Germany and studied there with the philosopher Heidegger had to return to Santiago. One was the poet Humberto Díaz Casanueva and the other, Francisco Olivares, an absolutely sincere man, who declared to me:

"-You can't imagine what that is. No more of our socialism, a pure deception. In Germany there is true socialism. I have in my mind's eye the young people with their drums, going out into those hills and forests in the mornings, with their books and their teachers guiding them. It is a vision of Paradise. Also of the "Paradise of the Proletariat".

Since the death of Héctor Barreto, I had had to deal with Nazism, more with Chilean Nazism than with German Nazism, but only in its external aspect, in its street and political activity. And I had attacked it by making use of the "clichés" and set phrases that were profusely used among left-wing militants and in the liberal and socialist press. However, I had not ceased to be struck by the fact that both the left and the political right in Chile and the world entered into a curious alliance to combat Fascism and Nazism, resulting in the appearance worldwide of the so-called Popular Front, first in France and Spain and then in Chile. Apparently an invention, a strategic plan of Marxism-Leninism to combat Fascism, it turned out to be, instead, an intelligence maneuver of capitalist imperialism, in connivance with Moscow, as I was given to discover in the case of Chile. What was, then, this Nazi-Fascism that made the two extremes of the world political spectrum come together secretly to end the threat, considered deadly?

And what was it, in fact, that was threatened and in danger of extinction? Undoubtedly, the interest of capital and the very life of the parasite, with its entire system of world exploitation.

This discovery was an illumination for me, and it plunged me into absolute loneliness. With whom could I talk about it? Who would understand me? No one among my friends, not even my family. Paradoxically, I thought that the only one who would have been prepared for it would have been Héctor Barreto, because of his conception of the classic hero, of the heroic life and of the heroic life.

And he had been killed precisely by the nazists! This led me to immobility, not being able to betray him by showing my sympathies or revealing what I had just discovered.

I did not speak to anyone, not even to Blanca Luz. When one day the doorbell rang at the door of my house and I met, point-blank, the unexpected presence of Gorka Oteiza, who came again from Argentina to introduce me to his wife Ixiar, and we fell into each other's arms in an emotional embrace, I did not have the courage to talk to him about my transformation. And the truth is that I have never done it in depth until today, because I have not had the "soul time" and only physical time to enjoy our friendship, which does not need explanations, because it is rooted in the imperishable. And there are "reserves of time" to be able to converse... On the other hand, I did speak to Blanca Luz and she not only understood me, but she approved of me and was with me and with Chilean nationalism in the crucial moments, which were already approaching....

For some years, political movements inspired by Italian Fascism and German Nazism had been appearing in various countries of the world, each maintaining the characteristics of its own idiosyncrasy, plus the unmistakable style of Roman or Teutonic origin in their uniforms, their songs, their emblems and their warlike and manly attitude. In Spain, Primo de Rivera's Falange leaned towards Mussolini's Fascism, Ledesma Ramos towards Hitler's Nazism; also in Chile, because of our racial type, Visigothic and Araucanian Over "Raza Chilena", by Nicolás Palacios), and the German immigration from the south. To the Chilean case would refer, in his time, Oswald Spengler, in "Years of Decision" (to the families of "Marrano-Sephardic" origin), and C.G. Jung, to the Germans of our south, in articles or interviews. In the First Volume of these "Memoirs" I have told how even the Chilean "National Falange", that is, the Christian Democracy, takes its first name from the Spanish one and is inspired, under cover, by Fascism. I have related there a conversation with Eduardo Frei Montalva on the subject. The Socialists uniformed their supporters and their shock forces for the street battles, which in Chile they held with the Nazis. At

Valparaíso, led by the young Salvador Allende Gossens. In the south, German descendants wore the uniform of the "National Socialist German Workers' Party", sang their songs and unfurled the flag with the Levantine Swastika. Their youth would form the "*Hitler Jugend*". General de Avia- tion Matthei, later member of the 'lunta that governed Chile after the Military Coup, also belonged to this Institution as a young man. General Stange's father, Commander in Chief of the Carabineros and member of the Junta, was put on the Black List after the war, as I was. And the same happened to General Augusto Pinochet's father, in Valparaíso.

There is a copy of the magazine "*Zig-Zag*" of those years devoted entirely to Hitlerist Germany and showing what was the favorable atmosphere in all the main cities of Chile at that time. But it was Chilean Nazism, formed by Chileans and led by a Chilean-German half-breed, Jorge Gonzalez von Marées, that was really destined to catch my attention. It was composed of people from all classes, mainly from the people and the middle class. And there were also aristocrats there, in total union and brotherhood with those who were not. In the same way, the young people of German descent felt absolutely Chilean, immersed in the history of this homeland and its legend. To the Chief, González von Marées, it happened the same thing and he stood out for his manliness, his courage, his direct language, his hatred to the lie and his love to the truth, what he demonstrated in all the acts of his life, happening to be for it a unique phenomenon in the politics of this Country and, perhaps, of the world. When the death of Barreto, in which he had nothing to do, because it was so fortuitous, he assumed the responsibility defending his people until the last. Later, he should confess to me how sorry he was for that tragic event.

Chilean Nazism attacked head-on political liberalism and capitalism, represented by the government of Arturo Alessandri Palma, at the same time as Marxism and the class struggle, placing itself above the division of left and right, which to this day reigns as a slogan and dogma of democracies. He had taken three delegates to the Congress, one of them the Chief himself, von Marées, where they were fighting pitched battles. On May 21, 1937, they placed jeards in the trees at the entrance to the Congress building, which they detonated by control.

The President was entering to read his annual Message to the Country. And already in the Plenary Hall, González von Marées drew his pistol and fired a bullet into the ceiling. The scandal and confusion were enormous. Everyone rushed against the Nazis and the Chief was beaten by several of them. The police were called and von Marées barricaded himself in one of the rooms of the building. Curiously, he was defended by his greatest enemy, the deputy Gabriel González Videla, who, in turn, was beaten and thrown to the ground by the carabineros.

The Popular Front had not yet come to power and the presidential elections of 1938 were being prepared, with one candidate from the Front, the radical Pedro Aguirre Cerda, and another from the ruling party, Gustavo Ross Santa María, Alessandri's Minister of Finance and a speculator in the international stock markets, having almost always resided in Paris. He was the standard-bearer of the money oligarchy in Chile and, barring a miracle, he would be the next Ruler of this country. Nazism and the left were fighting against him, each on their own side. The Nazis had lifted the candidacy of General Carlos Ibáñez del Campo, who, more than a decade before, had seized power, being forced to resign in 1931. He had tried to make a different government in Chile.

I remember today the impression that those young Nazis caused me, marching through the main streets of Santiago, with their flags with the colors of the "Old Fatherland" and a lightning bolt crossing them, as if they were the Germanic Runa *Steg*, with their brown uniforms, their caps and their belts with a heavy bronze buckle (a deadly weapon in street fighting), also with the lightning bolt, as if they were the SS. In front, in a motley and battle-hardened group went the hierarchs, surrounding the Chief: Mauricio Mena, Carlos Keller, Javier Cox, Gustavo Vargas Molinare, uncle of Dr. Jorge Vargas -who is still loyal to the Nazismo-, Angel Guarello, Oscar Jimónez Pinochet, César Parada, Luis Correa Prieto, Ruperto Alamos Santa Cruz, Alfredo Leplaza, Guillermo (Willy) Ramírez and others who escape me. There were also members of these marches who came from Valparaíso, very young, like Julio Velasco and Juan Diego Dávila, among them. And it was beautiful to see them passing by, filling the street, from side to side, with their bands and their virile songs, their enthusiasm and the clarity of their faces and expressions. Also those who went out to sell the newspaper "Trabajo" and they were

shouting it as if giving a military order:



The Chief, Jorge González von Marées, at the top right, Carlos Keller, at the far right, Mauricio Mena, at the far left.



Forest of Nazi flags.



Nazi war band.

"Work! Work! Work!". People looked at them with growing sympathy and admired their infectious courage and idealism.

And that was how that last day arrived, before the catastrophe that would change forever the history of this mysterious, "sacred and penitent" Homeland, as Gorka Oteiza used to say. Nothing foreshadowed it; however, for the very few who are still alive, among whom I count myself today, it was being prepared silently and secretly, like the World War itself, from the dark centers of power on Earth.

González von Marées and Ibáñez also suspected that the elections were going to be fraudulently managed by Alessandri, in order to hand over the government to Ross Santa María and thus perpetuate the dictatorship of money in Chile and its dependence on foreign Imperialism. Apparently, both decided to anticipate events and stage a coup to overthrow Alessandri and then call for free and fair elections. This is what was said. What would have really happened we will try to imagine later, as we try to penetrate this obscure mystery. Ibáñez would have secured the Army's commitment to the goal and, for this purpose, a contact was chosen: Colonel Caupolicán Clavel Dinator, a Freemason. Thus, if the Nazis had really had any knowledge of world history and any more serious contact with their German counterparts, they would never have embarked on this fatal adventure, in which they had already been betrayed before they started.

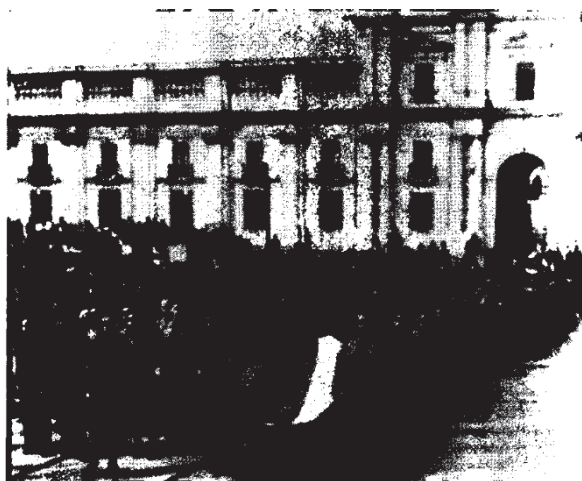
The day before the coup, a march of Nazistas and Ibañistas took place in Santiago. It was called "Victory March", precisely in commemoration of the Military Movement of September 4, 1924. It was something incredible, never seen here. Nazis came from all parts of the country. The ranks and uniformed platoons had not yet finished leaving the Central Station, in the Alameda, when others had already arrived at the Plaza Italia, next to the statue of General Baquedano. The squads each brought their war bands; militants from the south were also parading on horseback. Martial songs filled the diaphanous air of that ancient Santiago of 1938. On a platform, the Chief, González von Marées, with his arm raised and in uniform, looked impassively, with a stern face, as his young troops passed by. Ibáñez, inscrutable and surely afraid of what he was seeing, would prefer that nothing of what had been prepared would happen and that things would remain as they were within the system to which he belonged.



Abanderados nazistas.



Nazistas marchan con sus perros.



Nazi women in uniform, in front of La Moneda.

by adherence and affiliation. Instinctively, he did not like this, that totally new youth in Chile and in the world. It would be better not to alter the Destiny already traced by the "Fathers of the Masonic Fatherland", by the dark "Weight of the Night" and of the centuries.

THE HECATOMBE

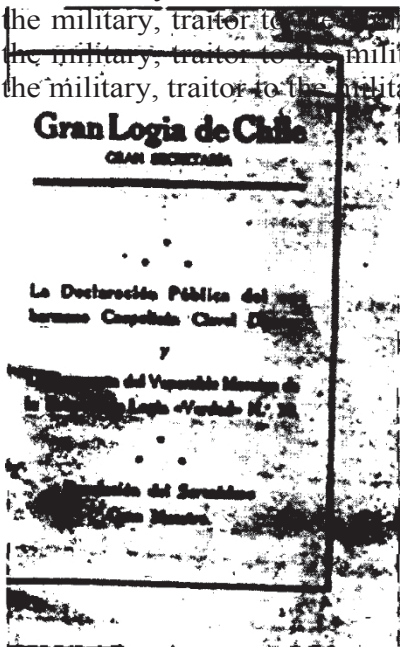
What led Gonzalez von Marées to precipitate the coup and launch himself into the adventure of that September 5, 1938? All the questions that we can ask ourselves about those dark facts, perhaps they will only find answers in the "A#ósico Memory" of the Eternal Return, where we will be given the chance to *know*. Everything is recorded there, even the secret dialogues, the shady agreements, the murderous orders.

[illegible]

to the Army, a political traitor. And expels him. The publication, in my possession, is dated 1941.

Carlos Keller, the second man in the leadership of the Chilean Nazis- mother Jorge Gonzalez von Marées, of German origin, told me his version of events. I will refer to it later. He was the only intellectual of weight in the

He was the only Germanic-minded and cultured intellectual of any weight in the



Leaflet with the expulsion and
Masonic accusation of
Caupolicán Clavel.

He is also the author of a novel about the mythology of the Sel K'nams and about the Taoist sage Chuang-Dsi, as well as a novel about the drama of September 5, in which he gives his opinion about the events: "La Locura de Juan Bernales" (The Madness of Juan Bernales). Juan Bernales is Jorge González von Marées. Carlos Keller was the only one who knew Rosenberg's book, "The Myth of the 20th Century", and "My Struggle", in its original German version. It is even possible that he had read Hermann Wirth. Well, Carlos Keller was left out in the decision of the tragic asonada. Jorge Gonzalez had read little and his culture went as far as Spengler, whom he approximated to Maquiavelo, in his positivism, his rationalist pessimism, his "Prussian political realism" and the Will to Power. That was as far as he went, without paying attention or believing that the weapons with which his enemies fought him surely included -already in those times- psychotronics and the black magic of the lodges, which would soon lead him to total political upheaval.

In my book, *"Adolf Hitler, the Ultimate Autocrat"*, I have also referred to these facts, asking myself whether Jorge Gonzalez had not perhaps taken into account the recent history of the National Socialist and Fascist Movements in other countries, in their relationship with the professional armies, of a liberal and institutional nature, where they always fared badly, being destroyed. The case, already referred to, of the Spanish "Falange", where Franco was responsible for the execution of José Antonio Primo de Rivera; the "Integralismo", of Plinio Salgado, in Brazil, liquidated by General Getulio Vargas; "The Iron Guard", with General Antonescu and the assassination of Codreanu. Von Marées could have feared something similar, had he not been directly responsible for the coup. And surely the conflict with General Ibanez would have been inevitable, in any case. Hitler himself was betrayed by the Prussian generals, whom he trusted to the end, because they had sworn loyalty. But the bond that united them for centuries to Freemasonry (Frederick the Great himself was a Freemason) was stronger. Also General Augusto Pinochet liquidated all remnants of Nationalism and Nazism in his government, serving international capitalism, legalizing usury in Chile and favoring Imperialism and its hidden and secret Center. His links with Freemasonry have never been broken. Moreover, they cannot be broken; one only enters "in sleep", to use its language, its symbolic code. And this even though General Pinochet himself may not have known or

believed it.

Never in Chile and in the world) has a military coup been carried out without the secret backing of the Hidden and World Power. Chile was not going to be an exception, in 1938, even less so if it was carried out by the Nazis, whom it had already been decided to liquidate in the most drastic way and forever.

Taking into account all this, plus the traumatic experience of Ibañez in 1931, when he was overthrown, the nationalist coup of September 5, 1938 was a total madness, a diabolical trap into which they were precipitated as if by hypnosis.

And it is shocking to discover something like a recurring archetype in the terrible event and in the extremely cruel way in which it is carried out, as if it were the fulfillment of a ritual sacrifice in honor of a monstrous and bloodthirsty God. It is the *Feast of Piirirri*, with the beheading in a single night of more than ten thousand Persians, in Iran, two thousand six hundred years ago; it is the "Slaughter of the Innocents"; it is the bombing of Dresden; it is Sabra and Chatila; it is the Nuremberg trial and execution and it is the persecution and imprisonment of any Nazi survivor in the world; it is the murder of Rudolf Hess in Spandau prison; it is the destruction of the Croats, Bosnians and Serbs in the former Yugoslavia, of the Chechens in the former Soviet Union, and of the Kurds. The same sadistic hatred and cruelty.

As we have already said, Chile could not remain on the sidelines. Here everything is repeated as in a concave mirror, enlarging, deforming itself. The Chilean Naziism could not fail to have its "Putsch" of Munich; but monstrous, vesanic. The hand that propitiated it would be the same that liquidated the best of an English youth in the cavalry charge of Mons and Charleroi and at Gallipoli, during the First World War; denouncing in advance these military operations to the enemy, the same objective was pursued: to destroy the positive leaders of a new generation so that the power would continue in the same expert and satanic hands, leading the nations along the path already traced beforehand, in a remote and equally controlled past. If that youth had not been annihilated, perhaps the Second World War, calculated in the centuries and necessary to advance a giant step in the implantation of total planetary slavery, would not have taken place. And the same in Chile, with the destruction of the best of a generation of pure idealists, who only aspired to give their lives for the sake of the world.

his homeland, "when the occasion arose", as the Nazi song of the "*Machit ún*" used to say.

Only "the occasion" was wrong. And it was a trap.

RITUAL SACRIFICE

Monday, September 5, 1938 was clear and transparent, as the days of Santiago were in those years. It always happens with great events, whether of men or of Nature; nothing announces them on the surface, rather they veil them. At 12:45 p.m., shortly after noon, the Nazis took over the building of the "Caja del Seguro Obrero", on Moneda and Morandé streets, in front of the Intendencia and within pistol range of La Moneda, the seat of the Presidents of Chile. The Seguro Obrero was a sort of gray cement tower, with a narrow staircase that made it impossible to advance to the top floors if someone barricaded himself there. And so it was, indeed. The carabineros were unable to go beyond the fourth floor, being fired upon from the fifth and sixth. Simultaneously, another group of Nazis took over the University of Chile, in the Alameda, taking the rector hostage.

The Commander in Chief of the Army was General Oscar Novoa and that of the Carabineros, General Humberto Arriagad. They immediately joined the President, Arturo Alessandri Palma, while General Bari was in charge of directing the actions of the Army. So at 2.30 in the afternoon the Tacna Regiment went into action, surrounding the buildings and firing an artillery piece against the entrance gate of the University of Chile, which collapsed. The troops entered and put an end to the resistance of the group of young men and took them prisoner. There were wounded and blood. The carabineros took care of them. The photograph of these boys, walking with their arms raised on Morandó Street and looking at the Seguro Obrero building, where their cameras still resisted, is a document of history.

Unfortunately, at the Caja del Seguro Obrero, things took a different turn from the start, giving it a fatal tinge. A policeman standing at the door tried to prevent the Nazis from entering by drawing his revolver. And he was killed. But not even this can justify the homicidal fury of the acts that would put an end to the Drama.

From noon until the night of that fateful Monday, September 5, the guns did not cease firing against the "Tower of Blood", as it would later be called. All kinds of weapons, from pistols to rifles and machine guns. There was the conviction that the artillery of the Army would also be used, as in the University. In addition, all kinds of people were shooting. There is a photo published by all the newspapers and magazines in the following days, showing a civilian with the profile of a bird of prey and with the surname Droguett, pointing his gun at the Seguro building. This person would also later take part in the massacre, giving orders. Who was he and what was he doing there?

I have always placed special emphasis on this mysterious personage, whose presence has never been clarified and which I link to the also mysterious publication of a book by the leftist writer Carlos Droguett, later winner of the National Literature Prize in Allende's time. The work is entitled "Sixty Dead on the Stairs" and is something abnormal, forced, Droguett having nothing to do, neither before nor after, with the Nazis sacrificed there. Surely he wanted his name to be forever disassociated from the murderer Droguett, who may have been his relative. I knew Carlos Droguett, with whom I had absurd literary polemics, because of his bitter, suspicious and unclear temperament.

Why was the "other" Droguett allowed to shoot there and then go in to kill young Nazis? Who was he? What "organization" did he belong to? Just as he appeared, he disappeared, never to be heard from again.

Meanwhile, Alessandri Palma was having lunch at La Moneda. And General Arriagada, in command of the carabineros, after shooting until he was tired with his carbine, stopped for a moment to talk to the President and receive his final orders. And he had to wait, as he was having lunch. The President would have already received his orders and with a clear conscience he wanted to finish his lunch to, in turn, transmit them to the "executors".

And what about the Army, and General Ibañez? We have already seen how the Tacna Regiment entered the scene: instead of going to the support of the nazis, it tried to mow them down. At that very moment, all hope of a favorable military action had vanished. If the Workers' Insurance continued to resist the Nazis, it was because they knew about what had happened at the University. And because of their code of honor. In the first exchanges of fire

there had been

Gerard Gallmeyer, young and brave leader, had fallen dead. Now, as they saw their comrades of the University pass by, arms raised and surrendered, they must have understood that everything was over. But they awaited the orders of their Chief, Jorge González von Marées, who communicated with them by radio, from the house of Enrique Zorrill a Concha, at 33 Ministro Carvajal Street, where they had established, with Oscar Jiménez Pinochet and Pedro del Campo ("Picrón 10"), their headquarters.

As soon as he heard the first news of the Nazi coup, Ibáñez left to surrender to the San Bernardo Infantry Regiment Barracks. With this single gesture alone, he prevented any military action in support of the coup. He gave the coup de grace to the uprising. The archetype of the old satanic ritual was put into action, it was "constellated". The new "Feast of Purim", the hecatomb, where all the legendary conspirators "gathered" once again, giving tacit support, whether they knew it or not. And even the "Boss" himself, it is horrible to understand and recognize it at the distance of these years, was a fundamental and unsuspecting piece in the crime.

What is coming is known. It has been testified by the Military Auditor, Leonidas Bravo, who was present and must have recorded the facts. He relates them in his book, "Lo que Supo un Auditor de Guerra" (What a War Auditor Knew). And the ORDER, given at the end to the General of Carabineros, Humberto Arriagada, and which he in turn gave to his officers, who transmitted it to the troops, was: *"Kill them all! Let there be no one left with uida!"*

The young Nazis, who had surrendered at the University, were already marching in lines of three or more down Bandera Street, between Agustinas and Huórfanos, in the direction of the headquarters of the Directorate of Investigations, when a police officer caught up with them on the run. He gave them the order to return.

They made them enter the Seguro Obrero building, the "Torre de la Sangre", which is still there, which is still the same, but is no longer a Social Security office. They ordered one of the many to go up the stairs -still impregnable- and ask his comrades to surrender, because it was all over now.

3. "Pición 10": Ultra-shortwave radio of 10 mts.
then gave it to Oscar Jiménez, changing it to "Pitón 10".



Renowned
Nazis march to
the Holocaust.



The ve Fd ade
ro h o l o c a u s
t o : young
Nazi- tas
zaasacrados

and that nothing would happen to them, just as it did to those at the University. After several trips, the resisters were convinced. And they began to come down with handkerchiefs and their shirts in their hands, like white flags.

And the massacre began right there.

When they realized that they were going to be killed, some of them sang the Nazi Storm Troopers' Battle Hymn, with the music of the German Nazi "*Horst Wessel*". And another (Pedro Molleda) shouted, "*It doesn't matter, comrades, our blood will save Chile!*"

Oh, gods of Sparta! That sacred blood saved no one, apart from themselves, who were unable to see the betrayal of all, even of their idolized Chief. They died believing that in the end the Movement would triumph, that the Army would come out in support of their cause, to save the Fatherland, which they loved so much and for which they immolated their young lives. Their reward was that they left still young, without having to grow old to know the defeats and the destruction of one dream after another, of a grandiose ideal that was not realized here, in this Chilean land, always defrauded, deceived and vexed in its sublime beauty, in the light of its peaks so pure.

What am I going to say? Am I going to insist on detailing the heinous crime? *They killed all of them*, except four. They bayoneted them, stabbed them, shot them in the head, took them, already wounded, between two carabineros, one by the arms and the other by the feet, to finish them off, slamming them against the wall so that the shots could not be heard in the street and so that the bullets would not ricochet off the walls and wound them. Then they robbed them, stripped them of everything, cut off their fingers to keep their rings; their hands, to take their wristwatches. It was an incredible massacre. Auditor Bravo tells that when he entered and tried to climb the stairs he was prevented by the mutilated corpses and the blood that ran down the steps. The corpses all had their arms open, which proves that they were surrendered when they were massacred. At Chi le University he also saw dead bodies and pools of blood. This Auditor confirms Ibañez's total agreement with the Gol pe and how in surrendering to the Infantry School of San Bernardo, under the command of Colonel Guillermo Barrios Tirado, he did not fulfill the commitment he had made to seek refuge in the Cavalry School in Santiago or in the Buin Regiment. In addition, he gave Colonel Barrios to understand that he did not know about the coup. However, he had given money to the Nazis and even a "Thompson" machine gun, as confirmed to us by Oscar Jimenez himself, in the presence of Ibañez, years later, at a dinner at his

house, which I attended.

In the Seguro Obrero, two civilians were also killed by mistake.

Only four Nazis were saved, hidden under the corpses, and they were presumed dead. Suddenly, the parliamentarian Raúl Marín Balmaceda, who had heard the shots from the street, arrived there. He forced his way in, asserting his parliamentary privilege. Horrified by the spectacle, he shouted: "Is anybody alive? I am Deputy Raúl Marín and I have come to help you, to save you!...".

Then, like ghosts, the four surviving Nazis rose from the dead. Raúl Marín stretched out his arms and, trying to cover the four of them and embrace them, took them to the street, all of them now covered in the blood of the immolated heroes.

Raúl Marín Balmaceda was from the same political party as Alessandri Palma: the Liberal Party. But he was a direct descendant of President Balmaceda, who committed suicide when the revolt against him and the persecution and death of his supporters -among whom was my grandfather Joaquín Fernández Blanco- triumphed. The only President and politician in Chile about whom there is no doubt that he had the courage of a real warrior to shoot himself, as the Commander of the "Graf Spee", in the Second World War. Something that Jorge Gonzalez von Marées did not know how to do in the face of the massacre of his young heroes, whom he led to death with his absurd and mistaken decision and whom, in addition, would betray a few years later.

WHAT IS THERE IN THE HUMAN BEING? WHAT IS IN OUR BLOOD?

For years and years I ask myself this question. And there is no answer, or I do not want there to be one. Remembering those dreadful events of September 5, 1938, I have asked myself this question again, trying to penetrate the shadow, to draw back the veil. And I say to myself: it is one thing to receive orders and another to carry them out. Besides, why carry them out in that way? "Kill the surrendered! Arms up! Kill them all!..." How is that? How can that be? How can it be?... In Katin the same thing was done to the Polish officers... But those executioners and executioners were very special people... The same people here, in the Workers' Insurance? That Droguett...? .? However, this was

repeats itself in our history. Portales was assassinated in the most horrible way, on his knees and shackled. They blew off his hand and half his face with one shot. Then they riddled him with bullets, bayonets and stabs. Already dead, they took off his clothes; naked, they continued massacring him. And in the revolt against Bal maceda, cruelty and plunder everywhere. And in the War of the Pacific, the Chilean troops entered and robbed Lima and La Paz, and also murdered. It is something animal, it is a ritual, like that of the ga Igos biting and tearing apart the hare, which has not been able to get to safety. It is the cat torturing the mouse, before skinning it.

Those carabinieri, those carabinieri officers, could have refused to carry out the order to massacre the surrendered; instead of that, they dedicated themselves to killing them with viciousness, with hatred, I would dare say, with pleasure. What is there in the race here, of congenital evil, of bestial ferocity, of cruelty? It is good that the troops are semi-nimal, subhuman...! But what about the officers who allowed it and who participated? What did they see in these young men? What superior light, to destroy, to erase in their very origin, in their blood?

What evil in the race, in the miscegenation, did Don Nicolás Palacios not see? Because this is repeated in the military coup of September 11, 1973 (the fateful month of September). Pinochet said it, when he was reluctant to give the coup: "If the police go out into the streets, it's the right thing to do; but when the army goes out, it goes out to kill...". He was wrong, the police too.

Yes, the race, not the crossbreeding of Spanish with Arauca. But there is something else and it touches the human gender, the human condition in general. There is the Spanish Civil War, precisely, with its unspeakable cruelties; Goya's engravings about the War of Independence... The assassination of Mussolini and Clara Petacci? The assassination of Rudolf Hess, after years of torture in prison... .. And Indira Gandhi's bodyguards, who assassinate her, so fragile, so defenseless? Human Rights", how laughable! They are a hypocrisy and have an uncrossable limit: the *condition* /iiimonn. Moreover, the *Demort io eri lo Huniario* because, the animal, except the cat, does not kill by crue ldad but by necessity. Man does not. As if there were a Demon in and out of him. For even the cat, when playing with the mouse, would do it because the meat is softer and tastier because of the substance that the rat exudes out of terror. There is an explanation, a ca usa. But in man there is no explanation for his madness and his

ferocious ad. Unless it complies with a necessity of the Demon that possesses it, with a necessary *Rite* for its *o/i/nen* which softens the human flesh and makes it more tasty. As the grato.

And this is what I believe: a Demon that works from outside, and then, here, through his *serufdore*,', confederated in secret societies and with *porlerosas* psychotronic weapons, with dark and tenebrous magma, that prepare him his food, with wars and massacres, at certain times, with great fires of forests, keeping him ready and always ready on this earth his "*corrol ne uíctiii/ns*". And when someone awakens from his hypnotic sleep, in the Castle-Prison, in *Clirisler Mnroeif/e*, in the Black Mapping, Klinp-sor, terror possesses the Demon and, then, he brings into play all his power, he commands all his servitors, his armies, his armies, his troops, his troops, his troops, his armies, his armies, his armies, his armies, his armies, his armies, his armies, his armies and his armies, his armies and his armies, his armies of "sworn criminals", to try to dis-tiate at its very roots the danger of the Light of God, of the Spirit which, from time to time, returns to incarnate itself in the idealism of the generations.

THE COMMOTION IN CHILE

Chile is a country of earthquakes. This conditions the way of being of its inhabitants, makes them solitary in the catastrophe; but, at the same time, inconstant and forgetful, bad memory, since they forget the tragedy, the misfortune, the earthquake, until it is repeated in the next one, the one that is always waiting, as in a reserve in the Unconscious. It could be said that Chile is a country of shivering, where the theories are al ternated, from time to time, and forgotten.

So it was also with the September 5th massacre. A horror swept the country, from north to south, from end to end, when it awoke the next day and even in the weeks that followed. And no more. The reactions were minimal and managed to last until the next presidential elections, serving the cause of the left and the Popular Front. Sentiment was used, directed against the Alessandri regime; against Salas Rom o, Minister of the Interior; against Waldo Palma, Director of the Civil Police and, above all, against Gustavo Ross Santa Maria, the presidential candidate of the left who, but for the holocaust and its skillful exploitation by the Left, would have been the winner. For this reason, there was no left-wing writer in Chile, no poet, journalist or newspaper, who did not

manifest his indigenization,

who did not tear his clothes, with glowing chronicles and poems, condemning the crime, exalting the martyrs and expressing his consternation for the horrendous event, the unusual and cowardly crime. However, all this stopped at the very threshold where secrets were hidden, as was to be expected, exhausting itself, in the end, in the verbal expression of horror, without arriving at anything serious, as always happens in the country of lies and hypocrisy. The same Catholic Church, which at other times has risen up to appear as a champion of human rights, creating "Vicaries of Solidarity", when it has been convenient to defend its interests and "weather" the situation, then kept shamefully silent, said nothing. They were with Ross Santa Maria. And it was those same intellectuals, who shortly before had written against the Nazis, who were now raising them to the sky. So did Vicente Huidobro, who not long ago published his "Letter to a Nazi"; Daniel de la Vega, with an exaltado poem, "Between the Andes and the Sea"; Pedro Sienna titled his poem: "A Year Ago"; Víctor Domingo Silva, "Gajo de Laurel"; "Ayax" (Aníbal Jara), "Con los Brazos en Alto"; Emilio Rodríguez Mendoza, also wrote. Manuel Lagos, the Nazi poet, in his "Words to César Parada", tells him:

*"A struggling youth engraved
your name on his chest and
your death pre seed.
for the life of a people".*

Or:

*"j. ...with the spilled blood the
sword was set aflame!"*

And Santiago (Tito) Mundt, in his poem "Pasarán", also dedicated to César Parada, wrote:

*"They will pass the oiros, Cesar.
The primroses will pass, without
passing, the roses will die and the
rosebushes will die.
and in the world there arose some very different*

*"but something didn't work,
if dying can what jarnós died eri the hearts, that
something,
those flags that tremble in the skies of remembrance, those
flags were lit up every year
of the edge of your open top".*

Blanca Luz Brum was also shaken and her emotion was authentic. She shed the tears of a woman and a mother. I know, because I was next to her when that horror was being consummated. And she was never the same again; she would follow in my footsteps. Unfortunately, Gorka Oteiza had left Chile and did not live that experience, which, given his authenticity and his manhood, would have marked him for life, as it did our great friend.

Here is Blanca Luz's poem:

SEPTEMBER 5, 1938

*"They were like us, a flower of iiiipact, all
juueritude with its delicacies,
all the ju uerit ad with its insienta [irineza,
With crowns 'le Christ their young cobezos!*

*"As [rescos ltelecli.os as
nentes acacias, as
yóuerte.s palrria.s,*

*The "burning streiia s in medto s in the water,
our blood remained in the earth rep-ada. fu
tted by tntst//ttos of rtos and montoiras, nothing
could take away their amedicaria lineage.
and her [for of martyrdom nothing could crush her.
Beware of the ard relite mark of esjoí.rt tu!
Watch out for the,s mod res atouiadas de satis re!*

*"Niriguiia son.z re has been
in iitilrrient spilled.*

*"Lo randezo se niitre con z-randezo. For
the history of Chile,
o through the hosts*

*"They will pass those children with their arms
raised high and heroic.
their beautiful heads.
They are not quiet and
they are not still.*

*'dan guiding the hundreds
that break the cadeiras,
nan flertando de gritos
toda la primamera
and October embraces them
cut all these eniblerrias".*

TWO CAnTAS

From Enrique Herreros del Río, to his mother:

"Santiago, September 3, 1938 "Mamacita

Margot y mire buenos herriianos:

*"If I have not returned by this time, I ask only that you forgive
me for the bruises I will be guilty of.*

*"The luck of my dear Patrito is more precious to rrii
iperdórieriine) than all the happiness that you can provide me.*

*"I know that many people will misinterpret me, but I don't
care; I feel the satisfaction of sacrificing myself for*

-!d superior.

"QUICO".

From Ricardo White Alvarez, to his brother:

"ésa nt iago, S sept te mbre 1938.

"Dear brother:

*"I ask you for the secrecy of these lines I am writing to you,
because they*

are of great importance to my mother. I also ask you

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4. On October 25, presidential elections were held, in which the Popular Front candidate triumphed.

valor and promise that no matter what happens, you, by your memory, will not abandon your mother. I am asking this of you as a man, because when you receive these lines, I will be risking my life for my country, trying to achieve the welfare that your social community needs. We, who are the ones who have to fight for better days at the cost of our own blood if necessary.

"Today I have received the rnistón Gnós audacious " delicate of the resolution: if I cuinplo with success you guardarós secret of this letter, so that the mamó does not know, and if rio I reach to zeros again, ualor, brother, heat. I want, yes, that you give my kiss to my mamacita, as my last farewell, because I will fight and fall thinking of her, whom it is only possible to think of after serving the Fatherland, and tell her that I am sorry I cannot leave her anything because I have nothing, - I only ask you to console her; that if luck is with me I will be able to comfort her and help her as she deserves, and if I laugh.... console her, give her the comfort she deserves.... comfort her, give her courage so that she may live for many years for the good of you and the little brothers; make her know that we are mortal partners and that we have to go away one day, and it is better to fall fighting for noble and just causes than to die in

tfSO CO NO.

"Isabud and courage is what you can wish for, so that you take care of inarrió. **Your brother.**

"LONG LIVE CHILE AND THE REVOLUTION!

"RICARDO.

THENAMES

The "Edda" confirm that only the names engraved in the Stone, together with Runes, will last beyond the oblivion of humans. Mrs. Thennet, mother of the brothers of the same name, together with Juan Diego Davila, were the ones who managed to gather all the dead scattered in graves in the General Cemetery, in one place, where a stone monolith has been erected and their names engraved there. There we have paid homage to those heroes, every 5th of September, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, with Juan Diego Dávila, for many years, until I, in 1993, decided not to

to do it more externally. El comrade and friend Juan Diego Davila saved his life on September 5, 1938, by Fate, because his train from Valparaiso arrived late in Santiago and he could not enter with his comrades to the University of Chile.

We give below the names and so that they may also be engraved on these pages which, by the grace of a God, will also be made of Stone, and by the Rune "*Odal*", of Wotan, the true "Lord of Hosts", the Rebuilder in Walhalla of the shattered bodies of the heroes:

Pablo Acuña	Blas Riquelme
Raúl Lefevre	Moisés Carreño
Armando Muñoz	Carlos Muñoz Cartes
Cósar Parada	Humberto Yuric
Enrique Herreros	Domingo Chóvez
Salvador Fernández	Mario Pórez
Jorge Sepúlveda	Hóctor Thennet
Luis Thennet	Salvador Zegers
Marcos Magasich	Vicente Magasich
Hugo Badilla	Juan Kähni
Eduardo Suárez	Bruno Brüning
Guillermo Cuello	Jorge Tepper
Félix Maragaño	Francisco Maldonado
Walter Kusch	Ricardo White
Juan Silva Jorge	Juan G. Gallmeyer
Alvear Jorge	Víctor Tapia
Alvear Raúl	Hernán J. Jaraquemada
Méndez	Alfonso T. Jijón
Mauricio Falcón	Ped ro A. Riquel me
Alberto Murillo	Luis Arriagad a
Alberto Ramírez	Jose H. Sotomayor
Héctor M. Jelves	Jesús Ballesteros
Julio C. Villasiz	Jorge Valenzuela
Waldemar Rivas	Alejandro Bonilla
Hugo Abel More	Renato Chea
no Carlos Barraza	Julio Hernández
Heriberto Espinoza	Daniel Jorge mldes
Carlos Jorge	Hermes Micheli
Geldes Víctor	Manuel Silva
Muñoz	
John Orchard	

Pedro S. Molleda
Efraín Rodríguez
Carlos Riveros

Neftalí Sepúlveda Emiliano
Aros José S.
Figueroa

These were the names they bore in the Chilean Round of the Eternal Return, in the later times of *Kaliyoga*, or Cre púsculo de los Dioses, in the *C!áttardainmeruiig*. The names they bore in Sparta and Thermopylae were others. But they, the Heroes, were the same....

Well, Enrique Zorrilla, in his recent autobiographical book, "The Political Prophecy of Vicente Hui dobro", tells of that tragedy, of which he was the protagonist, and relates much of what we have said here. He also reproduces some of my writings from those times.

But, Enrique, have you ever thought intensely about that so atrocious, so tremendous? Who gave the order: "*Kill them all*"? No one could do it, not even that President, who, before giving it, eats so calmly. In order to be able to do so, he had to receive it in turn from "Someone" higher up who orders and directs the rulers of this country, as well as those of the rest of the world. That is why he has remained with a clear conscience. Shortly afterwards he would leave on a trip around the world, to be received by the Heads of State of Europe, including Mussolini - who treated him harshly, it is true - with the exception of Adolf Hitler, who did not receive him. What we have seen here, what we have described here, what we have analyzed and intuited here, should inundate us with a sacred horror and a fundamental pessimism with respect to the history of men on earth. planet earth.

Everything has been prepared in advance, the destructions and the wars. Defeats and sacrifices are inevitable: the failure of the idealists and the disappearance of the best. Yes, that's right, dear Enrique. So why do we go on? For this very reason, precisely, *for this very reason*, because we know that the Spiritual Law is that: the *failure and the motor sacrifice of the Ideal in this world* are inevitable, *necessary*. With this goes the obligation to formulate it The Ideal - the Ideal - becomes higher and higher and more and more

precise, and if it is realized it must be only for a short time, so that it will appear in humans as a glimmer that illumines the vision of Paradise. Y

then it is veiled again and disappears, like Excalibur, like the Treasure of the Nibelungs, in the deep waters, to become immortal and eternal in the Collective Unconscious, thus fecundated. If it had remained longer, if it had been fully realized, it would soon have been corrupted, leaving nothing to the imagination and longing of the new generations, to their Nostalgia. It would be as if Beethoven, who fled from his Muse, who gave herself to him, had taken it and possessed it. "gone there *would have been nothing left for sii Mii Rica!*"

And that is why it is necessary to continue fighting and struggling, always, always, until the end, because here only *losing* was generated and because the blood of the sacrificed heroes "comes closer to our Gods than the prayers of the saints". And so that seed was placed in the heart of the Cosmos, where it has already borne fruit; because it reached the Face of the Archetype, which, for this reason, will again "cons te l arse" among men, until it succeeds in re di mi r, spiritualizing the Earth, transfiguring it, so that the Kingdom of the *Reich*), which is not of this world, will come to be realized in an *Other Universe*, built with the magical death and resurrection of the lot of the Heroes, without annihilating it, and which will make possible the *Consciousness* of its *El. Of the Creator*.

And thus the Satanic Enemy will be defeated at last, who will be left only with the husk of this rotten world, to be devoured by the worms of destruction. For with the destruction of the corpse the worms also die.

In the soul of the Earth, in the *Other Earth*, in the *Artistic/ori*, the Heroes will find their true world.

THE DECISION

It was not easy for me to become a Nazi. And this decision I would have to make absolutely alone. I had no one to consult. What had happened in Cuba called for a decision worthy of the tragedy.

How different was the attitude of those National Socialist youth from that of the "Marxist" politicians and intellectuals that I had known during the creation of the Popular Front! They were people who fought and died with their real names, heroically facing death. And they were of my generation! Also their Chief and their leaders were heroic. Jorge González von Marées

assumed full responsibility and went to jail. He was accompanied by Oscar Jimenez Pinochet, his lieutenant, who accused President Alessandri of being an assassin and asked to be killed like his comrades. Now then, how absurd and even vile to try to make those Nazis appear today as ~~democrats~~, "super-democrats", who only carried out a coup to achieve a true electoral democracy in the elections of October 1938. This is absolutely false. They supported Ibañez precisely because he had been a dictator in his first government and they thought he would be one now. The doubts were manifested in whether he would follow the postulates of Nazism, which they supported and which were the same as those of German Nazism, of Hitler: dictatorship, totalitarianism, in order to be able to impose the economic doctrine, already explained, beyond the Marxist conception of classes and economic "free trade". A hierarchical State and, in terms of race, inspired by the conceptions of Nicolás Palacios, later taken up by Francis Antonio Encina. An even mixture of Visigoths and Araucanians, susceptible to perfection. The Chief himself was a mestizo and if the thing did not work it was because there was Jewish blood in his veins, as his nephew Rodrigo Allende reveals in his book "El Jefe". In addition, he believed in the Impersonal State and "in *Form*", from Portals.

Ibañez was doubted. And, for that reason, as we have already said, Jorge González von Marées (until then he was only called "von Marées", forgetting González) went ahead with the coup on his own, confident that the Army was facing a fait accompli.

The Archetype that worked here was that of Hitler's German nationalism, with the Munich *Putsch*, even without knowing it or pretending it. And even in the General Ibañez-Ludendorff thing. The end would be the same, with the variants of the "concave mirror", of magnification, of this tragic "penitent hole", which is our Homeland.

Nor did the martyrs think that they were carrying out a coup to facilitate the triumph of the Popular Front and the left. This is proved by the fact that when Jorge González (now "González" in short) from jail gave the order to the Nazis all over Chile to vote for Pedro Aguirre Cerda, many cried, considering it a betrayal of their dead comrades and, right there, desertion and resignation from the Movement began. Juan Diego Dávila and Carlos Keller himself, for example. The former would go on to form part of the

of Guillermo Izquierdo Araya's Movimiento Nacionalista and the second would form his own "Partido Nazi Auténtico" (Authentic Nazi Party).

As will be seen, the Chilean Nazi Movement, with its support for Ibañez and with Golpe itself, had been put in a dead end.

Pedro Aguirre Cerda freed all the Nazi prisoners, offered a Ministry to Jorge Gonzalez and an Embassy in the Vatican to Mauricio Mena, given his recognized Catholic connotations. They did *not* accept. And the "Boss" decided the great turnaround, changing the name and the flag of his party. He renamed it Vanguardia Popular Socialista (Popular Socialist Vanguard) and was inspired by the "APRA" of Peru, of Haya de la Torre. Now, and only now, he changed his Nazi salute of the outstretched arm, for the angled arm of Aprismo, for all militants.

As my sympathies had been for Chilean Nazism, of Germanic type, and my final conviction for the heroism and martyrdom of those young heroes of my generation, so similar in their clarity, their greatness and their manhood to my friend Héctor Barreto, I could not understand the change, the turnaround. I did not like it. I was Chilean to the core and I did not cease to be so by believing in Hitler's Nazism, as the ~~Masons~~ who imposed in Chile the French type of democracy, invention of the French Revolution, have not ceased to be so. Although they have left it, by carrying out such atrocious massacres of Chileans.

To the very bones of my soul, if any, I was shaken. Only these facts would make possible such an extreme decision as the one I would now take. But from my readings and my studies, I was an anti-democrat, a real Nazi, even without yet knowing the hidden background of Nazism (but I sensed it, yes, I sensed it) and only the totalitarian and grandiose socio-economic Doctrine.

So I went to talk to Carlos Keller first. I wanted to know more.

CONVERSATION WITH CARLOS KELLER

Much of what follows I have narrated, trying to understand it, in my book *"Adolf Hitler, the Last Amateur"*, from page thirty onwards. Many years have passed, and now I reread it, wondering whether to reproduce it here, or to ask the reader to see the text in the original. However, I believe I have discovered

to new things, always trying to penetrate that darkness and its drama, with some other element, like the revelation made by the nephew of Jorge González von Marées about his Jewish great-grandmother, Federike Sussmann. Adolf Hitler, in "Tt Litcfto" (a book that von Marées never wanted to read), affirms that it is proven that even after three hundred years of a Jewish ancestry, a new phenotype can be reproduced in the affected genetic line.

Now ~~then~~, getting to the bottom of the issue,

Let us transport ourselves with our imagination to the origin of the Divine Drama, when the "Angel", the *Diuya*, the Nepttelirt, falls to earth, defeated in a proto-historical and even proto-cosmic combat, and here he mixes with the "daughters of men". Thus transferring the Combat to the interior of his own Being, he becomes a battlefield between the forces of light and shadow, of good and evil. He can then be possessed by an Angel or by a Demon, who

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- S. Often critical Shi'ite scholars and Tarnbury readers refer negatively to what they call, out of ignorance, my "esotericism", "theosophism", etc., which would obscure and complicate my stories. which would obscure and complicate my stories. This in no way happens with my ex-traveler readers, nor with young people, since they are interested in and seek a more profound and transcendent explanation to the strange and even absurd events of History, of every day. What is happening is that man's mind is becoming increasingly superficialized by the terrible action of robotics and mechanics, losing its philosophical and metaphysical depth. And that is how they use the word "esotericism" without even knowing that it is a Greek term referring to God. What I am trying to do is to try to hopefully uncover the truth beyond the dense veil with which it has been covered since the beginning of time. And for this, philosophy and even mysticism are important, things that my generation studied and acquired as a sense of its own at the National Boarding School of Bárros Arana and at the National Institute, where we imbibe culture and help us to think and to understand, referring to the most profound thinkers, to a Heidgenberger, to a C. G. J. A., without believing that we have a deep understanding of the truth. G. J. J. A., without believing that because they were profound they were "esoteric" in the sense in which they are referred to here. And if Plato, for being the first to speak of the Ancient Atlanticism, would have been called an "esoteric" or a "theosophist" in the sense that is given to these terms at the present time.

will use their incarnated body here, so low. It will almost always be by the Devil, Satan - Sun *Anos*. This becomes unavoidable because of the mixture with the "daughters of the earth", and, worse, *because their "genes" are "cht p.s" in a "genetic robot"*, manufactured precisely by Satan, in order to realize his plans to have a "pen" on earth for his food. And it is frightening to suspect that the "genes" themselves here on earth may be only "chips" of a diabolical "proto-engineering", inserted in this "Pit" called Earth, in this "*Situation-Earth*".

However, because man is the Battlefield, he can and does become possessed by *another Force* besides the God of Evil, opening himself to the Spirit of the Fighters of the Light, taken by the Ray of the Archetype, becoming a chosen one on Earth, at his command and at his divine service. A "Possessed of the Light", thanks to the "fall" and incarnation of the *Diuya*.

To what extent there is free will to choose, it is impossible to know. At the exact moment, it seems as if someone is acting from outside to say so, manipulating the "*clii p.*" *And it must have been in that "quarter of an hour" when von Marées was still able to commit suicide.* And it must have been in that "quarter of an hour", when even von Marées could have committed suicide. In the first, or second quarter of an hour? The Angel of one part of his blood did not protect him; because it was inferior to the Demon of his other side. And in the Archetype "conste lado", in the History of the Earth of those years, the MitO áQuí deviated towards the God of Evil. And the tragedy of the destruction of Chile was fulfilled. Because it is there that begins, and nowhere else, the final destruction of this Sacred Homeland; rather, it was there, for the first time, since the birth of Chile, where there was the possibility of transmuting it, of transfiguring it, bringing it to its most pristine essences. It has been said that nationalism was something foreign to our idiosyncrasy. But I maintain the opposite: Never before in all our history has there been a movement that better interpreted the basic essences of the Araucanian-visi oct a soul; its idealism and total detachment, its heroic and warrior spirit; above all, the "*Fü hrer- Prinzip*", of surrender to the Araucanian *Cinche* or *Citichecoria*, to the Toki, the revered and adored Chief, who is followed to death, without any discussion, because, voluntarily, he has been chosen to be the Guide in the Battle of the Gods, for the Magical Homeland.

Never in Chile, since the conspiracy of the Viceroy Masons against the Crown of Spain and the so-called Masonic "Independence", which here imposed what is known as the "Chilean mentality", of compromise and skepticism, of defeatist fatalism, of entreputism, after the assassinations of the Carrera and Manuel Rodriguez, with the death of Portales and the overthrow of Balmaceda, has there been, nor will there ever be again, a flash, an explosion of Divine Light like Chilean Nationalism, capable of igniting idealism in the youth and making it possible, even if only for a short period of time, to achieve the idealism of Chile, there has never been, nor would there ever be again, a flash, an explosion of Divine Light like Chilean nationalism, capable of igniting the youth with idealism and making possible -even if only for a short time- the transformation of Chile, from its deepest essences, to create an integrated Homeland, "*in the Yun - que de Otra Vida*", as one of the songs of that golden youth used to say.

The Forces of Avernus were unleashed upon the heart of the world, against that great hope. But even so, after the massacre, if Gonzalez von Marées had stood firm - or committed suicide - the Ideal would have been immortalized, as in Germany; for *the Führer*, the *Cinchie*, the *Chief*, would have been loyal, entering the Wof/toffo together with his heroes.

The Archetype is one and indivisible and, having chosen Germany as the center of its incarnation, it was there that its tuning fork had been given and its Great Symphony was being played, no matter whether it was destroyed, altered or betrayed elsewhere, as long as "*Alló*" completed its Myth and its Legend.

That is why, after the dissolution of the Nazi Party in Chile, he supported Germany in the war, knowing and with the hidden hope that its triumph would allow that the struggle undertaken here and the sacrifice of the heroes would not be in vain. And the bloodshed would save Chile in the end.

And even the former Chief, Jorge Gonzalez von Marées, the tragic character in whom the unequal battle between Satan and the Angel was waged, crossed for a time by the "Blind Ray" of the Archetype, also clung desperately to the possibility of the triumph of German Nazism, which could have allowed him to rectify his errors and claudications and not fall even lower, into the bottomless pit of betrayal.

But, I ask myself: Would this have been possible? Today I think not. Everything had been played out *here*. The triumph of

the Shadow, of the

The forces of Evil had scored the decisive goal for the destruction of this Sacred Land. The Ivory Sword of my generation had been broken.

And yet, even so... if Germany had triumphed...

I know that it is very difficult for anyone to understand all this that I am writing here and in the way I am writing it. But, by explaining it in this way, I have the intuition that I have reached the bottom **-almost- and that** I may be touching with my hands the veil that covers the frightening mystery of man's existence on this earth.

Here we have been repeatedly referring to the *Archetype*, to the "embodiment of the Archetype" among humans. The reader will not know what this means. And I can assure you that it is also very difficult for me to explain it.

Perhaps if too often I am interrupting the narration of the facts with reflections that cut off their connection, but I do it mostly for myself, so that I can give a *semidream* to the pure memory and to the recollection, when the emotion is tremendous and gives life again to the images.

In our time it was the Professor and psychologist, C. G. Jung, who again referred to the "Archetype", borrowing the term from the Divine Plato, surely, but apparently giving it another meaning. The English historian Arnold Toynbee once asked me in India what Jung meant by the concept of "archetype", for he did not understand it. I did not know how to answer him at that time either.

My best knowledge of Professor Jung came later and, although I never questioned him about it, I think today that for him the conception of the "Archetype" must not have differed greatly from that of Plato, although secretly. By declaring the Archetype "autonomous" in its action outside the psyche of man, he is likening it to the Gods of the Greek, Hindu or Brotherly Pantheon. This is how he affirms that "Hitler has been possessed by the Archetype of Wotan", that all "the Aryan Collective Unconscious has been possessed by this God"; "*conste larido*", to use his terms, to Wotan.

Now, by speaking of the Aryan Collective Unconscious, the argument-drama of the incarnation and "constellation" of the Archetype has been extended to the entire world where this

Unconscious is found.

represented. Chile in particular, due to the characteristics and mestizaje, referred to by Nicolás Palacios.

Because it is an autonomous God, the Archetype belongs to the domains and realms of "HE" (focusing again on the title and theme of these "Memoirs"); that is to say, it acts like the Gods, without an "I", without ever being "I", but *WE!* That is to say, he does not incarnate himself in one, but in more than one, in several, and for very short times, where he will always be HE, acting in an "archetypal" way, and, when referring to Himself, he will do it as if from the outside, like the child before the "I"). He will never say "I", but "We" *í "los, el Papa"*, for example).

Difficult, very difficult to explain, even more difficult to understand for those who have not lived the personal experiences narrated in Volume I of these "Memoirs".

Perhaps it would be possible to better capture this, the legend of the recurrent incarnation of the Archetipo, his E temo Retorno -as Mircea Eliade would say-, with the recent events of his last and decisive appearance in our world, in the last days of the Iron Age, of the *Kaliyuga*, and already at the threshold of the *Gáttardaintnerunp*, or "Twilight of the Gods", when, in addition, an *Auatnro'* will be incarnated, making possible the *self-consciousness of the Arq ueli ego*, at one point, at one point and forever. This will put an end to time and to the triune of the *Idea* and the *Lodos*.

The incarnation of the Archetype is not fulfilled in a single individual, but is prefigured in several at the same time, within time, in a given time, with a universal characteristic. And so it is that in the case of the *Guide* and the Fascist-Nazi Revolution, it appears at first hesitantly in political and historical personages, such as Oli veira Salazar and Mussolini, to proliferate with all the

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6. *Anatára* is a Hindu concept, a scripted piilabra, which refers to the recurrent incarnation of a God on earth, if only The Divine. And in this case, Vi sh nú. And in d isti n ts I, or characters. The concept could be compared with that of the *Bodiuei i oa* of the Fin tric Buddhism, of a *Wounded One* who does not go to the *Niroa ii a* and remains, or returns, to help the warriors who still fight on earth. He comes to awaken them from the heroic slumber in which the E n em i'go has plunged them. The *Avatar Ult inio* will be *Ka llia* himself, who will return to close the cycle, to conquer and to judge.

The other, before and after Hitler, central nucleus of the Incarnation, of the Legend and Myth of the Archetype, may even have been - as I believe - the incarnation of the Last Annotation, which makes it conscious of Itself. And this is how a whole Universe, a Galaxy has been "constellated".

The Arch uett po is archaeotypical. That is to say, its expression here is so, re pitied, without any variation -without imagination, we shall say- since the centuries of the centuries. Whether in Wotan, in Krishna, in Kristos or in Hitler. It could have been (or not) also in Jorge González von Maróes, since all the ingredients had been "represented", as if on the reverse side of a mirror. But what is the end of all this, and where does the penetration, the explosion into the earth, of that Ray of Ice, of that Unchanging Light, of those Fixed Numbers, always the same, like an open eye with square pupils, lead to?

We do not know. We would like to believe that it is directed rather to propitiate the triumph of a single "I" in the Eternal Combat against the Demiurge, to reach the Immortality of the Absolute, conscious of Itself, until possibly illuminating the darkness of its "It". And he will say to the dead, to the dead heroes: *"I do not matter, comrades, because in the New Love you will be with me, sitting at the right hand of the Evil One"*.

For, the Archetype is one and indivisible and with one Even "I "J that is able to face it, to incarnate it with supreme heroism and certainty, fulfilling to the end its Myth, realizing its Mystery, will be enough to save them all, rescuing and giving meaning to the sacrifice of the heroes (remaking and immortalizing in the Wo//ioi/o their shattered bodies). This is the Mystery of the Archetypal and Asoteric Christianity⁷ and it is also the Mystery of the *Esoteric* Hitlerism, where again the Archeti- po Etemo is presented in the aftermath of the end of the world, to fulfill his Myth and his immortal Legend. And we will have been solved! We will have triumphed!

I was not going to discuss any of this with Carlos Keller, of course, as it had not yet reached my consciousness in those years.

7. And here we will use the term in the Greek sense.

young people. I only wanted to know what had happened to Chilean Nazism to transform it into the "Socialist Popular Vanguard", after the massacre of September 5th. I was also going to offer him my collaboration in his orthodox Nazist Movement, restructured.

Keller had his "Transportes Terrestres" office on Teatinos Street, near Mapocho Station, which was where the trains to Valparaíso departed from at that time. I arrived to see him unannounced and he received me kindly, asking me to wait for him a little while, and then inviting me to get into his red, two-seater Mercedes car and leave with him in an easterly direction. When we arrived at a place where "La Costanera" is today, at the height of Manuel Montt, he stopped the car, near the waterfalls and the river, and, in complete solitude, he began to tell me about the origin of the Movement. It was clear that he did not wish to be heard by anyone else. And her revelation has impacted me to this day. It reveals something very different from what Rod Ripo Alliende and Enrique Zorrilla or Oscar Jimenez narrates, who did not really know about the formation of the Movement, because they arrived later, or were very young. According to Keller, everything was born when a group of German descendants from the south of Chile, impressed by Hitler's triumphs, thought of starting a similar Movement here, but with Germans and Chileans, in order to represent the idiosyncrasy of the country and give a destiny to the Germans, who arrived more than one hundred years ago; that is to say, to insert Hitlerian Nazism in Chile, in this appropriate racial container, with the Araucanian-Visigoth characteristics, already mentioned. Within the hierarchical organization it was believed to find the Creole *Fü hrer* in a modest and unknown character, a lawyer who in the neighborhood of Ñuñoa had become known for his social work for the benefit of the community. By his own origin and mixed race, he was the exact ideal that was sought: Chilean father, with the very common surname González, and German mother, von Marées, former Huguenots, living in Germany and with the nobiliary particle "non", acquired. It was the perfect thing, because it fulfilled the wished function of ambivalence, thus establishing from its origin the Chilean Nazism its link of blood with Hitler's Germany, in the same and only person of the Chief. Something that only in Chile has happened in the Nazi and Fascist movements of South America of those times. And this, without a doubt, represented very well the

The racial soul of the Chilean, if we take into account Palacios, Don Francisco Antonio Encina and his definition of Portales as a "Visigoth".

"-If things go well in the world for Hitler," said Keller, "our letter of credit would be the Chief, von Marées. We will call him only von Marées; if things go bad, then he will be only Gonzalez and the 'Movement' will be transformed into a 'Party,' disguising its approaches and principles, which, under the surface, will remain the same."

And indeed, this is how it happened; until that fateful September 5, Jorge Gonzalez von Marées was only called "von Marées" by his supporters, his enemies and by the press; the "Chief von Marées". With the transformation of the Nazi Movement into the "Socialist People's Vanguard", the Chief became only "Conzález", in plain language, the mother's surname disappearing. j What a striking and extraordinary proof of the original and "racial" link with Hitlerian Nazism! Any denial in this respect has thus been destroyed forever. For me, this also constituted the best link and the conviction that between Chile and Germany there has always existed and will exist until the end a mysterious, indestructible bond. With the German defeat Chile has lost everything, with its triumph it would have been what it should always have been, the most important and powerful country in the extreme south of the world, establishing the "Polar Axis" between the extreme masses of the Earth.

That day it seemed to me that Carlos Keller was still upset, unable to understand what had happened with the coup d'état and the massacre of September 5. No one informed him in time, nor did they comfort him, being the second man after the Chief.

Everything was decided by von Marées, alone, even with the ignorance of General Ibáñez, as Keller told me. And the explanation he gave himself was that von Marées was crazy, this being the thesis he would later maintain in his novel, "The Madness of Juan Bernales". He also affirmed that the Chief decided the date of the coup one day before he was to be imprisoned for a trial he had lost. In this way he avoided going to jail, for which he felt repulsion.

"We trained him," he added, "we taught him to speak, because he was a lousy speaker, incapable of speaking in public without reading from a piece of paper. And of a sickly timidity.

When Keller said "we," I never knew, nor to this day did I know, that I was today I know, who else was he referring to.

The truth is that, according to the facts, Carlos Keller and the "others" created a Go/ern, a "robot" that very soon learned its lesson *and* began to act on its own, totally disregarding its "creators", those "sorcerer's apprentices".

Who knows if the archetype, if the archetypal story was not also the same in Germany - I reflected in those early years - but without going any deeper into the concept!

So many similar things! Not only the *putschi* and the prison of the 'Chiefs, also the "Night of the long knives" (in truth, here it was of short knives", without death of anybody), with an attempt of rebellion and the expulsion of the Movement, apparently of homosexuals. That the position towards Judaism at the beginning was the same as that of Hitlerism is proved by a poster from the early days of Chilean Nazism, which we reproduce here from Allíende's book. It declares the "*liberation of Chile from the economic yoke of International Judaism*". And I wonder: Would this statement have been made by the Chief, taking into account the Jewish ancestry of his maternal great-grandmother?

Undoubtedly Carlos Keller was an honest man, an idealist, with a sense of honor and with the coherence and rationality proper to



of his race. He was not a politician but a fascist intellectual, fascinated by what was happening in Germany, seriously believing that the world could be regenerated and that Chile, his country, his country of origin, was a country of great importance.

AçÍSTA " ...

Chilean National Socialist
poster attacking
international Judaism.
This is a historical
document that contradicts
those who maintain that
Chilean Nazism did not
originally raise the Jewish
problem.

Patria by birth, he was going to play a fundamental role, as long as he withdrew into his innermost essences. He was not a Catholic like the other founders, Mauricio Mena and Gustavo Vargas Molinare, for example. Like the Chief, he came from the Protestant side; but, contrary to him and by culture, he went further, perhaps connecting with the Cathar heresy of SS Otto Rahn and with the paganism of the Seii'nom, which he now knew from the studies of the German Martin Gusinde. From the first moment of our interview I realized that his Movement was not going to get anywhere, since he was not the right man to promote it, much less to be able to overcome that total crisis, after the massacre of the Compulsory Worker's Insurance. His physical type was that of a tonic professor, like the ones I had known at the Barros Arana boarding school, massive, taller than short, with blond hair and his high-pitched voice ("whistling voice", we would have said at the boarding school), like that of the leader of the SA, giving a speech at a night ceremony, in the National Socialist German film "The Triumph of the Will". Keller was highly respected in the Chilean Movement; but now he had nothing to do.

In that first and only meeting, we asked each other affectionately. His revelations of almost sixty years ago have always stayed with me in my memory. And I would like to pay tribute to him here in memory.

Carlos Keller died poor and forgotten, in the city of San Felipe, having contributed greatly to the culture of this country, in the Academy of History, of which he was a member, and with his books. I regret not having seen him again, because of my long years of absence abroad. I think that I also did not want to do so, perhaps for fear of discovering that he no longer held the same position in favor of Nazism, and that he would not have gone deeper along the same lines as I did.

I WRITE TO THE BOSS

Now I could not turn back. I decided to write to Jorge González von Marées. He replied almost immediately. Both letters made the news and were published in the press of those years. In the magazine "Vea", August 2, 1939, they were reproduced, with the following commentary:

tele pue, too that rio .soy politician. As a writer and as a lioml're o.dmim the per.zone iidodes de|i'nida.s, I believe .solomerite in the man- bre oposioriadr', inte!tEente and fuerte, that can dtr/dtr, for the Uien of lo.s and uelilos and of /n,s nnciores. The Chilean polttira and not s6/o that of Chile, passes rt by Eron eri.s is of indi uidualities. The Erega- rhythm alisorhe all iii iriatuua, all l uz, all a indi sid nal deso porere. And this is not a prticip ins statement that I ul'ique me within the.s marioseada s ontinorit ía s European, qve not perfe/tecen us and that posordn so cez eri five ohas. I believe that America (as you also believe, not a single mistake) does not have to go with the concern within some of these western political aritinom ian le.s. Only t h e politician who knows Americo must be made, and the man must act without fear of being wrong with these fñrrri nfos uerholis tas. The only hu mono.s and these only remain.

"I have only been able to reoccioriar with the unct/o- rien and rontrodirctions with which I have lurho ente you,' corrien- te ritente recomcoco with icoyor f'ocilidad mi.s siiii patio.s. But eri e.este raso lt uho a portic ulor event, of which, desp uds of all, uSted rte /tenc the cul already. It was the death of Hertor Borreto, my son. But I know that Borreto was not killed by anyone. Borreto would have been a great forum to be killed by someone other t h a n the master.

"If it had not been so much worse, I would not have been so ready to leave, I would not have been so happy with so many things, and I would not have been so happy with t h e destiny of my pot. "Be this rarta, pnes, my rec/t/iciort and the other of a recorior- cim teri to that I am but reríJlroro, yuesto that, ert another plane, iom/i/en teriEo ario /roJecIorio that, for short, not e.s less in/ensn and without rera.

"I believe in the conjunci'sn of algu no.s ideoles comuneS and porece me that the Von2 uardia Pop ularSociOli8 to r*coE- u- mejore s fueryas in the ju neil tiid, eit lo. ii ii ii eua z-erieroriúit. Pretty o that the ideological renewal can only start from hearing f, from these fueryos not maleodo .

"If you believe that I can be of service to you, I am at your disposal.

"Le .sal uela o tevitointente,

"MIG tIEL SERRANO".

This was the response of the Chief, Jorge González von Marées:

"Mr. Miguel Serrano

"Dear sir:

"I acknowledge receipt of your short letter of the 22nd of the current July 1939). It constitutes for me -- Eran solis)'action to observe and how the political movement that develops the party that tries to join is comprised by sectors representing the interests of the citizenry, and not only by

The words of encouragement that you send me I receive them with special pleasure, because they come from an ex-adjutant Temario, which, as I sincerely feel, today I am very grateful to you. The words of encouragement that you send me I receive with special gratitude, because they come from an ex-adjutant Temario, who, as you sincerely commend me, today offers me his loyal friendship. Sometimes the men who are the best positioned to understand me, are the ones who seem to be the ones who are the best positioned to understand me.

"You remind me of your dear friend Hector Borreto. Personally I have also remembered him on more than one occasion. The fact that he was killed by the men of my party, and the political circumstances then forced me to assume the responsibility of that death, in which, in truth, I do not culpable least in any way, neither directly nor indirectly. It was one of those indiscretions acts, that represents the tragedy of the moment when the emotions were exacerbated in the fight. I give you these details for your conscience for the step you are about to take, to ingratiate yourself with the one who was considered by you, for a long time, your friend's son.... "The friendship that you offer me I accept with true pleasure. "I would therefore be very grateful if you would come to my office one of these evenings, so that we can discuss at length the topics which are of equal concern to both of us. In the meantime, I express to you my sincere thanks for your kind gesture.

"Chileno en la memoria"

JORGE GONZALEZ".

Deeply moved, I walked for a while with that letter in my pocket, without showing it to almost anyone. Only to my great aunt, Clarisa Manterola, that profound and wise old lady, who was also moved, letting some tears fall. I also went to the writer Eduardo Barrios, at the "La Marquesa" farm, remembering his defense of Hitler and Germany. He approved of me immediately, advising me not to let more time pass and to go to meet with the head of the "Yanguardia Pojiular Socialista".

As I write, as I advance along these lines, I often wonder whether all this painful effort (even with the physical pain and anguish) will be of any use.

-in writing these Memoirs- when more and more the memory of the men, of the beings who were fundamental and made history in the nations and in the world, no longer exists. They are gone and gone forever, no longer having any transcendence in the History of the Homeland, when the Homeland itself ceases to exist, in the speed of the computer, of the Internet, in the destruction of the same historical reality, with the "virtual reality" and "cyberpolitics". But until only yesterday, these beings today forgotten were important and absolutely necessary for the understanding of our present and the drama of the generations of Chile and the earth. In any case, I will continue to the last remembering them, Barreto, in his dream of the Golden Fleece; Omar Cáceres, in his "Azul Deshabí tado"; and the heroes, in their blood that did not save Chile.... And I affirm myself in the faith that the revelations and the nostalgias of the Last Days, although no one welcomes them, nor understands them anymore (because the world, the memory and the man are over), will ring a bell somewhere, in a secret center of the closed Universe. And the Eye of the all-seeing, all-seeing One will drop a tear - a shattered Star, which will be the substance for *Another Creation*, in which we will return.

JORGE GO NZA LEZ VON MARÉES

Curious, I do not remember how the meeting went. In my memory I do have the place, a large office in the "Cuartel" on San Martín Street, entering on the left. Some people in uniform, with brown shirts and black pants, and a young man, a little older than me, who was guarding the door of the Chief's room: Ruperto Alamos, the most faithful secretary or "orderly", a real "tailor".

We became great friends. We became great friends. He was a gentleman, who, after the debacle, could not resist, gave himself up to alcohol and died in misery.

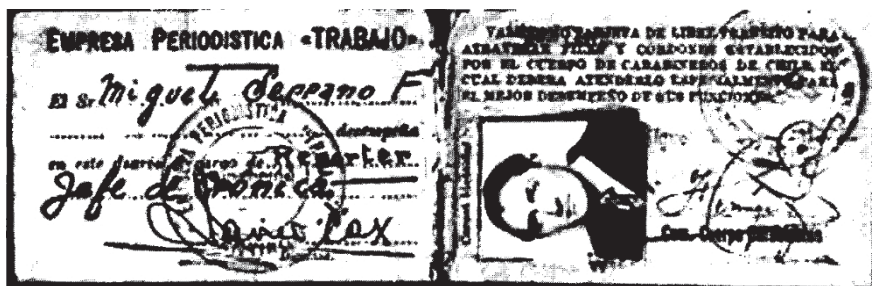
I don't have a first impression of the Chief, she went little by little. She must have looked at me with her dark, deep eyes. Then she accepted my proposal to collaborate with her on a literary page for the Party newspaper "Trabajo". I hinted at his need to destroy the Marxist slogan of referring to Nazism as the enemy of culture, and to its militants as illiterate barbarians. He accepted immediately, without the slightest objection and without even hinting at hierarchical control, which today seems incredible to me, thinking that I came from the opposite side and he was completely unaware of my ability, my intellectual training and my cultural preferences. Besides, I set a condition: "that *the first issue of that Sunday literary page be dedicated entirely in honor of Hector Barreto*". And the Chief accepted.

This extraordinary document exists, for God's sake, I exclude today, how was it possible that a man of such greatness, with such good manhood, could then have done what he did? Was he really crazy? You will understand my great confusion in judging him, in understanding him. With that first gesture and others that would follow, he won my admiration and admiration. There has never been a politician like him in Chile (because he wanted to be a politician, even when he was not one).

Director of the newspaper "Trabajo" was Javier Cox, an impeccable person.

ble, who never criticized me, not even when, after Sigmund Freud's death, I wrote a long article in his favor, even though he and other leaders clearly disagreed. In charge of the finances was Juan Yunis, of Palestinian origin, another great friend, as Arabs know how to be, who also had no objection to my expenses for the payment of contributions, which I always made, even though the money was in the "Vanguard". Thus, he took to collaborate with the poet Eduardo Anguita, Jaime Rayo and even, I believe, Braulio Arenas. Dr. Ramón Clarés Pérez wrote in the newspaper a long essay on "Psychoanalysis of the War".

Besides, nobody ever asked me to become a member of the Party. I only keep with me, as a very precious relic, the journalist's card of the newspaper "Trabajo".



My Mabajo newspaper card". A very precious relic.



Above, Jorge González von Marées and his lieutenant, Oscar Jiménez Pinochet; left, official photograph of the Chief, Jorge González Von Marées.

I attended private meetings in the Chief's office, when the hierarchs and their closest collaborators met there; Javier Cox, among them, Mauricio Mena, Oscar Jiménez, Sergio Recabarren, Pedro Foncea. On those occasions, Ruperto Alamos would guard the door from the inside. If it was necessary, he would make Yunis come in to deal with economic matters.

I do remember these meetings, with a vivid image of the Chief, whom I can now describe. He would ask for an opinion on some specific problem that had arisen in the country. The men would speak in turn, usually starting with Mauricio Mena, then the others. The Chief listened in silence, with a tight frown. At the end, he would take the floor, making a clear and precise synthesis of the opinions expressed. And then came his decision, which was final. I never heard anyone tell him otherwise. Sometimes he showed a very special sense of humor, rather sarcastic, with respect to people and politicians. Referring to the criticism of a newspaper, where his capacity as a leader was doubted, he said ironically: "How absurd, when I am the 'Boss par excellence! I remember this because I was struck by the word "antonomasia" (I had never heard it before). Certainly, I did not often attend these meetings, but only from time to time, and I never took the floor. It was certainly a great deference to be invited and I think it was due to a spontaneous sympathy of von Marées; or else he wanted me to record something for the future. *Rá pid amen-* te I had gained his confidence and that of the former Nazis closest to him. Except for Pedro Foncea, I believe, in whom I never saw a kindred character, thinking today that he might have been an infiltrator, having become the General Secretary of the "Socialist Popular Vanguard"; that is, of reformed Nazism.

And who knows! With the just and explicable deterioration, archetypal figures and events could well be repeated among us, around the person of the Chilean Chief, as happened with the Germanic *Fuhrer*. And so, Pedro Foncea (a sort of Chilean radical politician, a Mason in Nazi uniform) would become the Bormann (who many say was the traitor with the code name "Werther"). Oscar Jiménez was like Rudolf Hess, even in physique. And Carlos Keller as Alfred Rosenberg. All this, for a brief moment, like a flash of hallucinatory fantasy, like an image in a phantasmagoric mirror. Because, very soon, all too soon, it all became nothing.

It is midday, I am standing on the sidewalk of a downtown street, Ahumada, with a socialist friend, Marcos Vodanovic. We hear trumpets and drum rolls, still distant. Like us, people stop to listen. The noise gets closer and closer, and uniformed men marching down the center of the street become visible. And a wave of flags fluttering next to young people in rows. They are the nazists, the vanguardists. To the beat of the marches, performed by the war bands, they sing their old anthem: "Chileans to Action!

*"Onward, battle-hardened Chileans,
With uigor and entustas in the
action, Ajustar all Chile
engrandecido, Erimisolo brain and
heart.*

*"Let the class struggle [re]side, Be
only a memory of yesterday, We will
weld eisilva's anvil To the son
of the palace and the tailor.*

*"Woe to that foolish one who would
seek to Destroy this noble and
wholesome unióti; He fell from his J's
that ueiida,
By force, if not by reason.*

*"The pride of race of cliterios, I
felt it powerful uros rebullir; In
solid base **edificaremos**
The most herniated and happiest homeland.*

*"With the serene granddaughter of
the hot With the soul aflame with
emotion,
March oars sowing the seed Of
Justice, peace and redemption."*

In front, bareheaded, also in uniform, comes the Chief, with his face serious, pale, his eyes lost, without seeing, without looking at anyone, his beautiful forehead turned upwards. Next to him are Mauricio

Mena, Javier Cox and Gustavo Vargas Molinare. A little behind, with two young comrades I do not know, and with Ruperto Alamos, Oscar Jimenez is walking. He has seen me and beckons me to join the ranks. I quickly join him. He takes my hand, squeezes it and says to me:

"Comrade, now you're going with us! Would you like to die with us?"

"-Yes!", I reply.

And after so many years, when they have all died - Oscar only two years ago - I am still alive. And I march alone, never giving up a day, never giving up an hour, with the torch of the National Socialist Ideal held high, until the end.

The event was to be held in the hall of a theater in the capital, I believe on Huérfanos Street, at Bandera. From early in the morning the place had been filled with people of all kinds (of all classes). The high plate and the gallery were filled with uniformed militants of the Vanguard. The upper and lower side seats were occupied by the standard bearers. At a signal the songs began.

I had invited Blanca Luz Brum and this was the first time that she would have direct contact with the mass youth of the Party and that she would see the Chief, von Marées, who would deliver a speech, as the only speaker. We were seated in the upper stalls among the youth. The floor below was occupied by a curious and expectant audience.

At a certain moment, from the side of the proscenium, Jorge González von Marées appeared, completely alone and in civilian clothes, with a dark suit and his palomino tie. He installed himself in the center and made the salute with his right arm at an angle. In Adolf Hitler this symbolic gesture was a "*loric inudra*", the '*Para-Mudra*', performed by the God Shiva, of the Aryan-Hindu Pantheon, who bestows favor and destroys fear. I came to discover this meaning many years later, being able to say that I am one of the few to know it, even among the same Hitlerists of the

8. Magic sign.

Page of the newspaper "Trabajo". Much later edition, from 1968, made especially to commemorate the massacre of September 5, 1938. In the same old format and in homage to the fallen.

H- Ü=-" ULTIÁIADOS PORALESSANDRI IN 1938

Y GLORIA



w ' "

El Jefe, Jorge Gonzalez von Marées, and Ruperco Alamos, singing.

Nazi Germany. Here the Chief imitated the gesture in a perfect *and* almost mechanical way, being responded, in the times before the massacre, with the outstretched arm of his supporters. Now the Vanguardia was copying another salute, that of Peruvian "Aprismo", with the arm raised at an angle, without even suspecting its Masonic connotation.

With the appearance of Mel Jefe, the room erupted in a single shout, with the militants standing up: "Jefe! Jefe! Jefe! .. Jorge Gonzalez listened in mobile, with satisfaction. Suddenly he made a gesture and the shouting stopped all at once. In total silence, he began to speak, slowly, apparently with difficulty. His supporters kept staring at him, twitching, as if in pain, as if trying to help him to string his sentences together. He was referring to the current political moment, criticizing for the first time the Popular Front Government. As he became aware of this, that revolutionary youth became enthusiastic, and as if he had found his old "leit motiv" again, his legendary fervor, he began again to shout standing up, with his arms raised high: "Jefe! iJefe! iJefe! iJefe!", chanting some stanza of the hymn "*iC/iifenos o la occión*/" The Chief stopped for a moment. Undoubtedly, the energy of his followers was getting through to him. And as he continued his speech, he was no longer the same. He was in a trance, the words gushed out of him, in a merciless attack on the left of the Popular Front, which he accused of collusion with national and international capitalism, to end his speech with his forehead covered with sweat and his mouth full of foam.

What to speak of the public, equally in trance, waving the flags and singing the combat hymns. Surrounded by his storm troopers and his closest friends, the Chief left the podium and the hall.

With Blanca Luz, we were also shaken. From that day on, she became a nationalist, eventually starring in very courageous actions in Perón's Argentina and here in Chile, where she would once accompany me, with her presence, to take over the University to expel a foreign poet, an enemy of Chile, and to pronounce my "*Disc rrao de fo América del Sur*", surrounded by the flags and the shock elite of Nazism.

Being an orator was al po very important in the world of those times. I would say it was fundamental, al po as well as a requirement of the mass drivers of historical nationalism. Mussolini and Hitler were orators; Leon Degrelle was magnificent; so was Doriot and, among us, Peron. So was Eva Duarte in Argentina and María de la Cruz in Chile. Great and strange, as we have seen, was Jorge González von Marées. And, I would dare to say, the most similar to Hitler.

I would also have to initiate myself in these matters. That was the Chief's decision.

And so we were now on a southbound train together. I had him in front of me, seated, ~~speechless~~, staring at a point only he could see and lost in unknown thoughts. Perhaps even without thinking of anything. And so he remained for a long time, until the train came to a station and stopped. Through the window we saw another train going in the opposite direction, northward, which also stopped there in front of us. It was a carp-a train, carrying cattle. And it was at that moment that the Chief came out of his silence to make a strange reflection. Contemplating the animals, he said: "How can they not get tired of standing still for so long?" Shortly afterwards we set off again and, very soon, Ruperto came Alamos (the "Linge" of Chilean Nazism, the "vallet" SS, always following the prototype) to discreetly take me out of there, since the Chief had to rest.

+-'

A large audience had gathered in the square in Chill án. It was in this same square where, years before, we had sat and talked about philosophy with my classmate from the Barros Arana boarding school, Guillermo Tapia. The earthquake had destroyed it, along with the Intendancy. Now I was there again to participate in a "fascist" rally. And I was to deliver a speech, the first of my

-
9. Heinz Linge, Hitler's SS adjutant, who was at his side in the *BuriVer* to the end. And there he asked him, "-
For whom shall we fight ah ora, my *Fii hrer*?"
And He answered him:
"-Because of the *Honi hre he ue ndró*".

life. González von Marées used to look at me with a very friendly smile and said: "Let's put him in the water, so he can learn to swim..."

And there, on the podium, in that enormous concentration, the "young intellectual", the "former left-wing writer", as I was introduced, tried to string together a few words and said something I don't remember anything about. I must have begun with a dithyrambic eulogy of the Chief, as was the style, and then ended with a harangue about the Fatherland.

Later in time and on other occasions I should be speaking. As when I took the Aula Magna of the University of Chile and gave the speech already mentioned, on South America, referring, among other things, to a "lunar close-up". This speech was published in a small pamphlet; today it is a collector's jewel. At that time, thanks to my efforts, Jorge González von Maurees was able to meet in a committee with very different people, but all of them with nationalist tendencies, with Juan Gómez Millas, Eugenio González, Guillermo Izquierdo Izquierdo, Guillermo Izquierdo Izquierdo and Juan Gómez Millas, Guillermo Izquierdo Araya (who was thus half reconciled with González von Marie) and Captain Lazo (a curious personage, who had tried to stage a coup against Alessandri and who now worked with the builder Guillermo Franke); After this resignation, it was possible to form the "Alianza Nacionalista", which was presided over by Juan Gómez Millas, and both he and Eugenio González were important rectors of the University of Chile, passing through the years.

I remember a phrase of Captain Lazo in that meeting: "No I want to be an obstacle to national. Like the Jewish hairdresser who wanted to sell a fox skin, which the customer found smelly, I tell you: it's not the fox that smells, it's me..."

Surely Lazo was a Mason. So was Eugenio González and who knows if Juan Gómez Millas was not.

Regarding Freemasonry, I knew nothing about it in those years. And I was a total beginner. I think so were Jorge González and Guillermo Izquierdo Araya. That is to say, they were naive in not knowing about its immense powers.

It was around that time, a little earlier, when Vicente Huidobro made me the suggestion of joining Freemasonry. He told me: "Miguel, if you behave well, I will take you to a place where you will succeed. . ." And that is how I learned that Vicente Huidobro was a Mason. He would then have affiliated in France, taken there by the writings of the Masons.

The new generation of avant-garde, supported and used them to carry out their disorienting work. Hence also his all mi ration for Gill de Rais and Cagliostro.

I remember this well; but I do not remember how it was that I was saved, rejecting and circumventing those abysses. Perhaps it was my "*HE*", from a beyond of Light. Or the invisible hands that tightened the rope of a Sublime Ideal, by which I was already in balance, even without knowing it.

Some time later, I should have received this anonymous letter from Vicente Huidobro, which together with another from President Arturo Alessandri Palma, are the only two I have received in my life.

On a page of the newspaper "Trabajo", next to a photograph of me, which was published there, he wrote in his handwriting the following caption: "Miguelito, the Nazi and with hair on his nose"....

Something revealing of a fixation in childhood, as the phrase that, according to Volodia Teitelboim, in his biography of Huidobro, Huidobro says to Magdalena Petit, the wife of the painter Luis Vargas Rosas, opening his eyes and looking at her, shortly before his death: "Cara de poto! .. Or when, in front of me and his mother, he hides a package of candy so that his little son, Vladimir, won't eat it.

There is a mysterious link between child fixation and black magic.

Now, let us return to the speeches and political rallies of that time.

The "Nationalist Union", recently formed, called a great popular meeting in a place near the Central Station. And there I had to pronounce my third speech in public. At that time there was an epidemic of meningitis in the country, and I began my speech by accusing the commissioners of being "sick with meningitis". .. Immediately, firecrackers and tear gas bombs began to rain down on the large enclosed room. Clinging to the flagpoles and crying our eyes out, we could no longer speak. The keynote speech, which was to be given by Juan Gómez Millas, could not take place. And so it was that in the midst of the smoke and whining, this movement and this rather misguided "union" also ended, without much glory.

After the Masonic massacre of September 5, the Nationalists no longer had a destiny. Only the War, which had

just broken out in

Europe, if won, could have given us hope. And that is why I threw myself wholeheartedly into supporting Hitler. Out of intuition, out of something that circulated in my blood, beyond calculation and rational knowledge, which was then still very incomplete.

However, it was only a vague hope, an illusion; because the tremendous forces, the same sinister Shadow, which had brought about the massacre here, at the right and predetermined moment, were already charging against the Followers of the Light, also on the other side of this earth.

Vicente Hui dobro himself told me, when we met one morning in a downtown street:

"The only one who doesn't know that the war is lost is Hitler!

....

And you!"

However, these were the times of Germany's triumphs, with the surrender of France and the occupation of the Nordic countries.

I thought I understood. Surely Vincent had just come from attending a Masonic "meeting", in which he had been informed of the total mobilization of all the forces and organizations on the ground, and not only on the ground; of all, without exclusion, against Hitler and his allies. And they could no longer win.

Although I did not know the full meaning of it then, I could, nevertheless, suspect something. But instead of feeling discouraged, I gained new strength to continue the struggle. And today, -when I already *know* everything-, I still continue, I continue, because the wisdom acquired in the combat of the years, teaches me that the illusory triumph of the Enemy has been in truth his defeat.

And this would have been the case in Chile as well, had it not been for the total catastrophe with the defection of the Chief, Jorge González von Maróes.

I have said it to myself and I repeat it: If he had committed suicide, or had done anything to accompany his young heroes to that other world, the National Socialist Ideal would have lasted in Chile very high up to our days; because, as my friend Barreto said, "the color of blood is not forgotten". From the very origins of this Homeland, never before have we seen youth like that one, who immolated themselves

with such conscious courage, without doubt, with total faith in the Chief", ready to surrender everything, because they loved Chile and wished to redeem it, spilling even the last drop of their blood. The heroes who died in Germany and in the Russian steppes knew that their sacrifice was not in vain, because they were not deceived about the real personality of their *Führer*, who accompanied them to the end without giving up, without ever betraying them. So that the Ideal remained safe, like the *Blut fahne*, the "Banner of Blood", soaked with the blood of the martyrs of the Munich *Putsch*, which was never handed over to the Enemy.

Thus, the shattered bodies of the heroes could be reconstructed in *Walhalla* by Wotan and the Walkirias, as the Myth and Legend once again confirm.

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10. We believe it is of the utmost importance to make the following reflection, which would complete the statements of Nicolas Palacios: On Earth there are a very few nations that have race and another majority that are only peoples. Germany has a race, Chile has a race. Now then, the races possess a Collective Consciousness, which only functions or is "constellated" when a Chief (*Führer*, *Cia che*) appears who incarnates it, represents it and directs it until it fulfills its Myth and its Destiny. In this case, the Nation, the Homeland, the Race, feel "interpreted" and even the last man obeys and follows the Chief, in an obedient surrender of his own free will. It is the surrender to the *Führer Prinzip*, or to the *Führerprinzip*, or, as老子 said, to the *Wuwei*. And a state of creative and spiritual explosion is produced, as in Germany in the 30's, in the Reich (mystical expression that we could assimilate to the 'temple', to the *Church*, to the *Church*). All the officers and crew of the ship follow him and join him. If Prato had not done so, no one would have sacrificed himself. Where there is no race and there are only people, each one pulls for his own side. This is the case in Italy (where there is no use for example, or the immolation of a Chief), in Argentina and also in Spain, where the heroic gesture is individual, or "individualistic". Don Pedro de Valdivia, for example, fallen in an ambush, asks his companion: "And now, what shall we do?" And the latter answers: "What do you want us to do, sir, but fight and die? The difference with the homogeneous Araucanian race appears when the Tofii Caupolicán, taken prisoner, is executed in the inhuman torture, and his wife, Fresia Freijai throws at his feet, ashamed, her son. For he leaves, the *Cinchecolli*, the *Führer*, cannot fail, nor give up, without destroying the unique fabric of the soul of the Race. The *Führer*, Adolf Hitler, did not fail; Cenzul von Marées, did.

And that is why Hitler and his hosts - the *Wildesheer* - have not been defeated and will return, inevitable, by the Cyclic Law and by the *Loyalty of the Architect*, who, having been "constellated," reached, touched and never betrayed, will return with the tremendous force of a storm, to bring the Enemy back to dust and nothingness. For this is the Law of the Gods. And because the Ideal bla Idea) is prior to the very Creation of the Universe.

If in Chile -this "Concave Mirror"- this had also happened in the 20th century, with Jorge González von Marées, just as in the 19th century with Arturo Prat, we would not have needed to resort so much to Hitler's Germany to save ourselves, for we would have had our own Fire of Glory, our own Path of Light unscathed to guide us to the Enemy. But the Enemy also knew it and, just as he tries to this day, by every means at his disposal, to reverse the triumph of the Spirit on Earth, to cover up, through lies and crime, the shining Sun of Hitlerism, without succeeding, so he knew that he had to destroy the brilliance of that generation of Chilean heroes, making their Leader obscure martyrdom and sacrifice with the most atrocious betrayal of the Cause and its Idea.

With the massacre of September 5, they did not really achieve what they were aiming for; to achieve it, it was necessary to destroy the Chief, demythologizing him, not turning him into a hero, but into an anti-hero, a renegade. First they tried to ridicule him, making him out to be a madman. Thus, when he again went to the opposition, attacking the Popular Front Government, as we have seen, they used the infiltrators in the Vanguardia Popular Socialista. And it is interesting to be able to analyze one of these plans. Someone in the newspaper "Trabajo" published a hateful comment for the Minister of the Interior, Arturo Olavarría, accusing him of having dubious relations with his secretary. Almost immediately, individuals infiltrated the vanguardist troops and committed a new assassination. Jorge Gonzalez was not only indicated, I think he became desperate. In the middle of the night they came to take him from his home. He defended himself with bullets, together with his brother-in-law. He was taken, not to jail, but to an insane asylum. This was the revenge of "Pi tín" (as Minister Olavarría was called).

Jorge Gonzalez managed to come out of this test well, charging the
The psychiatrist, who was questioning him, of failing to comply with
professional ethics.

The doctor was ashamed, excusing himself and releasing him. The doctor was embarrassed, excusing himself and releasing him.

I see the Chief again, marching with his vanguardists, along a peripheral street. He is changed, insecure, paler than usual, as if fearing something, anything, perhaps an attack. He, then, like me today, never kept bodyguards or any personal surveillance at his home.

Knowing now the dark means and the sophisticated psychological and psychotronic technique used (since the First World War, and even before) to bend, change the personality, even to destroy the opponents, as Rudolf Hess revealed to us in the Nuremberg Trial, I think and imagine the dark and shadowy "work" that will have been put into action against Jorge Gonzalez von Marées, from the very moment he entered the leadership, in good faith and with naiveté, against Jorge Gonzalez von Marées, I think and I imagine the dark and tenebrous "work" that will have been put into action against Jorge González von Marées, from the very moment he entered to lead, in good faith and with naive idealism, the Chilean Nazism, changing the face of a generation and endangering the whole plan, more than centenary, of Freemasonry and Judaism in this part of the Earth.

Yet, he was able to resist and even overcome (losing, as we have said; killing himself, or being killed), because against the Demon and the Shadow, there are the Gods of the Uncreated Light. There is the Archetype. But... And the genes? Today I know.

Even though I am not sure I can achieve it, I am going to try here, for the first time, to discover, to penetrate the way, the manner in which the Demon of Evil acts in this "Thing" Earth.

For example, a group of men - the Freemasonry, the Great Synagogue, or a team of "mocñis", of black sorcerers - starts to "work" with traditional techniques, or ancient methods, with the Kabbalah, or whatever, plus the "psychotronic" machinery acquired a century ago, to "project" against people, or against a single person. It is to lead them into error, disease or infamous death. It is always preferable to commit an error. As religions, classical myths and legends have said and revealed, even if in a relative way, the struggle is between Good and Evil, being here

below only a reflection of a Cosmic Drama that is fulfilled, repeated and projected in all the kingdoms of the so-called "Nature".

It becomes in man a mental rather than a purely material affair, so that he lends only his body - his bodies - his "I," his "I," to the Invisible Powers, to the "Angels" of Good, or to the Demons of Evil. It is what has been called the "*Karnomanasic War*," or "War of the Minds," which always precedes, and of which the physical war is only a reflection, a pure consequence.

Certainly, not all wars or conflicts reach these dimensions. Only when men are able to rise above their "I", to be inspired again by their "*HE*", do they take part in the War of the Worlds and are then possessed by the Gods who involve them in the Cosmic War which they have been waging since before Time began.

And here, on this "planet", on this "thing" earth, that strange mystery of the "genes", of the "silicon of the genes", of the "neuronal chip", in relation perhaps to that which the Hindus have called *harma* and whose ultimate understanding and maximum meaning escapes me.

But what I wish to get to is to try to understand the way in which the Enemy operates on someone, producing the facts that - first mentally - have tried to configure and, then, reproduce in the matter. And in this specific case at hand, the disaster and the crime carefully elaborated in the youth of Chilean Nazism and in the person of the Chief, Jorge **Gonzó** lez von Marées, with its total destruction and disarticulation.

In our opinion, it is impossible that all the details could have been conceived and planned in advance by the "conspirators". For this very reason we suspect that the *Plan*, in its totality, is not carried out by those in equilibrium. They only induce it, propitiate it, facilitate it, opening themselves to one or another influence, of the Shadow or of the Light, in the War of the Worlds, which has begun before our birth. *Further on*.

In truth, no one was able to work out the diabolical details of that brilliantly satanic trap by which the Chief, Gonzalez von Marées, would be destroyed *forever* (and I emphasize, *forever*, until beyond this life). It is as if only an acting Force were initiated, imprinting it with the desired direction, against someone or in favor of someone, either by means of those mental procedures indicated, or of the psychotronic machinery, projector of subatomic particles. The "genius" details are not elaborated by the

The rest is done by Nature (visible or invisible), which has set itself in motion by "acquired speed", by "acquired intelligence", and seeks out and selects the events, the smallest details, organizing them to perfection, with satanic genius. And the unmistakable seal of his action is the murderous ruthlessness, the cruelty, the viciousness, with which he finishes off his work. As in the Seguro Obrero. Or the laughter heard in the center of a closed Universe, after an act of defection, of weakness or betrayal, like that of Gonzalez von Marées, when he shook hands with the executioner of the sixty boys he sent to the slaughter, on September 5, 1938.

As we have seen, Jorge González von Marées opened himself, at a given moment, to the Archetype of the Nazi "Boss" -of the *Führer Prinzi* p ario, of the Araucanian Cirichccorui- and, there, half of his blood seemed to have transfigured and the Angel and *Ours*, the Warriors of the Light, took him on their account, being able to leave the prison, the Insane Asylum and other tortures and stalks unscathed. But his protection was necessarily limited, for he would have to fight the other '@en' embedded in his very essence. In addition, the threats and mental pressures of the Enemy, those we know and those we do not know, would be taking their toll.

Until the last quarter of an hour, when some men, some warriors who fight this war, are brought before their own limits.

And in our History, I remember Don Diego Portales, that strong and great man, who, nevertheless, dies cowardly, begging clemency to his victimizer, Florín, on his knees and shackled (What a difference with Ledesma Ramos in Spain and with Gallmeyer in the Seguro Obrero! At what point did Portales abandon his Angel, or did the latter abandon him? And Manuel Contreras, the General who swore never to set foot in a prison, the former Director of the Intelligence Services of Pinochet's military government, meekly surrendering himself to his enemies?

In any case, Jorge Gonzalez waited until the end of the Great War -or "they" made him wait- to switch completely to the side of the Enemy go that he had fought for years.

This is how it happened. A prearranged day, a burial, in the General Cemetery of Santiago, one of those that bring together politicians of different tendencies, with speeches in praise of the deceased, meetings and greetings. And there was Jorge González von Marées, there was Senator Raúl Marín Balmaceda, the one who saved four survivors of the massacre in the "Tower of Blood", and to whom the Nazis owed eternal recognition. There was also the one who ordered the crime, former President Arturo Alessandri Palma, of the same political party as the Senator. The three of them, face to face. And lo and behold, in an impulse -who prompted him? - the Senator, a descendant of President Balmaceda, approached the other two and said: "All right! Shake hands, reconcile!"

And they both gave them to each other....

My Gods! What happened? How could that have happened? No doubt Gonzalez von Marées was surprised - but was he really? There was the tribune, the Chilean patrician, savior of the Nazis, Germanophile in the War, asking him for this gesture. Could he refuse? Yes, not only could he, but he was obliged to do so! And there, in front, happy and smiling to himself, the Demon of Evil, the agent of the assassins, the Freemason with all his powers.

It is no longer of any use to analyze this Drama, as I did in my book *"Adolf Hitler, The Last Auotára"*, telling myself that perhaps the slow German temperament prevented von Marées from reacting, being surprised. That, in truth, does not count. Or, rather, it counts in the calculations of the Devil, who knew how to choose what he was planning down to the smallest details.

The masters, the heroes, will lie painfully in their graves, for they have been killed again, and now forever, for their blood will not save Chile, or anything else!

The Anti-Symbol fulfilled would mark the vertical fall of the Chief, of the former Chief. And the same Chile, which could have been forged on the "anvil of another life", was once again swallowed by the "weight of the night", until the sad days of the present. It returned to be the country of "com ponend a" and "reconciliation", of empanadas, of "pequenes" and red wine, where everything is the same, because the Chief of the Heroes has shaken hands with his victimhood. And not content with this, he has joined

the latter's political party, the Liberal Party, carrying

He took with him several of his supporters, among them the founder of the National Socialist Party, C ustav o Vargas Molinare, who would later become a Christian Democrat, Enrique Zorrilla and others. Jorge Gonzalez became Treasurer and Secretary General of that Party, where, in truth, he was surely despised.

How could this have happened, I repeated and repeat to myself, since those distant times. Today, after the revelation of my nephew, Rodrigo Alliende, I answer myself: the "gene" of the Jew Sussmann, in the silicon and neuron robot. They put that individual there, to achieve all this, and, perhaps, they have always used him.

Because it was then, and nowhere else in the History of this Magical Country of Chile, in this "Penitent Hole", where the only and greatest possibility of terrestrial redemption was played and destroyed: If it had been possible to join the Sacrifice of the *Ciiiche* of the South Pole , with that of the *Fryltrer* of the North Pole.

THE EXECUTIVE R

Since then, Chile has been transformed into a country of cowards, of timorous and conciliatory people, where little by little and more and more rapidly, out of cowardice, the land is being handed over to foreigners, piece by piece. The old lords of the transversal valleys, between the mountain range and the sea, who defended even a small border of their property and fought with bullets for their water rights, for example, were supplanted by the "legule- yos" and the "coimeros", who enveloped the Homeland in a great tangle of laws and codes. And the journalists did the rest, inventing euphemisms to avoid calling things by their name. The terrorist is a "young rapist", the filthy rapist and pedophile is a "presumed criminal" and, now, with the invention of the term "value", early pregnancy, homosexuality and lesbianism are justified. And the degenerate and murderous monster is blamed precisely for consideration of the "value" and for not being able - in the name of a faggot-laughing Christianity - to "arrogate to himself the right to take anyone's life", not even those wild beasts that are coming upon us. Meanwhile, we steal and amass fortunes, in the "social economy of the market", "laundering money" from cocaine and destroying views and honor in an underhand and hypocritical way.

In truth, we are being ruled by the real hidden murderers, hypocrites, covert and underhanded.

And these putrid waters, this putrid and filthy stream of "sewage" overflowed over this Mfigic Homeland, now without counterweight, when the Guide, the Father of Heroes, the Chief, betrayed his warriors and shook hands with the executioner of his followers.

That terrible symbol signaled the triumph of the destroyer, AJessandri. Because that agent, that ruler, had already been making victims since ancient times. To his credit he had other massacres and the beneficiary of them, the Mamon-Jehov á, the true drinker of that blood spilled in torrents, rewarded him by protecting him and giving him paranormal powers. And with these powers of seduction he not only enveloped Jorge Gonzá lez von Marées, but also Guillermo Izquierdo Araya who, at the end of his days, became friends with the "Lion" -as he was called-, finding him "human" and "generous".

He had already deceived the entire Chilean society, being the "Sicilian demagogue" who had come to Chile to stir up the masses with unfulfilled promises and ingenious phrases, destroying the marvelous Portalian order forever and at once. The Castilian-Basque mentalities, the old Visigothic lords, did not know how to react to the southern verbiage of the foreigner and, in the end, fell prey to his hypnosis, coming to believe him to be one of their own. They were thus the first to shake hands with their destroyer, the one who desolated their inheritance, put an end to their agricultural and lordly legend, to their short and intense history.

Arturo Alessandri Palma came to Chile to make a caricature of the Chilean, Üof his popular wit, translating into Sicilian, so to speak, his wit. And as the idiosyncrasy of the mountain-Andean is sober and even lacking in imagination, he felt dazzled by the sparkle and brilliance of the Latin and let himself be seduced, with the result that the old style of the poor and honest men who, like my grandfather Joaquín Fernández Blanco spent his patrimony to pay for his embassy in Spain, to build a road between Valparaíso and Viña del Mar, or who did not accept that a bank would pay his son's salary, "because he gave him the money", ended forever in Chile, being replaced by the "com pad razgo" and venality, until today. And this is what Nationalism wanted to fight against in Chile, to return to the old Portalian style of the State in Form. And, for that reason, it attacked the guilty party, the destroyer, Arturo Alessandri Palma, at that time again in power. He made

The falsification of our history knew no bounds, and the falsification of our history had no limits. The falsification of our History had no limits. For example, he nicknamed himself "Lion of Tarapacá", appropriating the name Patio with justice to a hero of the Homeland, Eleuterio Ramírez, great warrior of our glorious deeds. And, somehow, he must have managed to make Eleuterio Ramirez Street, in the city of Santiago, a center of prostitution, becoming known as such.

In those years I had a very special and dear friend. His name was Delfín Alcaide. He was called "Pimpín", a total **eccentric**, with good contacts in Nazism, even though he was very Catholic in his own way, and without being a member of any political party. He would deliver inflammatory harangues, perched on street lamps. Sometimes he would visit me at home, where we would have long conversations. I would consult him on the most diverse subjects and also on national and international political figures, with the conviction that his explanations and answers would always be extraordinary, approximating, by his intuition, to the truth. He often saw Arturo Alessandri Palma, who had been his "proxy" in Santiago while he studied law at the University of Chile. The "Pimpín" family was friends with Alessandri and lived in the province. It was he who told me that Alessandri had been very affected by the harshness with which Mussolini received him during his trip to Europe, after the massacre. And, even more, by Hitler's refusal to receive him. He was only attended by von Ribbentrop, who reproached him for the crime of the Chilean Nazis. Furthermore, Delfín Alcaide revealed to me that Alessandri was sure he had mental powers, which he used to his advantage. And he had confessed to him "that he was still using them".

Of this there is no doubt, and Ike had them until the end, if we think of what happened to my dear friend and head of the former Chilean "Nationalist Party", Guillermo Izquierdo Araya.

But I have to say that these powers did not work for me.

Because "Pimpín" came to see me one day as a surprise, to give me a book of Alessandri's, dedicated to me. It was his "Rectificaciones a un Capítulo de la Historia de Chile", by Ricardo Donoso, and he wrote to me there, in his own handwriting:

"To Mr. Miguel Iserraiio Fernandez so that I may know how I have served my country with sincerity and honesty.

"ARTURO ALEIS!SANDRI

"Santiago, December 30, 1941".

My reaction was immediate. I remember that I grabbed "Pimpín" by the sun and pushed him out of my house. In a second thought, I snatched the book that I had put back in his hands, and went back inside. Now a little calmer, I said to him: "If you want to continue being my friend, come back tomorrow, because now I will take a photograph of this dedication and my answer, so that you can return it to that gentleman who, through you, wanted to buy me and soften me up, so that I would not continue attacking him".

I can still see Delfin Alcaide looking pale and apologizing for what he had done, but not understanding the full extent of it. He promised to return the next day. And so he did.

Meanwhile, I wrote below Alessandri's dedication:

"Alessandri:

"When I received this book I remember more than ever the sixty boys you killed. I don't need to read it because you have been [unesto for my country."

And I signed: *"MIHUEL !SERRANO. 8-1-1942".*

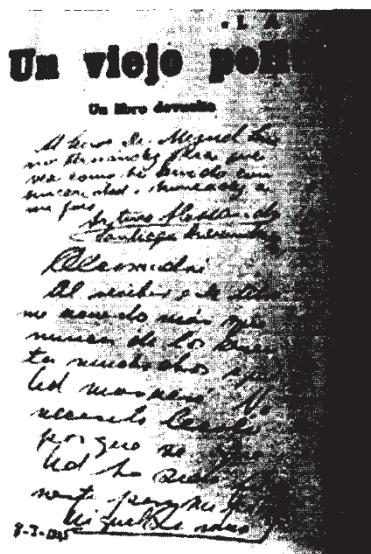
In those years we were already in the midst of World War II and, faithful to what I had understood and what I have tried to explain here, I had placed myself squarely on the side of Germany, Italy and Japan; that is, on the side of the "Axis", against the Masonic and "Allied" powers. To this end, I edited and wrote on my own, with a few collaborators, the magazine "Lo Nueva Edad", which became famous during the few years of its publication.

Well, in issue 14 of January 1, 1942, I had just written a violent article against Alessandri, who was again seeking the Presidency in the next elections. It was entitled: *"Until when AlessaÜdri emibrows Chile!"*. And it was because of this, no doubt, that he sent me the book with his dedication.



With Delfin Alcaide (left), the extraordinary "Pimpín".

Portada de la revista
"La Nueva Edad".



BIEN, ROSSETTI

VERGÜENZA EN BOLIVIA

SETE DIAS DE LA POLITICA MUNDIAL

Los Comisarios políticos del Ejército Ruso

por el Sr. Dr. A. Serrano

008576

señora y su señora, hombre

por Miguel Serrano

Benito Mussolini según Adolfo Hitler

Las agresiones de los Estados Unidos en la América Latina

Las Listas Negras, xarpazo de la garra yanqui

por E. R.

ECOMUNAROS AL CODIGO DE CAMPAÑA DEL EJERCITO JAPONES

por A. R. C.

Chile y la Revolución

La hoja de la revista "La Nueva Edad" con la dedicatoria de Arturo Alessandri Palma y la respuesta de Miguel Serrano.

In issue number 15 of the magazine, January 15, 1942, I photographed the page of Alessandri's book, with the dedication and my reply, and published it in the central pages.

I remember that before launching it on the street, I went to see my friend, Guillermo Izquierdo Araya, the aforementioned head of the Nationalist Party, and showed him what I was planning to publish.

He demurred and said to me: "No, you can't do that!.... I shudder to read it".

Guillermo Izquierdo was a lawyer and we were good friends until his death. He defended me in those years against a lawsuit filed against me by the Ambassador of Bolivia, Ostria Gutierrez, precisely because of publications in my magazine.

That is the way things were in Chile and still are. No one dares to speak the truth or defend our honor and the sacrifice of heroes, those here and those there.

I published that and with a commentary in which I emphasized, for the young people of my generation and all the generations that would follow me, that I had not allowed myself to be fooled by the dark maneuvers of an old politician who, with the gesture of a dedication, tried to eat me and silence me, like anyone else in this country.

"AN OLD POLICY WANTED TO UNVEIL THE

"A book dev ii quote.

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'deniocracy'est.*

*"The tocotieJa of a former president qire lta[oriented in Cltile
all to ri cliraa of irresjou.sablity.*

"Enllo 6fe manhood and siucertdad in C/it le.

*"It is the li bro - "Los decl/icoctone.s of Cayítalo de la Histori'i
de C/ttfe, de Ricarclo Domo.so"-, qire Alessa ndri mv nció al
director de esta revista con la clef.catorta qre se reprod rce y que
este iiltimo cleuoluió, ogrezóud ole las palabras que pueden
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understand córiio a n homb re ol which was lin estacto

The fact that Alessa ndri was attacking him in a sleepy and ungodly way, he decided to send a dedicated book, unless he believed that he was being attacked in jest or in the name of a political platform, with the same or ulterior intentions, as he has always acted in life and as all politicians of his kind do. But more than anything else, Alessa ndri sent that dedicated book, because in this way he believed that he would win the sympathy of his attacker and would cover his mouth, with his ex-President's ge sto that makes /of ennto. It is the uieyo triquiiuella, the uieyo tactic that has suuido to our homeland in this climate of irrespoosabilidad in which everything is Ió allowed - any cri - men-, because it is enough that the next day is found to the uicti ma eri the street and is dip-a. 'Man, I corioct so much to his father!'.... V all Chilean politicians of 'democracy' have followed the same cowardly and degeiiered waters. But we, the J88erittid, we no longer let us erigiieria nios and we know where to estimate our erie rimgos, which mort our ideals, and over how many sacrifices and delicate personal feelings we will have to go through to reach or fulfill them. transip-ire - us with no one. We will break all the spider's webs that the political establishment wants to start weaving. We belong to our comrades i n struggle.

"That in this transcendental moment for Chile, this certainty of our attitude should serve as an example to the higher generations of the Swedish and Uruguayan Chile that must begin to be born now and that must be totally different from that o f t h e 'changes', of the irresponsibilities and hypocrisies".

Yes! I wasn't "just anyone else"! There was my *EL* to point it out to me. And my ancestors from *Div yas*, from Visigoths and Merovingians. My own reaction confirmed it.

Delfin Alcaide complied, returning the book to Alessandri. And so "Pim pin", the great "Pimpin", remained my friend until his death, which occurred while I was in India.

And it was shortly thereafter that I received the second anonymous letter of my life.

On the front endpaper of the review *"La Nueva Edad"*, in the same handwriting as the dedication of the book I returned, the following arrived at my address:

"Miguel! Serrotio, full of hate and sala miertioria. don't you remember that the uerdoos guilty of the rriertos del Seguro Obrero [u.eron Ibóñez and González con Marées!"]

Let us reflect a little on this unusual event, which could give us one more reason to conclude that our path, that of this Chile - which no longer exists-, had ended in those times we are referring to.

This seems almost unbelievable: A mature politician, who has been President of the Nation several times, sends an anonymous letter to a boy in his early twenties.

What is an anonymous letter? What does it mean? What is the purpose of it? If what is wanted is that what is written there is not made public, that its author cannot be accused, this is absurd, since the handwriting gives it away, in these cases in which not even the care of typing it has been taken. That is to say, the impulse to send it has been irresistible, coming from the depths of the unconscious, product of rage, wounded and childish pride, hatred, envy, etcetera. Even the lyrics of Vicente Huidobro's and Arturo Alessandri's anonymous letters were similar. Childishness and "black magic", as we said. A vermin that has been wounded, defrauded, defeated in its dark cavern. A witchcraft that had no effect, that with the anonymous one vents and that is tampa the seal of its defeat.

It is known that Alessandri Palma (what is the true origin of the surname Alessandri?) frequented fortune tellers and witches.

How is it possible, I ask myself, that Vicente Huidobro also did what I did, with a boy who was then just beginning his literary life and who, moreover, was his nephew? A gesture similar to hiding candy from his son. How did I hurt him? What did I do against you?

Not long ago he had attacked me in the press, accusing me of "living and dying for the brothel".

As Alessandri, rto and tido *utiltormie*. In the struggle between the two currents that are being fought from the very beginning, the

I had chosen a side, and my EL had chosen it for me. My *HIM* had chosen it for me. He protected me and gave me the triumph. Not without having to pay a very high price, for, against me and my work, all the powers of Avernus were unleashed.

Many years have passed. The "Radical Decade" -of the radical presidents- was over. The war ended. I was in India. There was a new election. And there another Alessandri was elected: Jorge, son of the previous one. That is how it is in Chile, a people without imagination, where the sons of those who were, are elected only because they bear their names, by repetition, by "adQuirid a speed". Today we have a Frei, because he is named after his father.

When Jorge Alessandri Rodríguez was elected President of Chile, someone took him the old copy of "*o Nueva Edcid*", with my publication about his progenitor, telling him: "You cannot leave Miguel Serrano as Ambassador of your trust".

He replied: "He has been a good civil servant and he stays. I have nothing to do with my father's deeds".

Yes, indeed, they were very different *í* Rodríguez is a Visigoth). And he had with me gestures of great courtesy and delicacy, which I tried to repay him, as best I could, until the end, when I had already moved to the Embassy in Yugoslavia and, later, upon my return to Chile, after the coup d'état.

However, it was during his government that the destruction of Chilean agriculture began, with the Agrarian Reform. An Admiral,

José Toribio Merino, who was the real "detonator" of the 1973 Military Coup, once said. "We Chileans are neither the Prussians nor the Englishmen of South America, as we are not the Prussians or the Englishmen of South America.

it is often said. We are the farmers of South America...". And now, when the destruction of our agriculture has been completed, we are the farmers of South America.

ture (with the clumsy and propitious inclusion in the "Mercosur"), started by Jorge Alessandri Rodríguez, followed by Eduardo Frei Montalva, continued by Salvador Allende Gossens and concluded by Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle, it can be said that Chile is over.

And none of these victims of the Homeland really had the blood of a Chilean on their "thirty-three sides", as Miguel de Unamuno would say.

THE GREAT WAR

*"If yn jolt.n e.sfo War, le Itobra dar!o u it gaol ye niorla I to the Jew.
If I lose it, the Jew will ruin the course.*

Adolf Hitler

THE FORGOTTEN MEN

I state it again: often in these "Memoirs" I have been zclanflo the years and times, and I think I will continue to do so until the end.

When the Second World War broke out, I had not yet published my magazine "La Nueva Ed all", which appeared only in July 1941. My knowledge of Nazism at that time was only expert; it concerned the economic and social side, already explained, especially the destruction of the interest in money. Of Hitler, he only admired his political genius, which he considered superior to that of Mu ssolini and any other Head of State of the time. My contribution to the "Literary Page" of "Tra bass" was framed within the cultural knowledge that we received from the publishing houses of those times. The same was true up to the first year of the publication of "The New Age", although I went a little outside the orthodoxy, so to speak, with the revelation of a very particular *Weltahechaii it rig*, or cosmogony, which I myself did not know how it had been elaborated. And it had many similarities with what was later revealed to me. I am referring to my essay "Beyond Nazism", published in issue No. 9, October 21, 1941, of "La Nueva Ext ad", which earned me a telephone interview with Dr. Ramón Cárós Póre z, who, admiring, asked me about the sources of my knowledge and, above all, of my information. I replied that it had all come from myself. I am not sure I believed it.

The truth is that even before I began to concern myself with politics, that is to say, before the death of Barreto, I had already formed a certain cosmogony, and I wrote a book entitled "The New Earth", which I burned. And it is there that we find the theoretical basis for the lecture that, many years later, he gave at the University of Concepción, in Chile, and at Columbia University, in New **York**, under the title "A Message from South America".

If in these lines, moreover, I have often deviated from the brief account of the facts in order to draw general conclusions, delving into their metaphysical and even mythical roots, it is because they have them. And, by not exposing them, we would be undermining their universal and eternal validity, minimizing our own life and theirs. This is the **mistake** that historians generally make,

so that their histories are no longer read. And I am not referring only to Don Diego Barros Arana and Don Francisco Antonio Encina, among us, but also to Oswald Spengler, who, lacking a mythical-spiritual projection, has lost his interest and validity.

If we are not able to write a "Prologue" to the History of Humanity, or rather to discover it, we will miss its "Epilogue". If we do not understand that we are immersed in a Combat of Angels and Demons (or aliens, as we would say today), in the middle, in between, and that we are only *the victims*, we will continue to be the toys of Destiny, for not having understood it in this way.

Of course, I was not aware of that. And it's only over the years that experience has been making its way towards reason. That is why I have taken so long to write these "Memoirs". And I hope that today the Gods will give me the strength and time to finish them.

I do not know what transcendence these pages may have, nor if they will last more than a day among the inhabitants of this land and of this country in disintegration; but I have the duty to remember the comrades of those times, to remember their names and their deeds, when nobody even knows that they existed, when they are "gone forever".

One night, for example, in a restaurant in downtown Santiago, on Merced Street, on the corner of the Plaza de Armas, in a tribute to the Chief and where the "Canción del Machi tú n" was being sung, Mariano Casanova, the musician, conducted it:

*"Cuondo et al mia e.s II hien
eeuu and the body est it too, there
must be one ifiz.sion,
there must be a rtuu jer.*

*"Let's drink away from the
river, let's drink with
illusion,
and let us know how to
listen, when it arrives, when
it arrives, when it arrives, when
it arrives,
when it arrives, when it arrives*

....."

Enraptured, happy, we went out into the street. There, a group of onlookers watched us and, recognizing Chief Gonzalez von Marées, pointed him out by name. The "T.N.A." misunderstood the situation and took several of the "onlookers" for enemies. I saw among them my schoolmate, Victor Abukalil, with whom I used to play tennis at Barros Arana, being held in the air by two or more comrades, leaning against the wall and with his face full of fear. I ran to his aid, begging them to let him go. I managed to catch him before he fell to the ground. He was an affable young man, a descendant of Arabs and a relative of none other than Juan Y unis, our economist. Also with us that night was Manuel Mayo, whom, over the years, he would receive in India.

Another time, on a car trip to San Antonio, to an election of deputies, where Luis Correa Prieto was running for the Vanguardia Popular Socia- list. Mauricio Mena was driving the car and Oscar Jiménez, Luis Correa and I were passengers,

Mauricio Mena was great and my friend until his premature end. He was of unquestionable courage. He and his brother, Urbano, were invincible in bare-knuckle fights. If they came, for example, to a room full of enemies, they would divide the sides of the room: "You take the right side, I'll take the left," they would say to each other. And, in truth, they would leave the "tendalada".

Now, inside the car, I can still see Luis Correa Prieto throwing his fists in the air. "I was rehearsing," he would say, for what might happen in the Port of San Antonio, with "so many communist fishermen."

In Lo Gallardo, on the farm of his father-in-law, Cruzat, Mauricio met with his family. And the affectionate greeting with his youngest son was a pugilate in jest, in which both rolled on the floor.

To Mauricio Mena, a great senior and Catholic, Don Pedro Aguirre Cerda, elected President by the Popular Front, offered him the Embassy to the Vatican. He turned it down, saying that he could not accept it, because he never left before four in the afternoon. And so it was, because Mauricio led a double life. He lived at night, like my uncle Pedro Fernandez, the "Knight of the Night".

That time, we all went to dinner at Tejas Verdes, at the old mouth of the Maipo *River*, to a popular inn. There, at a nearby table was a group of politicians from the Democratic Party, headed by the Minister of Labor, Poupin. To us

We had been joined by Guillermo Santa Cruz Barceló, at the time, a van-guardian and brother of our former delegate to the United Nations, Hernán Santa Cruz. As soon as we recognized each other, table to table introductions **began**. Inton-ces, Guillermo Santa Cruz stood up and, addressing Minister Poupin, challenged him to go out and fight outside. The latter, who was quite "emparafinado", accepted the challenge. And so began the most curious pugilatorial I have ever witnessed.

In the middle of the night and with the scarce light of the lanterns at the entrance of the inn, a ring was improvised, formed by our people and theirs. In the middle were placed the opponents, who immediately began to slap each other's faces. Poupin was chubby and clumsy. As he was taking the brunt of it, he kicked Guillermo in the testicles. The latter took his hands to the affected part and was left screaming in pain. Mauricio Mena, who was the referee of the fight, gave the order to "zafarrancho". Poupin flew through the air and I can still see Oscar Jiménez throwing such a tremendous blow to one of those diners, that he fell to the ground and, as if he were bouncing, he stood up and ran away until he was lost in the darkness.

The police arrived and took us to jail. The next day we had to go to testify. The only question they asked us was whether we were armed with iron, because one of the other banilo arrived with his jaw dislocated and tied with wires.

The scandal was huge in the country and cost Minister Poupin, of the Popular Front, his job. As we have already mentioned, the Vanguard had already switched to the opposition.

We were also very close friends with Guillermo Santa Cruz. At that time he worked with his son, Alfonso Zegers, in the construction of the Tejas Vertles I4ostería, where my family had a house. He was quite a character. He rode his horse upside down, turned tail first, and galloped through the streets. One day, in his room, I was checking a revolver and it occurred to me to pull the trigger, convinced that it was unloaded. The bullet grazed his head and embedded itself in the wall. We both looked at each other without saying anything. What could we say? Stunned, after a while, we started to laugh.

Luis Correa Prieto was a man who was linked to the business community, becoming Minister of Economy in the government of Carlos

Ibáñez and later President of the Sociedad de Comercio and of the

Sociedad de

Corredores de Frutos del País. He never failed to help me, when I needed it, in my worst times. He always remained faithful to our ideology, never accepting the social market economy imposed by Pinochet's "Chicago boys". He died only a few months ago. I will always remember him.

Oscar Jimenez often visited Tejas Verdes with me. I see him swimming among the big waves of Santo Domingo, without fear of the strong tides, which could drag and make a champion succumb. With him we would live many other intense adventures of the soul.

All of them, whatever their fate here, after the great defection, remained Nazis by moral structure, style and training.

I also owe my first contact with the antechamber of the Great South of our homeland to my old Nazi comrades. With Ruperto Alamos and Sergio Recabarren, who, in turn, became for a short time Ibañez's Minister of Finance, we made a trip by train to Puerto Montt (where then "the land ended"), stopping in several cities, to inspect and make contact with the old nuclei and centers of Nazism. For the first time I passed beyond Chillán, to enter the realm of rain, of the great rivers, lakes, volcanoes and virgin forest. We were welcomed by old comrades and also by German settlers, in their wooden houses, smelling of apple *cider*, by the burning fireplaces, with large scented logs. In "Neither by Sea nor by Land" I described all this, and the thrill of contemplating those snowy peaks, circled by a halo of moving light. Our divine Earth, once inhabited by giants, with the soul in pain and waiting for the resurrected Man-Wizard to transfigure it. The landscape that dominates everything and the small, defeated man, although full of dreams and nostalgia, like those old German settlers and like the old Nazis who received us in their modest houses and opened their old trunks, to take out their uniforms, with which they had left to parade in "The March of Victory" and their belts, weapons for fights and combats. They would bring a few carafes of wine from their lands and, by the fire, we would start singing the songs

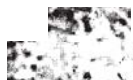
and the old him nos: "We will join in the yun that of another viril a. .. the son 'lel Palace and of the workshop..." and "It must liaber an illusion, and a woman...". His eyes shone and those of Ru perto Alamos and 'le Recabarren, and mine; because we still dreamed of changing the Homeland and resurrecting the ghosts of the "Pil lanes", which moved in the night, through the jungle and jtor the snowy cumbi es, and the gloomy shadows of the comrades killed on September 1, only two years ago.

In many places, even in Chiloé, when we arrived, only Ruperto Almos and I were asked about the Chief, with veneration and respect. I think that for them it was incredible to be with us, that we had the unique privilege of being with him every day and at any time. We were in contact with the angelic architects and the with the "Being S- i oar". And they would take whatever we told them to take. And it was exciting to see how they treated us. Although already in the depths of their souls, a spark of love had begun to ignite. bitterness and disillusionment, which I discovered in his questions about the reason for the change of the name of Nationalism to Vanguardia Pojiular Socialista, about the motlification of the Flag and even about the new

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Official anthem. They do not in tened, and we pre untab an. And I see that P u perto Alam os has made great efforts to try to find him. rt and rt irles an exl i- cation. Sergio Recaba- r i en remained in si- leniency. I only

With Ruperto Alamos and the priests of Chonch i , in **Chiloé**, during **our inspection visits to the former Nazi "bases"**.



The fire was contemplating, a small flame on the embers, in the advance of the night, of the Great Night of the South and of the Nation.

Ruperto Alamos belonged to a family that moved in all social spheres. His brother was known as the "Mosca" and was a member of the Club de la Union, in Santiago, which was like saying "The White", in London; the "Jockey Club", in Madrid, or in Paris. His sister, Elena, was beautiful and distinguished. She became a close friend of my sister Blanca, and would invite Ruperto and me to dinner at her father's house. I can still see her sitting at the head of the table, raising a crystal glass of red wine in her fine hands, and inviting us to toast our triumph. She was the only one, because no one else in that family ever looked like her. The "Mosca" passed by, like a fly, precisely, bearded and without even looking at us. They did not like Nazism, nor did they approve of Ruperto's position.

The second apelli do was Santa Cruz and was a cousin of Cuillermo and Hernan.

We had now passed Tenglo Island and were sailing towards Chiloé Island, a remnant of Lemuria or Gondwana, for sure.

The people we met there, I have written in *"Neither by Sea nor by Land"*. The war was burning in Europe and large shipments of timber, destined for Germany, had been stranded in the ports by the blockade of the "Allies". I found no one, anywhere, who was not a supporter of Germany.

Ruperto had to return to the north and I decided to continue alone to the very edge of the world, where in truth our land ends and the crowded islands and the mystery of the waters continue, there where Edgar Allan Poe's White Giant appears, near the ice of Antarctica. For the first time I felt the "call of the ice", the same one that hallucinated Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa and I also saw in the channels a disk that rose to the sky. But I saw it in Lake Huillanco, where the law says that the dead are carried aloft by a "saucer" of the Caleuche. In older times they would say by a "round angel".

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1. The important account of this "UFO phenomenon" can be found in the book *"El Primer Viaje de don Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa al Estrecho de Magallanes"* (The First Voyage of Don Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa to the Strait of Magellan), by the historian

Gall ega Sabel a Q uintela íSHOA. Val pa raíso, 1994).

I also met the women of Lem uy, who are oarswomen and who, like the women-magas of Avalon, offered to take me to their Island, to give me eternal life.

But, then, there at the edge of the earth -of our Earth- I lamented for the Patagonia that we had lost without glory, surrendered by madmen, traitors and fools and that would have given us two oceans and lands up to the Pole. I asked, then, the "Pincoya", seated next to the Lemuria's buttocks, in the distant Pirulil, to make us triumph, so as to recover with the success of Nazism what had been stolen from our Homeland.

Oh, Pincoya, you did nothing for us, because, after more than fifty years, we are still handing over Chile - the Chile Magi - piece by piece! And very soon it will be occupied by people even more horrible than the "Imbunche"!...

OTHER NAMES

One day, a young journalist, or rather an intellectual, came to the office of the "Labor" newspaper asking for me. He, too, came from the political left, having gone through Marxism. Now one could say that he was a Spenglerian and was attracted by Mussolini's Fascism and Hitler's Nazism. He had an article to publish in the Journal. If I remember correctly, it was entitled "The Cannon against the Pound". I thought it was very good and I accepted it. And this was the beginning of a friendship that lasted forever, although we did not see each other for many years after the war, while he was alive.

Rene Arriagada worked at "El Mercurio", in the "Cables" section, where the freshest news about the Great War arrived. *There*, on the second floor of the old and noble building on Compañía Street, we would gather until late at night, waiting to hear about the triumphs of the armies of the *Reich*. René followed the military campaigns on a map with little flags hanging on the wall of his office. I often met, in the corridors of the important newspaper, the owner's son, a teenager, Agustín Edwards Eastman (today he is the new owner), who worked in the workshops and with the printers, to see the company's progress and make contact with the workers and technicians. We greeted each other warmly, just as we do now when we meet at the rodeos. René Arriagada was married to a

young teacher, Cora, who became a very good friend of my wife's, after my marriage. Their first son was named Alvaro. You could say that we saw him being born. During the Pinochet government he was appointed Minister of Education, for a short time. I think he must have been a nationalist, like his father and without much contact with the "gremialistas" and the "Chicago boys" of the supercapitalism of the Social Market Economy, of the "Opus Dei" and the "Schönstatt". But I really don't know. After the war, we did not see René Arriagada again, nor did we talk. Perhaps in order not to open old wounds and pains. For him, enduring the defeat had been much more difficult than for me. He remained nationalist and Spenglerian. I, in the middle of the war, had already turned to other strange paths, which I did not reveal to anyone.

René Arriagada was responsible for the title "The New Age". When thinking of this name, more than one might think it has an esoteric connotation. And it is curious that this has always been the case with everything related to me, even before I was concerned with those terms. Another example is the name I gave to my first book of short stories, which appeared in 1942, "The Darkest Time". Nor did I do it with any special symbolism in mind. It just came out by itself. And I suspect again that I have been like a director, even more so in those times. Later, I did it consciously, with the title "Ni por Mar ni por Tierra" (Neither by Sea nor by Land). I had already entered the endless search. In 1940, all Nazi partisan activity in the Vanguard came to an end, and the newspaper "Labor" disappeared. As I said, I had decided to devote myself to supporting Germany, Italy and Japan in the war. It occurred to me to edit a magazine for that purpose. And I told my friend Rene Arri agada about it, because I was going to need collaborators, experienced writers and journalists. I also consulted him about the name, and he suggested "New Age", a translation of an American common publication: "The New Age". He had a copy with him. I liked the formats and the presentation. Almost without modification it was ours. In the meantime, I had made an attempt to join forces with other journalists and publications, also supporters of the "Axis". In Valparaíso, "La Semana Internacional" was published by Juan Bardina, an anti-Francoist and pro-independence Catalan, who saw in the triumph of Germany the best possibility of achieving a "fibre" and "carnal" homeland. In fact, the SS published a map and a "Letter" (the "Charta of Carlothenburg") with its "New

Order", or idea of the "New

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Europe", where countries were approved in a different and more natural way, taking into account the different ethnic groups, languages and tradition. The Great Borgoi a, for example, would combine northern France with French-speaking Belgium and Luxembourg, with its capital in Paris, and Leon Degrelle, the head of Belgian "Rcxism", would be its supreme leader; the south of France, the included Lan guedoc, would join Catalonia. And this was what interested the anarchist Bartlina. Mi irlea ble to work together was not going to rcsult. On the other hand, the na zist Roberto Vega Blanlot con conquer Jorge Gonzalez von Marées ble vol ver to erlitar the "Acción Chilena" Magazine, now derlicaila to rlfenrler the position of the "Axis". And it was they who approached me for us to join forces. I refused, because I was determined that "La Nueva Estad" should be totally Nazi and in the anti-Uo style, which they would in no way approve of. That is, Jorge Gonzalez, because Vega would have accepted, I think today. The case of this muc hac ho is tligno ike to be told. After the outcome of the War he must have been in great disorientation, even more so when Gonzalez von Marées shook hands with Alessandri and joined the Liberal Party. Roberto Vega became a priest. Meanwhile, I lived in India, Yugoslavia, Austria, Switzerland and, one day, I returned to Chile. Walking through the old streets of Santiago, along Lira, I suddenly met the priest Vega Blanlot. We greeted each other and continued walking together for a long time. He was the same one, raising his gaze to the sky and, in a characteristic gesture, he remained as if waiting for an illumination. He explained to me that he was writing the history of Chilean Nazism and that he had wished to have with him the copies of "La Nueva Ellam" to consult them. I promised him to send him the collection he kept and I asked comrade Jorge Lavín to take it to the house for poor priests, where he lived, in the neighborhoods near Lira, precisely.

Other years went by and, one day, my daughter Carmen, who knew

Monsignor Valech, a very humane prelate of Arab origin, told me that he had heard of Roberto Vep-a's death and that the Monsignor had found among his belongings something that he had kept for me. Thinking of the "History of Nazism", I sent another young comrade to meet the Monsignor. And so it was that the Carnet Nř 1 riel Nazism, that of Jorge Gonzále z von Marées, came into my hands. There was a stable in the possession of Roberto

How did it get into Roberto's hands? And how and why into mine?

Only *HE* knows.

Does it mean, perhaps, that the Holy Fire, which was once kindled there, and which was to be betrayed, passed into my hands - that Torch - and thus confirmed me, so that I would guard it with my life? Because in this "New Dispensation" I have the "Number One Card". More than politics, it was something religious. I was pointing out the fact that it was a Nazi-priest who kept it for me, and it was ratified by his highest priest, of Arahe origin, to reinforce the symbol even more.

This was much more important than the "History of the Movement", which, if it managed to be written by Vega, will never see the light of day and will remain in the Vatican archives. Instead, this "Symbol" (*ISyinballein*) was preserved. And, understanding it and keeping it in the depths of my heart, it should fill me with an indestructible faith that in the end we will win, because we have already won, when things like this still happen in the Homeland.

Among the people who collaborated in "La Nueva Edad" from the beginning, besides Renó Arriagada, was General Francisco Javier Díaz. He was already in retirement and was a Germanophile and a convinced National Socialist. He had been educated in Germany and had Prussian training. Short, dark, with Kaiser-like mustaches, his chronicles on military events, which he followed moment by moment, and his biographies of German marshals were widely read and awaited by our readers. He published some historical revelations, such as when President Juan Luis Sanfuentes was willing to go to war with the U.S.A. rather than hand over German ships under repair in Chilean ports in 1918, during the First World War. He collaborated with us until the last day of the magazine. And how could I forget my young comrade, Enrique León, whom I took out of the dissolving Vanguardia to take charge of the administrative work. With great order *and* devotion he took charge of everything, so that the magazine circulated from the extreme north of the country to the south of Punta Arenas. He also got along very well with the union of the studios, although I preferred to have a direct relationship with

some of them, for their sympathy and the support they gave us. There was one, the main one, who had his newspaper kiosk on the corner of Ahumada Street and Alam eta Street and who, from time to time, would get "sick"; that is, "he would "fall ill", as they used to say. Then, his wife would come back to him and inform me: "He is 'sick'. He'll get over it; it only lasts a week...". Another famous *suplementero* was "El Guagua", who was about six feet tall. He was communicative and his friendship lasted me until the invasion of Russia by the armies of the *Reich*. Then we got into a fight in the middle of the street.

Correspondence was very nourishing. We received letters of support and subscriptions from all over Chile. Thus, from Comrade Julio Velasco, from Valparaíso, on "The Symbolism of the German Flag", which he signed "T.N.A." ("Tropas Nazistas de Asalto"). He met him many years later on a street in Santiago, and told me: "I am a frustrated SS". One day *I received* a letter from Hernán Granier Zegers. *I answered* it and we met. He was married to Teresa Sánchez Errázuriz, daughter of Mrs. Elena Errázuriz, daughter of former President Federico Errázuriz Echenique. They were all Germanophiles, owners of the hacienda "El Huique", in Colchagua, a national monument today, for its beauty and traditional style. In Santiago they lived in a beautiful condominium, in the style of Versailles, in "El Golf", which was formerly the hacienda "San Pascual", of my family, as I have told in the first part of these "Memoirs". Joaquín de Osma, Peruvian and Germanophile alike, also attended there. And a German politician, hero of the First World War, Hans Wenke, administrator of Doña Elena's estate and father of Cristina, who would be the wife of the poet Jorge Teillier and who took care of him until the end. Artist and magnificent sculptor.

So many things! And everyone, or almost everyone, is already dead. Like

Hermann Hesse once confessed to me: "I no longer have any living friends from my age, they are all gone, only the young ones...! And who remembers, or who even knows that Hermann Hesse's friends existed, and mine...? Like García Lorca, in the "Llanto por Sánchez Mejías", I also say: "It's over! They are over, forever.... And only I sing and recount their bravura. ... his

presences and their figures...". In the midst of the "virtual reality", of the hallucinating speed and *Tel ol vido*, I hold on to their names, I hold them there at the vertex, at the "threshold of events", before they are swallowed by the Black Hole, and this Galaxy disappears.

Yes, where are you now, dear comrade Enrique Leon? If you are still alive, do you still have my American oak desk, which I gave you when we parted at the end of the Great War? Remember that I wrote all my books before "*Ni por Mar nî por Tierra*" on it. Give it to your children, or to any of your comrades, if you still have them, if they are still close to you.

The German Embassy alone, that is to say, the von Ribbentrop office, through its delegate in Chile, Hammerschmidt, a German from Argentina, and some SS who came and went, without the knowledge of Ambassador von Schoen, a man of the old regime, married to an American woman and a bridge player, helped the magazine, which had almost no advertisements. They personally gave me very valuable information, which I published in the magazine. The Italians helped me through the intermediary of a merchant, manufacturer of the famous "borsalinos" hats, surnamed Girardi, an excellent person and, surely, related to the current congressman of the same name. My relationship with this caballero man was established through the Minister Counselor of the Embassy, Migone, a faithful and intelligent friend. As the years went by, he met him in India, in charge of an Economic Mission of his country. *We did not* recognize each other and left everything to go and remember the great times. He finished his career as Italian Ambassador to the Vatican.

Only the Japanese never helped us. In "Adolf Hitler, the Last Avatar" I have recalled the visit I paid with a friend to the Japanese Ambassador, in order to get him some contribution.

The comrade who accompanied me was called Enrique Pau and his father had been Consul in Japan, where he was decorated. To make things easier, he carried the decoration as a guarantee of our seriousness. The Ambassador took it in his hands and, without even looking at us, said: "This must be taken to the heights".

We left without help and without the collection. Such a thing did not happen only to us with the Japanese, it also happened to Hitler. He gave everything to Japan, with great loyalty, and received nothing in return. Only betrayal. Nevertheless, he supported Japan to the very end, even though he did not have the much-needed and decisive help he needed.

in Russia. We also support it to the end. How strange the Japanese are! In today's world, they have flooded the earth with the real electronic pool, which will end up with being the only one, including them, who may not even be one. In Chile, they have 'leprerla'lo our forests *and* our seas. Two

My books are to be found in - I'ón: "El Círculo Hermó tico" and "La Se riente riel Para íso". Twenty years have passed since those editions and I was not paid for my rights as an author, until my patience ran out. And then everything changed.

Migone introduced me in his office to the Cultural Advisor¹, Hugo Gallo, a profound and cultured man, who collaborated in our publication with important articles about a classical and humanist story, signed with the initials "H.C.E.". This man would be destined, by the rivers, by the insonrlable mystery, to play the most important and fundamental role in my life.

I will refer to it later in these pages.

EL PROBLEMA JUDÍO

There does not exist, has not existed in Chile *and* will not exist in Chile a publication such as "La Nueva Ehart", which has dealt so openly and clearly with the J e w i s h problem, and which has also dealt with the Jewish problem in our country *and* in America. He made known his i'i tos, his seci ets and his s y m b o l o s.

However, this was not the case at first. The 'ri m m er numbers rte rte the Magazine i piorate the subject, as poilrá see. Already in "*Adol f //f t t /er, cl Ull flItO A colr ro*", I have referred to this important subject, with such a river how l l c led, without buscai'lo, to e nter- m e riel fu ntlame n such an asu n to. Had we not dealt with it in depth, as we have seen, our discussion would have had to rectify its essential ontological importance.

Ignorance o f this sinister and sinister pr oblcm a iisolu ble and sinister, which rePresents the jurl io y mli go *re j'rrse ii la*, as in a branch the Na tu ra ra le za, as in the sparrows among the straws, as in the river microbes and viruses, as well as synthetics) here, in this "Thing" under which we find ourselves and which we call "Earth", total silence in Chile, at least among men and women who did not belong to sectarian societies, such as Freemasonry, or to an "esoteric" elite, so to speak, of Catholicism, or to an "esoteric" elite, so to speak, of Catholicism, who *did* not belong to sectarian societies, such as Freemasonry, or to an "esoteric" elite, so to s p e a k , of Catholicism, as was the case of Bishop Caro, who wrote "Descorrien río el Velo" (Drawing the Veil). In the lyceum and

at home I never heard it mentioned if that was the word "Jew". I was struck by the name of a schoolmate, Goodman, which we had to pronounce "Gudman" and who was like a being apart, arrogant and disagreeable, always provoking conflicts and with whom I had to get into a fight to put him in his place definitively, feeling, curiously, that the teachers were laughing at me.

This is why, more and more, we must look upon Nicolás Palacios, author of *"Raza Chilena"*, as a genius, who, without having more information or documents, at least in this country, was aware of the Jewish problem. Prior to the publication in Europe of "The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion", he revealed in Chile the true nature of the Jew, declaring that before reading a work of history, science, philosophy, or whatever, one should ask about the race of the author. And if he was a Jew, that work was false. "If a Jew speaks of love of mankind, even the stones smile," he said.

It may be argued that Palacios had read Gobineau, author of "La Desigualdad de las Razas Humanas"; but this does not mean much, since Gobineau did not deal with the Jewish problem, and may even have been a sympathizer.

The real reason why Nicolás Palacios has been ignored by Chilean teachers and his work unknown for almost a century in this country (until, with the support of Carlos Cardoen, we decided to reedit it), is due to his revelation of the Jewish problem.

For all this, when the Jews arrived in Chile en masse for the first time, at the beginning of the World War, with the support of the triumphant Popular Front and of Freemasonry, which encouraged them, the people were taken unawares and reacted as always to the foreigners, with the traditional liospi tali ty "you will see how in Chile the friend who is a stranger will be loved by the foreigner". ..). They claim to be agriculturists... A Jewish farmer! Even the stones laugh!....

The Chilean Sephardic families had almost forgotten their distant ancestry. At least with the rational conscience, and they felt integrated to the nationality, in the same mixture of their blood. The arrival of these uncouth "Kenazis", with origins in Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and the Balkans, surprised them, at least at first, with a spontaneous rejection. Their arrival en masse also triggered the general corru-

The action of the managing lawyers, who had previously enriched themselves with the salt business and its sale to Anglo-Saxon imperialism, was thus reinforced. Now it was the radicals, with their powerful machinery of the Popular Front and their ministerial "quotas", taking over the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who collaborated in the "Ortega-De la Maza Operation"; that is, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Abraham Ortega and the Undersecretary, Joselín de la Maza, charging more than ten thousand dollars of the time for each Jew who was authorized to enter the country. It enriched many officials and lawyers, it has been propitiated by national and international Freemasonry.

The circle was closing. First the massacre of the best of a generation, with the destruction of nationalism, and now the arrival in Chile en masse of the genes that had produced all the catastrophes in the world. And the Second World War.

The Conquest of America would, at last, fulfill its legitimate objective: to enclose the earth and rediscover the pearl of paradise for the "cries of Jehovah": ~~America~~ at the South Pole.

In Chile we were so little concerned about these things that we believed that a Natalio Bergman, who had just entered the country, a Natho, a Faivovich, a Schaulsohn, were as Chilean as any other. And we elected them as deputies and senators, reaching the Presidency of the Chamber of Deputies and the Ministries, yesterday as today. Generally, they became socialists or radicals. In any case, they were Masons and preferably from a Jewish lodge, such as the "*B'Noi Brith*". In this way, and from the very beginning, they were supported and powerful. In the Socialist Party they established the struggle between Masons and non-Masons, Salvador Allende Gossens being a Mason, besides being Jewish by maternal descent, and Raul Ampuero, Hector Barreto's friend, was not a Mason.

We knew nothing of this, being strangers to the secret struggle. As I have said, the Jews were never mentioned in my house, except when it was mentioned, and very casually, that they had "murdered Christ", being the culprits of the rucifixion. I repeat that I had Jewish friends, whom I loved and held in esteem, without knowing whether they are alive or no longer are, such as the schoolteacher Jaime Dvor; my classmate, Jerlliky; or that esteemed Ambassador of Israel to Yugoslavia, whose real name I never knew. And even Volodia Teite Iboim, the comunist, without knowing if we are friends, or not.

I have already told these stories in "*Adolf Hitler, el Ultitrío Aunfño*"; that of Je'lliky, when I wrote an article in the school magazine "José Victorino Lastarria" (or would it be the "Valentín Letelier"?), about Panait Istrati. I said there that he "played the violin in the rude parties of the Jurlíos, in order to survive..." Jed liky questioned me, asking me: "Where do you get that 'they are rude'?" In truth, I didn't know, nor did I know why he had written that. I told him and, upon learning that he was Jewish, I apologized, not without adding that I had always believed him to be Chilean and nothing else.

The Ambassador of Israel in Belgrade was cultured and of a special sensitivity. I think we talked about books and Hermann Hesse. One day I told him about my fondness for walking in the woods near the city and how I had a tree friend there. I described the tree to him and he listened to me with great attention, asking me approximately where it was located. One day he phoned me to tell me that he had found it and had also talked to me. His mission in Yugoslavia ended before mine. He had to return in charge of a delegation from his country. And the first thing he did was to ask for the Chilean Ambassador and if he was still in Belgrade. I was told about it by Mel Protocol and they asked me for an interview for him. I received him immediately and we talked with great affection and friendship. He asked me about "my tree". Indeed, about "our tree". What will become of the Ambassador? Will he still feel that he is my friend, knowing for sure that I am a Hitlerist and against the plans of Zionism? In my case, it does not affect my appreciation and loyalty to those few, among whom there are also some young Jews (whose names I reserve, so as not to harm their community) who have consulted me about the problem of conscience that they have when they have to discriminate against other humans.

But this is not a new problem. It has the same antiquity of the mixing of the Jewish and Aryan bloods. The "Nomocracy" of the Government of the "Law") has made them its first victims. Lou Salome tells it, in his "Memoirs", referring to Paul Ree, his lover and friend of Friedrich Nietzsche. If a Jew came to a social gathering where he was, he would turn pale and leave. He ended up isolating himself in the mountains of Switzerland, where he treated the sick free of charge (he was a doctor). He committed suicide by throwing himself into a ravine.

Something similar, although more dramatic, happens with a Jewish person in the novel "The Golem" by Gustav Meyrink. Horrified by the crimes committed by his father, in order to pay for his own education, he commits suicide on his father's grave after his father's death, cutting his own veins and bleeding to death. Horrified by the crimes committed by his father, in order to pay for his own education, after his father's death, he commits suicide on his father's grave, cutting his own veins and bleeding to death. He returns the guilty blood to him.

The half-Jewish son of the Ambassador of Chile, Julio Barrenechea, also committed suicide in New Delhi. And, later, his mother will do it, in Santiago.

It is the tragedy and the great risk of the directed and controlled mixing of the bloods to which the Jew necessarily submits himself, in order to continue acting and fulfilling his *plan* here on earth. He needs the blood of the Aryan to acquire his energy and creativity, to dominate and destroy him from within. But without wiping him out completely, for the Jew is a parasite who needs his "human animal," as he defines it, to exist and prosper. It is his drama and his contradiction. It is the ultimate cause of the dichotomy of his act. The solution: the *hijinos*, the numbness, the ignorance in which he intends to keep the non-Jew for all eternity. The hatred of Hitler is due to the fact that he awakened the *non-Jew* forever.

And it was in this ignorance that the Nazis acted, those of Gonzalez von Marées and those of us who had arrived later, up to the very beginning of the Great War; when, for example, due to my personal initiative, we tried to bring together the most disparate nationalists, Masons and non-Masons, in the Nationalist Union.) I went with my friend Monetta (admirer of Don Eugenio Gonzalez) to try to convince Dr. Salas, an ambiguous character, whom I did not know and who had been an Ibañista. We visited him at his house on Pedro de Valdivia Avenue and, although he told us that he "did not take his cock out of the syringe" (of course not!), we did not get anything concrete out of him. He slipped away from us like a fish.

Those in Chile who were Jewish, or the Jews who entered before 1939, knew what was involved with the new wave of immigration and, in some way, favored it. The policy they

implemented, when they came to power, met with the support of the newcomers and even their economic help. Salvador Allende, in



Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle and his wife Marta Larraeche to Bolívar, in front of Hitler's "Eagle's Nest" ("Kehlstein"), in Berchtesgaden.



Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle in front of the house of the Chilean Ambassador to Austria.



Vintage photograph of the "Nido de Aguila".

In union with his socialist co-religionist, Armando Mallet, he became associated with an Askena Zi Jew in the business of "Dairy Bars". While I was Ambassador in Austria, more than once I could see in the Jewish newspaper the announcement of the death of a Frey, inviting to the funeral ceremony in the Synagogue and to the burial in the Jewish cemetery of Vienna. Arielina Casanova, sister of Mariano, our musician, and widow of Jorge Vietal de la Fuente, who was President of the Chilean Saltpeter Corporation, told me that her husband had died prematurely because of the treatment given to him by President Eduardo Frei Montalva, whom he helped in Antofagasta, when he was poor and without work. "His father was a synagogue Jew and converted to Catholicism in order to marry Mrs. Montalva, a relative of the Frei Montalvas.

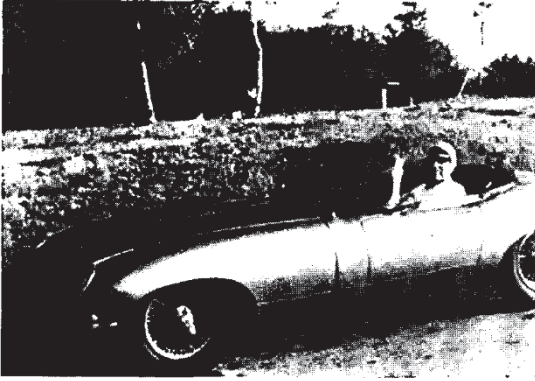
Frei Montalvas.

Montalva Quindos".

Eduardo Frei Montalva's activity as President of Chile undoubtedly favored the country's international postulates. The agrarian reform is a sample and he entrusts it to a Jew, Jacques Chonchol, who will continue it with Allende. He is also associated with the Jew Klein, who would become the owner of an "Israelite Bank" in a European country. Klein also worked with Salvador Allende, when he inherited the government from Frei, assuming the presidency and continuing the agrarian reform and the seizure of estates with Chonchol himself. Eduardo Frei Montalva would also become a great friend of Golda Meir.

While Frei was in office, I received his son in my house in Austria, recently married (I had already assisted him in Belgrade), taking him to visit his grandfather Frei's house in Vorarlberg. The Freis of Chile come from Vorarlberg in Austria. I also took him to Berchtesgaden and we were together in Adolf Hitler's "Eagle's Nest" ("*Kehlstein*"). It is possible that he still has the pine staff that I gave him there as a souvenir of that magical place. All this does not prevent that today, also in the Presidency of Chile, he has not received me, unlike his father (see the first volume of these "Memoirs"), when I wanted to make him see the crime that it meant to deliver the Laguna del Desierto.

The entire policy of Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle, the current President of the Republic of Chile. Chile, is dictated by international Judaism and is aimed at favoring its plans and interests. Its eagerness to insert us into all the international treaties and conventions that



Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle in Ambassador Miguel Serrano's "Jaguar". He already liked the "aguas".

Miguel Serrano, Chilean Ambassador to Austria and Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle, at the summit of Hitler's "Eagle's Nest".



Eduardo Frei accompanied by his wife, Marta Larraechea Bolivar and Trudi Frei, his father's cousin, at the time secretary of the Chilean Consulate in Zurich, in front of his ancestor's house in Vorarlberg, Austria, when Miguel Serrano received them, making the Government of Vienna treat them with the same courtesy as a State Guest.

exist, is aimed at putting an end to our identity as a sovereign and independent nation-state, putting money and business before idiosyncrasy and tradition. With the inclusion of Chile in the "Mercosur", he has given a mortal blow to agriculture, finishing what his father had already started. With the handing over of Laguna del Desierto (also initiated by his progeny) he helps to fulfill the "Andean Plan", donating our Patagonia to the Jews, who totally dominate Argentina. The same is intended to be done with the Continental Ice Field. And now he asks for the sale of enormous extensions of Chilean land to foreign "white sticks", like Tompkins, who has cut Chile in two, in the Patagonian south, with the support of the United States of America, his country of origin. Frei's educational policy is also aimed at destroying our national identity, putting an end to humanism, philosophy and history in favor of computer robotics, "virtual reality" and the Internet, with the ultimate goal of replacing the flesh and blood teacher with the electronic video. In a word, "globalism", "globalism", in favor of a secret and totalitarian world government in the hands of the Jews. To achieve this and to weaken even more the Homeland and its tradition, degenerate plans of sexual "education" of the imbeciles are initiated, promoted by no less than respectable matrons and by the President's wife, whom my family knew as a young girl, for being the granddaughter of Dr. Carlos Bolivar, who treated us as teenagers and cured me of a serious illness, as I tell in the first volume of these "Memoirs".

Advisors and collaborators of President Eduardo Frei Ruiz-Tagle, those who surround him as technocrats in the office of the Presidency, are almost all Jews, and they put the interests of Chile before those of their anti-race, which today rules the world. More than one has declared that his ideal is to see Chile become a "multiracial village", with Chinese, Koreans, blacks and whites, all mixed together, a sort of micro-trial of the "Global Village". The "image" of the President is also made by a Jew. And there are Ministers in key positions, contributing to the destruction of what is left of our Nation.

An activity of this kind, carried out by the one who holds the highest power in a country, cannot be only conscious. In addition to obeying a theoretically elaborated plan, as in Marxist socialists and Freemasons, who carry out instructions from

The world's hierarchies, would be driven from the depths of the being by genes over which one has no control. Thus atavistic, ancestral urges, neuroses and millenarian hatreds are expressed.

And if it is not so, then, they have made them an operation and have put a "chip" in them, transforming them into "zombies", in "robots" teledirigidos. There is no other explanation for the planned destruction of a miracle of earth and heaven, as was Chile.

THE REVELATION

On the corner of Ahumada and Moneda, at a diamond point with Nueva York Street, still stands a huge building. On the top floor, above the terrace, I rented a room for the office of "**La Nueva** Edad". There I set up my desk and some bookshelves and hung pictures of Fidel and Mussolini. From the windows I could see the great mountain, with its clear, white peaks, at all hours of the day, without a cloud of *smog*, in those clear years. In the evenings they were tinged with red, while on the other side of the city it was possible to see the sun set. There I stayed until nightfall, alone, writing articles, dreaming of the triumph, of the world to come and trying to transfer my thoughts to the other peaks of Europe, to the "Eagle's Nest" of Berchtesgaden, where I also imagined the *Fuhrer* concentrating his mind on the battle fronts.

I still walk through those streets, fifty-four years later, and I almost never turn my gaze to the top of that tower, because I feel something like a fatigue of the heart. The images, the dreams, the ghosts, the sun of those times... and me, still walking along the same paths, the same places ... *"alone as a mountain, repeating the word then".* ..

That "Artt/ Uninhabited"!....

In Ahumada, between Agustinas and Huérfanos, was the first naturist restaurant that was installed in Santiago. Its owner was Domingo Fuenzalida, a supporter of the "Axis", who hung in its windows pictures and drawings with legends alluding against the "Axis".

the "Allies" and the Jews. More than once they broke his windows.

His partner was Renato Valdés Alfonso, who improvised pro-

German speeches in front of the store, or in some corner.

Intellectuals of all tendencies had lunch or a juice in the store.

Joaquín Edwards Bello, who I believe was inclined to Nazism (when

he committed suicide, a picture of Hitler was found hanging

from the wall in his room), Mariano Latorre and even Vicente

Huidobro would go there. I would often go across the street from

my office to drink orange juice or eat a quesillo with palm honey.

There I entered one morning at the end of 1941, before noon, and met the cartoonist Del Campo, father of Pedro Del Campo,

the electronic genius of Nazism, who maintained the Chief's

radio contacts with the Seguro Obrero mutineers until the last

moment. Now, during the war, he communicated from Carlos

Orrego's yacht with the German submarines, providing them

with valuable information. Pedro is still alive, although I have

not heard from him for many years. His father used to draw

horses with huaso implements, folkloric and creole things,

which he sold for national holidays and for Easter and New

Year's cards. He was now with another man, whom I did not know,

and they were drinking a juice, also standing at the bar at the

entrance. When they saw me they approached to greet me and

Del Campo introduced me to his companion, the famous painter

Benito Rebolledo Correa. I was well acquainted with his paintings of

naked children on the beach and grazing animals. Immediately,

they referred to "The New Age" in a complimentary way, making

only one caveat, or criticism: I did not deal with the Jewish problem,

in which they saw the cause of the War and of all the evils of

mankind. If I was a Hitlerite, I should pay attention and take

seriously the words of the *Führer*, who, in "My Struggle" and in

all his speeches, dealt with the subject and accused the

international Jew. Furthermore: *"Did you know that Judaism declared*

war on Germany six years before England and France, with great

headlines in all the world's press, and initiated the international

boycott of the American economy and products! This declaration of

war appears in extenso in the 'Dail and Express' of March 24, 1933,

in England"...

I listened to them with great attention, taking very seriously their

words. I confessed my ignorance of the problem and my desire to

be informed. Del Campo's criticism reached his own son and the

Nazi Movement of González von Marées, out of a desire to be

informed.



Con Oscar Jiménez, su esposa y Pedro del Campo, el genio electrónico del nazismo.

Señores
 Fernando Santiván
 Fernando:
 ocupas de los judíos... me
 cabree...
 De Alejandro Escobar
 tampoco se nada... me
 hace típicos... creo que se
 fue al norte.
 Tu casa: Alameda 2099
 Con saludos muy afec-
 tuosos para ti y la vida de tu
 amigos
 Benito Rebolledo
 Santiván
 Abril 7 de 1936

Interesante carta manuscrita del pintor Benito Rebolledo Correa, dirigida al escritor Fernando Santiván. Aunque em 1936 él ya estaba “cabreado” con los judíos, siguió “ocupándose de ellos”, en especial en los años de la Gran Guerra

The company was not aware of this mortal danger, "which would have been responsible for the massacre of the Seguro Obrero".

Before saying goodbye, we set an appointment to continue our conversation.

And so it was that, after five months of the appearance of the first

In November of that same year, on July 3, 1941, I changed its course to enter fully into the most tremendous, most serious and essential theme of the tormented history of this planet. The scope, the consequences, the cosmic repercussions, so to speak, would be unpredictable, incalculable at that date. Because - now I am sure, I know it today - whoever penetrates into these frightening and dark territories must be ready for anything and will only be able to survive, to continue fighting with the intervention of powers and powers that come from outside this earth. So it was with the *Führer*. And so it would also happen to me.

From that moment on, neither He, in his time, nor I now, were freer.

We belonged to *Fatality*.

Don Benito Rebolledo gave me his copy of "Los Protocolos de los Sabios de Sión", an old edition, from 1936, which I still keep as a relic, with illustrations, drawings and commentaries that he himself made. It is a translation of the work of Gottfried Zur Beeck, "The Secrets of the Sages of Zion".

This terrible document was a revelation for me. I reproduced it to a large extent in the magazine, taking it from the Italian edition, with a foreword by Julius Evola, which, forty years later, I republished in Chile, with my own comments and under the title

"The Protocols of the Elders of Zion and their Application in Chile". I am *not* going to refer again to this fateful document. I have already done so many times in my writings. As Julius Evola says, in regard to the Jewish claim that they are false: "If they are not *autueutical*, they are *ueridical*", because they have been and are being fulfilled down to the smallest details. Thus, today, after the worldwide imposition of Zionism and the total control of life on earth by the Jew, we are on the verge of the establishment of the Messiah of Judah, who may be a collegiate Government of Rabbis,

a

Los Protocolos de los Sabios de Sion

Benito Rebolledo Correa
1915

The copy of "The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion" that was given to me by the painter Benito Rebolledo Correa.

'wwmom-'

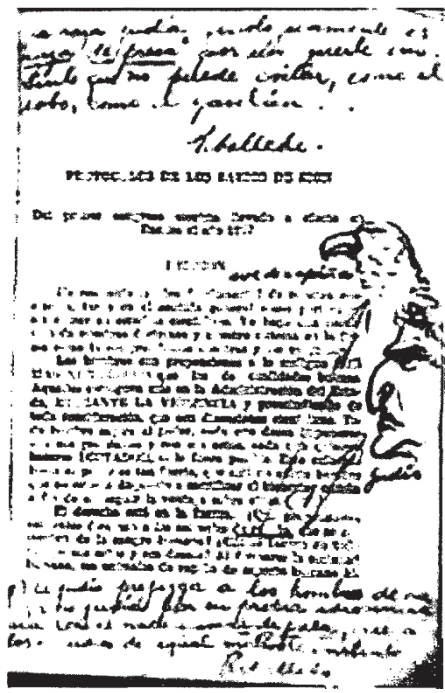
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Page from "Los Protocolos de los Sabios de Sion" with annotations and drawings by Benito Rebolledo Correa.



Computer with Jewish genes and neurons, added to the silicon "chips", or, simply, a human-shaped spawn, of the anti-race of Ezra and Nehemiah, with their same genes transmitted and kept millennia ago. The remaining and surviving Humanity will be their slave and their food, as they are now of Jehovah, whom also *the King of Judah, the C!olem, murdered*. At last, and forever. *Because the Jew (his genetic robot) will have eaten his food*. He will have eaten the man. Here is the dreadful secret, hitherto never revealed".

SOME DOCUMENTS

Let us try to pass as quickly as possible over this dark matter. For years we have been trying to inform the youth, with our publications and books. There they are. Why repeat them?

On November 9, 1941, five days after we published issue number 10 of the Magazine, on Tuesday, November 4 of the same year, with the article *"The Jews Inuade ii Chile"* and the announcement that we would begin the reproduction and revelation of "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion", Adolf Hitler, meeting with his old comrades, in the beer hall of Nuremberg, spoke to them:

"I have a great concern, in spite of our triumphs, because I have understood perfectly well that behind the eremitical forces we must look for the eternal uncertainty, the international Jew. I would not be my Naciortal socialist if I had been provided with this conviction, this certainty. I have followed the trail of the Jews for many years. We have thus proved to have understood the words of a great Jew who said that the question of race was the key to the history of the world. Consequently, we knew very well, and I knew more than anyone else, that the Jew was the driving force behind the race question.

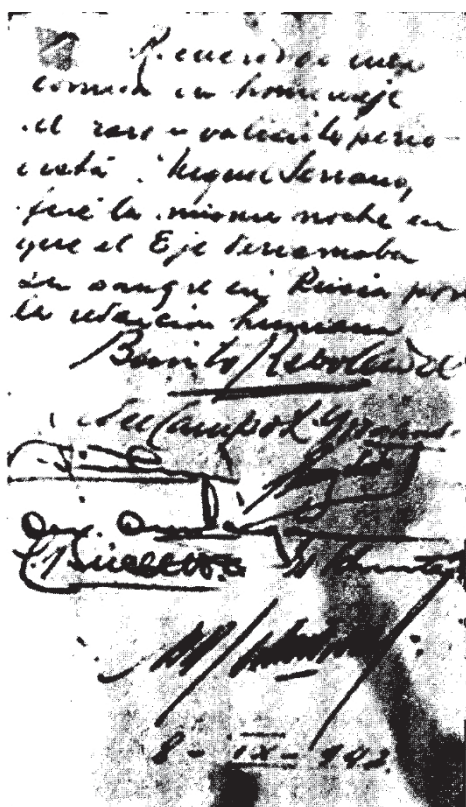
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3. It should be explained that Jeh ovfi-Jah we, Satan-Satan, is an illusory position that the De mi urgo has superimposed on the Archpriest, Sa turno tSat-Ur-No i, who in turn created the gene-robot, the Jew, to bring about Demi urgic Evil on Earth.



Lunch in honor of Miguel Serrano, given by don Benito Rebolledo Correa and other comrades during World War II. From left to right: Oscar Arechaga; the painter Del Campo, Pedro's father; Miguel Serrano and don Benito Rebolledo.

Reverse side of the previous photograph, with the dedication of don Benito Rebolledo Correa and the signatures of the participants.

September 8, 1942.



of all the misfortunes and principal men of this War, to which no.s lta obügaclo. Although, as has always been the case in the lii.storio, it was seruil souls and puppets who appeared in the s uper/tcte of the events, as its directors; its sold-out and spineless subjects, in parle people who pretend to do business. And the Soviet Union, the greatest seed possessed by the Jews, where the entire national intelligentsia was murdered and the proletarianized masses were left to the force, upon which the gigantic organization of the Middle Commissars was erected. Both on the one side and on the other, the visible rulers are only faatocles in front of the curtain. Behind the curtain is the eternal Jew, who does not mind shedding human blood over seas. Indeed, he needs it. Churchill and Stalin are just puppets. Behind the curtain Rothschild

"Mientras tanto, ellos, lentamente, ltóbi lbertte, encerieaaron el rriutido con su prensa, sit radio, el cine tnatógra[o, el teatro y los finanzas. Thus they were preparing the catastrophe..."

The same happens today in Chile, with the press, television, education, the "Jocas" and other garbage produced, directed and propitiated by the servant-slaves of the Demon's genes. Of Satan íSat-Ur-No).

+ !

On May 21, 1942, we reproduced from the newspaper "Choque", of Buenos Aires, the following statistics, taken from the Jewish publication "Jü.disches Nachtrichtenblatt".

"At the end of the 19th century there were barely 1,000 Jews in Argentina. Only a decade later Jewish emigration took on proportions. And it is at the end of the last century and the beginning of the twentieth century when they begin to settle in America, arriving at 500,000 on that date.

In 1942, according to the
newspaper:

"Off C6WZfOOWÜffCo there are 50,000. In Argentina, it could ri be ü00,000 (already eii that year); in Brosil, 100,000; in Chile

60,000.

(there were already 100,000; Uruguay, 35,000; Colombia, 5,000; Peru, 3,000; Guayanas, 3,000; in Mexico, 30,000; in Cuba, 10,000 ', in the five republics of Guoteinala, Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Honduras, about 1,700; 1,ñ00 eri Panama; 600eri Dominican Republic; 4,000 in Haiti;2,000 in the rest of the Antilles Islands. Eit Vertez uela, Ecuador, Bolioin and Paraguay there are 2,000 in each country".

We are in 1996 and approaching the end of the millennium. In Argentina there are already **several** million Jews, controlling everything. Buenos Aires is the city with the most Jews in the world, after New York. In Chile, there must also be already more than a million, embedded in the neural centers, in the plexuses and even in the "*shalira s*" of the physical and spiritual organism of the Nation.

The millenary *Plan*, "The Protocols of the Elders of Zion", is being fulfilled step by step. The Conquest of America, propitiated by the Jews and carried out by Columbus, after five centuries, is about to fulfill its final objective: to deliver the earthly paradise of the Chilean-Argentinean (Jewish-Argentinean) Patagonia to the anti-race of Jehovah.

In order not to extend here and deviate too much from the main theme of these "Memoirs", I refer to my book "We Will Not Celebrate the Death of the White Gods" and to Professor Jacques De Mahieu's books on "Columbus, the Imposter" and "Temples in America", published by Hachette, in Argentina.

A DELIRIOUS CONFESSION

In the paroxysm of pride and certainty in triumph, as well as in the knowledge that the human being is hypnotized, paralyzed, totally incapable of reacting, the Romanian Jew Marcus Eli Ravage made in "The Century Magazine", in 1928, the following statement, which we reproduced in issue number 12 of "The New Age", Thursday, November 4, 1941:

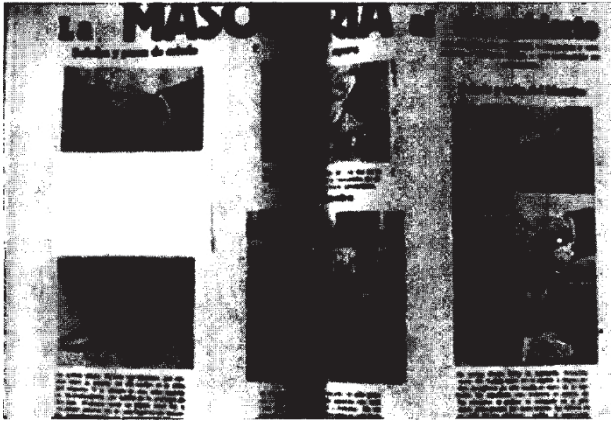
4. Fidel Castro is a Jew, a Mason.

"VUE!S TRO MUNDO EPS UN MUNDO JUDÍO

"We agree to have ignited the Bolshevik revolution! And with that? Compared to what the Hebrew Paul of Tarsus did in Rortia, the Russian resolution is only a barnyard scot-free sticky wicket. You shouted so much for the Judtn in uencio in our theater and literalura. very well!

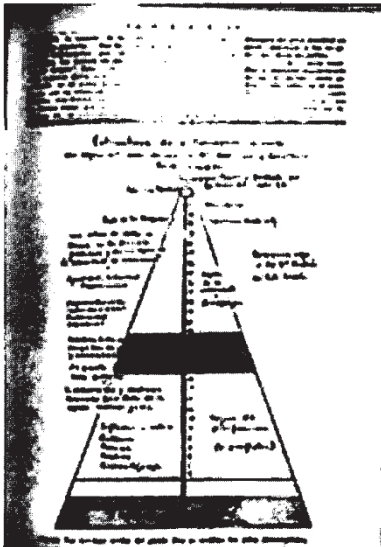
Granted! Your laments are fair enough; but what can all this mean in comparison with the influence that we exert on our schools, on our children and on the changes that take place in our intellectual fabric? If the 'Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion' are ottttentic, what can they mean to the tnnegoh/e in9uencio of historical conspirators that we have played? You have failed to know even the beginning of the scope of our culture. We are invaders. We are destroyers. We are our own subjugators. We have taken possession of our natural world, of our ideals, of our destiny and we have made a mockery of it all. We have been the main cause of the last war and of almost all our wars. We have been the promoters not only of the American revolution, but also of all the great resolutions of history. We have provoked and continue to provoke discord and discord in our private and public lives. We have changed the whole course of our history. We imposed a yoke on you as all our power did not know how to impose it on Africa and on the United States. And all this without weapons. We have accomplished all this only with the [ueroa irresis - tepid of our intellect and with the power of propaganda and money. Thus, our land of the past has become our Holy Land. Our literature has become our Bible. A Jewish maiden is our ideal of rriater-nidod and womanhood. A rebellious Jewish prophet occupies the center of our notion.... Let us consider the three great modern resolutions, the French, the American and the Russian.

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5. Today it is compulsory to teach schoolchildren the invented "Diary" of Anne Frank, written in ballpoint pen, when the ballpoint pen did not yet exist.



Masonic signs and ciphers, delivered directly by Alfred Rosenberg's SS teams and discovered in the Masonic lodges of Paris during the German occupation. Published in "The New Age".

The Talmud and Freemasonry.



Structure of Universal Freemasonry, published in "The New Age".

(I will go were site the triu rtfo of lot com.neistencia Jewish of the racial igau Idad!

"iCort olimo rio.solros recognize us that the goim (the river ji dio) jn creí.s log rorá rlescii brir lo perdadera j ro[urididad of our

Yes, because this is a Cons l'iration made by beings not li uma nos!

THE MASON IS A **HO NORARI OUS** JUDGE

To fulfill his historical plans - and in History - the Jew used all kinds of means, availing himself principally of secret and semi-secret, esoteric and non-esoteric institutions. From its beginnings it can be said that he developed the Freemasonry of the gotta, that is to say, of the non-Jewish, passing it on to its leadership. He also created a purely Jewish order, the "B'nai **Bri thli**", with its instrument, the "An ti -Difamatory League". The "B'nai Bri th" is responsible for the appointments of American ambassadors throughout the world. It was founded in Chicago, in 1818, by Burne in India and Chile, and by La nolan in Asuncion and then in Santiago. It was founded in Chicago, in 1843, by German Jews and in Germany, in 1886. "B'nai Brith" means "Brothers of the Law". About me, it has published long and untold texts in its internal bulletins and has sent to all Chilean parliamentarians a voluminous file, which allows the imposition of a law in Chile that allows the punishment of other comrades for "d ifama'lor" and "racism", precisely. Henry Forc! wrote and published an important study on the "B'nai Brith" and its anti-American activists, before it was dislodged under the kindness of the evolving idea of liquidating its power in the anti-Trump power plant, which today has passed into the hands of the Jews.

We have referred here to the role that Freemasonry has played in the events of our History, in the so-called Independence, in the revolt that shook Bal Macedonia and, above all, in the holocaust of Nazism, on September 2nd, 1938. However, in successive issues of "La Nueva Erlad", until its very disappearance, we published documents that were unknown to the general public and even to minorities. They were sent to us directly from the AJfrerl Rosenberg office, through

our SS friends in the Embassy at the time, to whom we have already referred. Most of the documentation had been discovered in Paris, in the raid of the Masonic lodges that the Nazis carried out during the occupation. It was also provided to them by the thinker and writer Parques-Riviere, who collaborated with the Hitlerites.

Of course, it is not the subject of these "Memoirs" to deal in depth with these infernal matters. We only reproduce some photos, with their symbolic "mud ras".

By the way, and to ease the tension a little, I will refer to a tragicomic event, more comic than tragic.

In those years, I met one day at the National Library the Creole writer Luis Durand, a kind and sympathetic man, the same one who, as private secretary of President Arturo Alessandri Palma, wrote his gallant letters. As we greeted each other, shaking hands ("*tu.rictio dextraruin*"), the sign of the Master Mason, whose photo I had just published in "La Nueva Edad" (reproduced here), came to my mind. I can still see Durand's surprised face, exclaiming: "You! ... Brother!"

I confessed to him that it was a joke and that I was only trying to make him a sign that I had published in the magazine. I think he must not have believed me, because of the great respect he showed me from then on.

Even when I said to him, "Do you know that the Mason is an honorary Jew?"

He even seemed to be pleased.

THE BIG LEAP

*"Proli.cru utemiii i iii. uiuos Lat'ide s
Philosophicos." ("Trasniuenii.os ell Piedra
Filnïo[al uiuieiite. ").
Dorneus (Gerhard Dorn)*

16th century Paracelsian

"Tir eres Pydro y Gott re esto Piedra cdi firo rè ni i Iglesio".

(From Kristianism to chemistry)

In the Alqui mia html ú, the Viiria rio iDisco Volante) was de
 Pie- dra. Vi -Mana = Mind, Porter of the Mind, 'le Con, Man.
 Man-God, Superman, Astral Man, flying. The UFO fVi - mami) is
 the Astral Body, of Living Stone. The Moai, of Rapa Nui, which
 moves with *Mano*, the Mind. The Manu-Tara.

If I reread from the first volume of these "Memoirs" and try to
 take some distance, to **look at** the events of my own life, as if it
 were my own, I have to come to the same conclusion of more than
 a few of you, readers: that chance has played a very limited role,
 almost nothing, in this thing we call life. My life. On the other
 hand, the suspicion of the existence of something like an invisible
 thread that connects the facts, if not the facts, at least their
 meaning, linking them secretly, is encouraged, so that if in the
 outside world evolution does not exist, inside it does, consisting in
 the discovery of *meaning*.

Com plicated as I was, in the middle of the war, unable to do
 anything but take up the cause of Germany, my iloctrinary and
 cultural background served me, like most in the western world,
 only for a political and rational understanding of the conflict, as I
 have already said, and of Nazism *and* Fascism, which in "La Nueva
 Eilat" we supported. Now, however, the sudden knowledge of the
 "Jewish problem" (but was it not a *reçe* nt one, or did it come
 beforehand?) made it necessary to take into account the hitherto ad qu
 i r i t i o n a l p r e p a r a t i o n. I would have liked to comment on this even
 better in

the comrades, in Renó Arriagail and in the two "initiated" artists.
 The "new organs", Del Campo and Benito Rebollerlo, or any other
 who, lacking "new organs", became a fanatic expositor of a stammering
 orthorloxy, when he was trying to find a logical and rational
 explanation to this terrible matter, which he did not have.

From the first lines rte these "Memoirs", let's say desrle the same
 title, I have given them another rt imension, because I discovered that
 I lived in more ble one; at least, in two; ancient belief, but that *ce*
 has gone to Srman 'lo ca!'n time *m Es*, especially d urante the times
 and the facts that I am narrating river.

At certain moments it is *HE*, and not "*I*" who seems to take over the
 direction of *feeling it*, even though I have never stopped doing it, even
 though I do not feel it. So today I could say that I have found myself
 participating in a "Concert of two Violins", immersed and full of
meaning, perhaps so that my self does not *perish*, like them, in the fusion
 with the Innominailo, in the

Impersonality of *HIM*, but *to remain united and separated for his servant*. "Seated at the right hand of the Father". In the *Absolute I*.
IN US!

The action of *HIM* is fulfilled outside the law of cause and effect, in the inner sun, in the intra-atomic or angolic (perhaps he makes use of the "good angels", of the "good ouni.s"), and his Law -his only Law, let us call it so- is that of Synchroism. *Synchroiiism*, being able to order human events -of very few humans- according to the *S!erttide*; in such a way that for them to really happen, involving the soul -in addition to matter-, the I -my "I"- will have to dis- cover it, extracting from them that *!Setttide*. Here, then, is the "Con- cert of two Violins", with the intervention of *HIM* and then "I".

And more and more often in this life.

In order to be able to continue the War, having transgressed a limit and found myself on the edge of a precipice, with the publication of the Masonic documents, it was *HE* who came to my rescue, of course, using the "Law of Synchronism".

In the first volume I recounted that strange illness that had me "stepping on the images of death". Sixteen days dead, according to Dr. Bolivar (grandfather of the current President's wife). Exanthematous typhus was the explanation. I related there my strange experiences while "I was dead" and said that later, later on, I would explain its consequences. But these did not come immediately, but years later, beginning to unfold just now, when Fate - let us call it that - put me close to the abyss.

It seems to exist in my maternal lineage, and perhaps in my paternal lineage, a strange cerebral condition that, if not handled in time with justice (and this only under the inspiration or intervention of *HIM*), can mechanically detonate the evil of madness, or a "similar death", "deserving it and pi'opia", as Rilke would say, in a special style, and for us to experience it. This is how my grandparents die, this is how Vicente Huilobro and some of my brothers die.

A Fate full of Sentirlo tia put in our brains, in our lives, this test.
In the tree -fresno or holm oak- the

families, the alchemical virus of Immortality, God or Demon, is incrustated and rises, from the most distant roots, according to what *HE* wants and what the 'jo' activates. ("For a Tree to reach heaven with its top, its roots must go down to hell," wrote Nietzsche. It is the Mystery of the Incarnation). **It is a weapon, it is a Sword**, it is Excalibur, at the disposal of a Warrior. And it has two edges, according to the use to which it is put. It can be used for combat or for self-destruction. It is also called Abraxas and Quetzalcoatl, Venus, Lucifer, the Double Morning Star. I guess that my predecessor, Bishop Lmórito, Don Rafael Fernández Concha and, perhaps, Don Pedro, Don Domingo and Vicente I-luidobro also knew about this. And, undoubtedly, my paternal grandmother, Doña Fresia Manterola Goyenechea, who used to wake up at night, emitting strange cries in an untranslatable language, perhaps the most ancient Euskera, that of Atlantis. More than narlic, my great-great-grandmother, Doña Josefa Paramá, who passed on her secret knowledge to me with the sash she embroidered for me one hundred and forty years ago; knowledge that her father, Don José, printed in his blood, before disappearing into the sea... . "Oh, Capitan, my Capitan, give me your hand. . . .".

Over the tomb of repetition, here, in Val paradise, a golden bee weaves the fabric of Immortality. . .

' "

Many years after all these things I am relating, during my stay in Hermann Hesse's Switzerland, at the end of the seventies, I finally came across the extraordinary book by Georges du Maurier, "Peter Ibbetson", which served as a plot for the film, "Dream of Eternal Love", which in my adolescence produced in me an impression that still lasts, like a "Clergy -u u", like a glimpse of the Eternal Return. In this book, it reveals itself to the incessant. Faced with the impossibility of making love physically with her lover, because she has married another man, the protagonist tells the story of her family and how her father confessed to her that they had a certain organ in the brain (is it the hypophysis?) which, when activated, allowed them to "detach" and "travel at a distance", as in a waking dream. Her father "initiated" her, by teaching her to reactivate it at will. Now she "initiates" him at will, so that they are given the power to realize their love *Éa Mor* – without-death) outside this reality, in an "extra-situation", as in a "waking dream".

Won't it be the same with us, I wondered, as I wandered around the alpine peaks. And this "organ", if not used, reactivates itself, destroying its possessor. It is thus a game of life and death, which we can neither evade, nor survive, nor win, without the help of *HIM*.

To resume the story. At that time, we had left our house on Lira Street. We lived on Vicuía Mackenna Interior, in a property that is still there, on the corner with Ramón Carnicer. My bedroom overlooked the big mountain, the "Cerro de Ramón" (San Ramón). The small narrow gauge military train that went to San José de Maipo and Volcán used to pass through there. The first thing I saw in the mornings, through the window, were the snow-capped peaks. One day, I could not say which one, at the time of the revelation of the Jewish problem in "The New Age", at the end of 1941 and the beginning of 1942, I could not wake up and when I **opened** my eyes I did not see the mountain, not even the window, feeling immobile, paralyzed inside my own body, at the same time that a powerful current began to run through me, as if ascending my spinal column. And it was this current, with its intense vibration, that immobilized me, preventing me from making any movement or even pronouncing words to ask for help. It was an anguished intermediate state, as if on the edge of an abyss, where before falling I had become aware of the danger of sinking into that deep well of nothingness, of the death of the self, resisting desperately, with ever weaker forces, in the center of those vibrations that were pushing me towards the total disappearance of my consciousness.

In several of my works, I have related this experience, in "The Serpent of Paradise", in "Adolf Hitler, the Last Avatiira" and in "Nos. Book of the Resurrection", trying, in all of them, to penetrate as much as possible and to understand the case. This will surely be the last time I will try to do so, connecting it today to the family drama of my lineage and of the disappeared Merovingian race. An atrophied "organ" in the brain, in the right hemisphere, and a "**virus**" (what is a virus?) that activates it, encountering the opposition of the left hemisphere, of some of its functions. And how to establish the agreement, how to cross that abyss, without something being

destroy and explode? The brain is but the instrument of "Something," of *HIM*. There is there a moldy commutator, for lack of millenary use. When *HE* has tried to reactivate it, turning on the "contact", it does not work and the "engine" vibrates, vibrates, without starting up.... It may be the unused "engine" of a legendary vehicle, perhaps of a Vi morin, a 0 uni, which, moreover, has found the way obstructed by a rudimentary and modern machine, which the "I" has installed and now only the "I" itself will have to discover how to get it out of the way to make way for the older one... I can find no other way of exalting this phenomenon than by using these crude comparisons with the mechanics of the "I".)

Several times he tried to analyze the case with specialized medical eminences. With Dr. C.G. Jung himself and with religious authorities, such as the Dalai Lama. In both, the answer was evasive, it seemed as if they were frightened, wishing to forget the subject quickly. For who they were, I was greatly struck by this, having to conclude that their reactions were probably influenced by the Unconscious, as Jung himself would say, or by their personal *L'armia*.

In those times I was worried, even fearing that one day I would not be able to return from that kind of catalepsy, that they would take me for dead and bury me, coming to "return" already late, in the coffin. And I remembered the case of Perez Freire, the Chilean composer, who was found to be really dead and shaken because the lid of his sarcophagus had not been opened. He had suffered a catalepsi a. And, in truth, the sensation I experienced was that of "burying him alive". With a great effort, I managed to "come back", forcing my own body into the coffin.

THE DECISIVE SYNCHRONISM

For those same days, our valuable collaborator of the Magazine, the Cultural Attaché of the Embassy of Italy, stopped sending us his appreciated chronicles. I went to visit him in his office at the Embassy.

It was a beautiful building, a red castle, in front of the Santa Lucia hill, on the corner of Moneila Street. Hugo Gallo was of medium height, with a short hair, a sharp laugh and green eyes. He wore his hair short in the Fascist style; he was about thirty-five years old, his

After an inconsequential conversation, I went straight to the subject and asked him about the reason for his interruption in collaborations. After an inconsequential conversation, I went straight to the subject and asked him about the cause of his interruption in collaborations. I could think of anything, even an order received from above, in the hierarchy of his Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Rome, due to the intransigent and nuanced struggle we were waging here; besides, Hugo had never referred to the Jewish problem, which Mussolini himself dealt with only from time to time and rather under Hitler's suggestion; to please him, we thought. Of course, Giovanni Pressiozi and the same Julius Evol a had prefaced "The Protocol of the Wise Men of Zion" and, with lucidity and depth, they referred to the subject. Nothing of this! Hugo Gallo's answer left me astonished and bewildered. I really did not understand anything, and even thought of an absurd and far-fetched excuse. This, in that first interview, because later I had to accept that the matter was serious.

He began by explaining:

"Miguel, we have been wrong in waging an exclusively external struggle, with weapons and material armies. There is another way of fighting and it is extraordinary that you have come to discover this in Chile.... What a wonderful country you have and what extraordinary people you find here!"

"-I don't understand you," I replied. "I know only one way to fight, and that is with weapon in hand, to liquidate the enemy, before he destroys us. I think that even the knights of the Temple defended themselves with the sword; it is true that they waited to be attacked three times before answering..."

"No. There are other ways to fight and wage war, on different planes and with the mind. There you can also destroy the Enemy, and with the Sword. It is a Magical Combat . . . I must introduce you to the person who will explain it to you. . ."

I went back several times to visit my friend, always hoping to convince him to continue his collaboration. And each time he insisted on accompanying me to meet this mysterious character, who could instruct me, or initiate me, in the other techniques of combat. "New-old techniques", according to him.

And so it was that one day, in order to please her, I agreed to go together to a office on the old Puente Street. There was an armchair and several seats spread out in a circle. A gentleman of a certain age was talking with younger people. Hugo Gallo introduced them to me.

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Three of them were of Italian origin; one, the painter and restaurateur, was of Italian origin.

Nino Corradini, a very cultured man. He would be my friend until his death in Buenos Aires, some fifteen years ago. No one from there survives, not even Hugo Gallo, who died in Spain when I was in India.

The older man was called "Maestro". He received me cordially and offered me a seat in the Circle. He spoke while the others listened quietly and attentively. Hugo sat next to me.

Remembering that moment today, I realize that I could never have imagined then that my "I" (to continue with the nomenclature of these "Memoirs") was arriving at the end of an important journey, placed there, in that place, by the will and decision of IL, as the only possible solution left to the warrior, who has reached a crossroads and needs to leap into the void. And at the precise moment, so that the Law of Synchronism was being expressed with precision in that old sentence: "When the disciple is ready, the Master appears".

There, in front of me, I had the being who would exert the greatest influence on my whole existence, up to the present, and with whom I would be united for eternity. To him I was led by Hitler and his War (that is why I cannot be more than a warrior) and to Hitler I owe gratitude and loyalty, as well as to Italy and his wonderful sons: Gallo, Corradini and many others. But, above all, ordering and managing these incredible events: HIM!

NAMA!STE!... I salute the God in you.

He was neither tall nor short, his eyes were very blue, his hair was already bleached white. Shortly thereafter we would celebrate his sixtieth birthday. Smiling and good-natured, strong-willed, he could also be implacable. All the people gathered there were German supporters and so was he, despite his French ancestry. The Master of the Master was a Germanic, who had been initiated by a Frenchman born in India and educated by Brahmins. An arc stretched between India, France, Germany and Chile.

When I arrived at that first interview, they were talking about the war; generalities, it seems to me. Surely the Master already knew about me from Hugo Gallo and the combat I was fighting, because he began to refer to Adolf Hitler:

"There is not and will hardly ever be a human being with a will like Hitler's. Once a decision has been made, he will never change it, come what may. Once he has made a decision he will never change it, come what may. And this because the decisions are not made by himself, they are dictated to him by a 'Voice' which he listens to. I listen to that 'Voice' too. I call it the 'Voice of the Lord'. Hitler is more than an initiate. He is a Being who has come to this world to shake it from its foundations, at the crucial moment of the *Kaliyuga*' times. Moreover, Hitler has the ability to see 'disembodied' beings with open eyes, during the day, a n y w h e r e . . . "

As I listened to him, I began to feel within me something like a gale, a building, a world, crumbling. And I remembered Rauschnig, his book "What Hitler told me", a work that René Arriapa da and I read without seeing beyond the descriptions of a brilliant and Machiavellian politician, especially when Hitler declared that his logic was that of the absurd, in order to disorient the enemy: "To get into a ring, in a boxing match, to take out a pistol and kill the opponent. Al or unexpectedly, it was one of the rules of combat; but it allows us to win". When Rudolf Hess flew to Scotland, we thought we saw something similar. But what I now remembered was Rauschnig's other statement, that Hitler woke up in the middle of the night calling his assistants to tell them that in the corner of his room there was a frightening being, who was the Superman, who was watching him and who was talking to him

Who was this early traitor who appeared under the name of Rauschnig, claiming to be a former *Gauleiter* of Danzig? The Lodges used his name to write that strange "exorcism", which they entitled "What Hitler told me" and which was a "bestseller" in the early days of the War. It also contained prophecies about the final outcome of the conflict. This had already been anticipated long before by "Protocol No. 20" of the Sages of Zion: *"Only if a gertio appears on the opposite side, he could fight us. But the conflict between him and us took on proportions unheard of before on earth. And he could not defeat us, because our conspiracy is millenarian and our experience, too. We united all the countries against him..... ¥ once defeated, we will*

1. In the Hindu division of the Ages it is the last, of final destruction. Equiv nle to lu Ednd of the iron of the Greeks and to the GB tterdamerung of the Germans.

we will use to fulfill our investment purposes.
corno tos amos ab solutos de la tierro..."

And this is what they are doing today with the "Diary of Anne Frank", with the "six million Holocaust victims" and with the "war criminals" who are being sold and persecuted in every corner of the planet.

When Vicente Huidobro spoke to me about Hitler's inevitable defeat, he had surely been well-informed.

At that first meeting, I was just listening, surprised by what I was hearing, remembering some words that had been said to me at random, here and there; for example, a very vivid description given to me by my friend Hernan Granier of an anecdote told by the former German Ambassador to France, Count Ischeck, married to a Chilean lady, of the name of Balmaceda: on the Führer's official visit to Italy, the latter had refused to sleep in the bed prepared for him in Rome, because he "felt that he had been made by a man and not by a woman". . .

But now I was hearing much more extraordinary things, said by that being they called "Master". And my greatest strangeness was not directed at what I heard, but at myself, at my own reaction, not of doubt or rejection, but rather of acceptance, as if all this were something I knew, that I had heard before, many times, and that I would hear again.

"Hitler has the ability to 'unleash' at will his 'astral double', his '*Lffiga-Sartrei*', his 'astral vehicle', and to move, with the speed of light, to very distant places in this world, or in others. I have seen him here, I have been with him also with my *body a, Stral*. The last time was only yesterday and on the top of a mountain where there was a stone house and in a window was Hitler, looking through a spyglass. He saw me coming, floating in the air, and with his hand he waved me away, saying to me: "Traveler, be on your way!"

The description of the place and the house that the Master gave us coincided exactly with the one that many years later I would see with my own eyes: Hitler's "Stone House" (*éReh/s/ein*) or "Nido del Aguila" on the top of a mountain in the Alps, in the Alps.

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2. Sanskrit word by which *hirdutism* refers to the "subtle" or "astral body". *Corpus Dutil*. of the *alqutmi* stas.

Berchtesga'len. I also saw the spyglass. With my mind and my emotions I should have walked through that place.

The Master paused. Then, as he ruled himself to me, he explained: "Perhaps for you this expression of 'astral horn' is a bit of an exaggeration. He cradled it Parace Iso, to refer to the body su til, less material than the physical body, but rt e irlé ntic a form, as a ne gative, as the same body, our body, seen from the other the river rt the mirror, Smiles i zquierila and rl erecli a has llan changed. This body can cross walls and gates, as if it were air. It is of pure vibration, it is of pure energy; it is virtual; that is, it must be created, invent it, receive it for ourselves. Not everyone has it, or gets to form it; it is a difficult job; like the 'ailoption of a son'; it is the 'Efryo r/e/ Horn bree'. Paracelsus gave it the name 'as tral' ꞑtorque, although we may bring it to life here, its ve rflatlera moi-atla is liall a among the stars, in 'another si tuation'. Perhaps in the gui no laugh we saw in that crꞑcium rather than in the physical; perhaps the physical is the crystallization of the 'body'. How difficult it is to get the job done. For one who has not begun this work in previous years! It is the effort toil to a life, or it laughs many virils . . . Hitler came up with such a 'aci'la'l ca 'aci'la'l. It is the unmistakable sign of a being above.

Without knowing how, he picked up the phone and I began to recount my experiences with the prayers, expressing my fear that I was a sick person who was a Jx-ecu rsora ike a catalejisia. I extended myself for a long **time, trying** my best to explain what was happening to me. The rlem ers listened to me attentively, especially my friend Gallo. On the contrary, I felt myself to be a part of their silence, at the same time that in the Master's face there was a broad laughter. Again, turning to me, he spoke:

"Instead of worrying, you should feel happy. This is the typical case of a 'detachment' of the astral body, which is still part of the physical body, thus 'in- chufailo', to be miss- graphical, like those enchu- fests which have many joints stuck together and which have to be placed ex actatively in the 'e ncli ufe -matt re'. What happens to you is that not all of the tips enter into the ꞑii cciso place when you rctorn ar your as tr al a1 physical, after the abe rse "les;irenrlí river' and, ꞑtor al gé ii s uceso ailve rso in that 'other min- uto', has 'lcbi'lo re tornar ríe súbitoꞑ o bi en , por quo su conciencl a, in lar lo izquie rilo ríe su ce i'ebi'o, lta interi'ri 'i' o ese "lesꞑii'eiiil i -

The 'I' has been frightened and has interfered with the process. The self has become frightened and has interfered with the process. And it is dangerous that, only because the power of *Kit udalirii'* unleashed, catapulted in its psychic coluni na, in that 'Tree of Paradise', does not find, or fails to open the channels in the right hemisphere, to reach the summit of the *.The 'sItalara' Salaa,sraro"*, which opens the door of Se iiyo^, the *Void* - of the Black Sun, of the Black Hollow - through which the astral body is i'royected in the Other World, in that 'extra- si tuation'. Then, it resolves itself into a tremendous *circle* of energy, it can destroy the human brain. . . . Some ancestral fear, some hereditary 'crack' or 'sign' is preventing it. Also a higher inheritance has brought him to that point. Either he triumphs, or he loses. The *harma* of your inheritance is that two-edged Sword: death or eternal life, for you and your lineage. In you is at stake the Destiny and the solution of a legendary adventure, of your 'Initiatic Family'.

Hugo Gallo interrupted:

"-As in ancient Greece, the I nitiativ Family of the Eumolpidas, the guardlora of the Mis te rios.... ."

I thought of the Merovingians and of the physical sign that the differentiated and by which they recognized themselves.

The Master continued:

"What you must do when these powerful currents begin to run through you, is not to resist and let yourself be carried away, let yourself fall into the abyss, into the cesspool, into the 'black hole', into death, into nothingness. It is the 'Mystical Death', the 'Magical Death'. *Death and faith of the self*. His astral body is more than an embryo now and he wants to be 'given birth' to it, to be born whole, from Zeus' laughing Mind, to dress it as a warrior, like Athena, and to enter the sacred combat together with Hitler, thus becoming part of his *Wildesli eer*, of his 'Last ~~Batalion~~ of A.s tral Warriors. The resurrected Amen ...

-
3. In shin scrit, that reía, fire coiled in 1a phrase of 1a column I'síquica. Its physical part is the "lihi do".
 4. Ceri tro, energy vorti ce-co icie Gcia. Its Visi ca counterpart could be 1the ;Jlexos and 1the gl'iMdulas (\'ituitaria and pie ea I, for example).
 5. E1 ú1ti mo .s//n// c', eo 1a ci'Ha del cráMeo.
 - G. Kl v'zcio, the exit door, of the "s'oss" M 'i s beyond the physical brain; something like M "hole Ne+-ro" ezztre g. fax ías. Was e1 Ní rvan a del verd adero bu disiíi o ari o, de los pri ru e ros budi stas?

7. Psychic hereiici'i, with which it is brought to this iiiu ndo.

Thus was given birth in Hyperborea. The Warrior, the Son of Man, the *Astral Body*, was *carried by the God iloinb re...*".

*"A word pronounced by the Father
V e.sto Polobro [ae the Hi
jo. Word q ire The pronu.ucia
faith "n .silence Eternal.
Y ert the silence Jebe esc ucli.a r
A/ Al ria."*

Usan Juan rte la Cruz)

THE SAINT cmln, or sINCLAIR, INITIATIVE FAMILY

When the destruction of the Order mel Temple in Europe, the secret elite manages to get to safety and finds refuge in four centers: a few in Spain, in the Oral of Calatrava; several more in the Order of Christ, in Portugal; others cross the English Channel and are received by Robert Bruce, in Scotland, in the Orders of Builders. But the most secret refuge is in America, where they will carry their *Clriol One the General*, who will arrive with Hitler and the Hitlerians, seven hundred years later) and their fleet, together with their treasures.

It is said that in Scotland they will give birth to Scottish Freemasonry, adding to the symbolism of the Builders o f the Stone, the Erlad of the "~~Unpolished~~Stone", their own Gnostic and Manichaeian influence. The word "no.so7t" if it means "can- tero". fThe Temple of Solomon had also been built by an heir of the Paleolithic wisdom and porta, by Hiram). Hence the Runic *Fhuiarh* found in the temples and castles of Scotland. All this we have analyzed in "*Main a. 'For the Hoittbre that Came'*". Those in charge of the trail of this Masonry in Scotland are the members of the Saint Clair Family ("Initiatory Family"), of Norman origin, of Rosslyn. Or Sinclair of Roselin'. They, by inheritance, will sustain the highest degree of

8. It is curious, but not accidental (an "acausal" phenomenon, as Jun Q- would say), that the recent anuri cial of the "~~cloning~~" of a sheep in Scotland, includes

Scottish Freemasonry. Then, with the centuries, that k4asonry is equally corrupted, being infiltrated by the o/eiii " *we luches*, or Welsh fj url iösl, that have coparlo Inglatei-i-a, arriving it to pode rarse riel *E.sta hli.slim.etit* and the royalty, until our Elijahs. The transformation is consummated with the conquest of Scotland by the English (see "*Mar.ú...*").

Whoever has read Hermann Hesse's magical book, "Demian", has probably not grasped the secret message it contains, and it is a bird that has not yet been deciphered. Its fascination, however, is due to the "subliminal" story - as it is called today of those things that carry something else underneath and that go to the unconscious, without

the name of the messiah of nesl in. I have already written that it is in the sonic o ia s where the genetic Messiah of India would be "manufactured", with the genes of Esdra and Neheniya, from two thousand seven hundred years ago, traumatized by the anti-human end of this "puehlo-family". And to ann lia r even more, el siniLoli snlo (*Syriit'leiii*), is uzz "lamb" et cl oi ado, et symbol of Christianity, jurtt with cl fish. It is thus to proloMgar eM Aquarius and the Judeo-Christian dominion of Aries and Pisces.

The recent revelation is nothing more than a trick that is thrown to the public in a venuous and ~~uninformed manner~~, like a grimace to draw their reaction- which, after all, does little to cut off those who were watching this whole thing from the shadows. Already in the years vei ii te, Al ema ii a makes to seem in the fi l ru "M etrójioli s", adeni'is of the closed ci rcuit of ted evisi ón, no longer the "cl onaje" of a woman, but her dujiili cation. In my book "Adolph Hitler, the Last Avatar", I have discussed my conversation with a German engineer, who worked in the secret weapons of the Third W orld, together with the director of the *New 7'criip/c of Vienna*, Herm Mundt, author of the book "The Hini ni ter Ra sputin". The first one revealed that Germany had reached "absolute perfection" in the "d obl aj e" of its leaders (*idopgel ya ii ger*) and that the Russians had found fourteen of Hitler's corpses in Berlin, all of them Polynesian. Dr. Thonia s, who treated Rudolf Hess in Sjbanda u, wrote a paper in which he claimed that this was the real culprit. The ligeii xroale ni a i i i i e a pregalia that there were also several Borni an ri ri, and that the M:i rtin Borni:i ri ii that i'ri rio to Chile was not the "ori gr rial" one; it had h 'ibuer to rnuer to in R u sia.

The Mes ias cl on of Jud á ji can reji eti r be ta iiii ê ii in series, or p'i reciendo as well as ubi cuo.

Thus, Hitler is not dead either; he did not die. And he will return. But not "cl onad", but with his corJiii.e .sir ii/, made visible by the i nrmortal niateria d c rnyn , -raci as to the i/iioyiii ri io of the T'i ri tric Al quiniia, the Hyperborean-Polar Science.

to pass through the conscience. Hence the tremendous influence that this book had on several generations, without it being really known why.

"De Mian" is a message of the most ancient Freemasonry, not yet contaminated by Judaism and political Zionism. It contains the legend of the "Sons of the Viuria", also present in "Parzival" and in the Cathar claim and the fear of Lucifer. Demian is the *Self*, the *Absolute*, independent of his *EL*. It is the *Selbst*. However, the biggest clue and the one that led me, once deciphered, to understand all this was the name Hermann Hesse gave to the main protagonist: fin chi r. The nobiliary name of the ancient pu arda-dors of the first masonic-gothic (of the "cantemos" gorlos) of Scotland.

Jung and Hermann Hesse belonged to that tradition. De mian is Jung's *!Selbst* and laughs Nietzsche. But neither Hesse nor Jung were, perhaps, in the twentieth century, in a position to realize that they would also be used by the diabolical beings who had become associated with Universal Freemasonry. In addition, both, mysteriously, came to have at the end of their years women by their side. Those of us who have lived and live in the "Law of Si ncronism" are not allowed to think that this is accidental.

It was the Master who made us read "Demian". Through him I got to know Hermann Hesse.

"LA VITA NUOVA"

I could not tell anyone of those around me who were my roommates and fellow residents, nor any person in my family about the **unique** experience I had in an apartment in Santiago, even though the people there were also Hitlerists. And what Hitlerists!

I began to live a stable life, at first. And each time I understood better and better Hu o Gallo and his decision to withdraw from external combat. And so it was that in issue number 15, November 15, 1942, I decided to interrupt the publication of "The New Age", to concentrate fully on the "inner war" and on the fight to death with myself, in total solitude and without communication with anyone but the Master and his followers.

9. Lo ese riLo e" i Lali a "o by o n n u ci o that to I La]ia le clebo.

No one will have been able to explain this decisive milestone in the publication of the Review, with its fundamental change in the conception of combat, of the War and of Hitlerism. A We/ten.sc/ioiz i/itg^o, a Cosmov- ision, hitherto unknown, began to be glimpsed beneath the printed letter of "The New State", after its reappearance on March 26, 1942, and up to its last issue, number 36, on Thursday, January 7, 1943.

In the meantime, I remained in my room, with new readings, always at the edge of the night and the reflection of those involuntary and dangerous attempts at "rlesI'ren'limiento" of the "astral". In many of my books, in "Neither by Sea nor by Land", in "The Serpent of Paradise", in "Ailol f Hitler, the Thyme Avatar", in "The Serpent of Paradise", in "Ailol f Hitler, the Thyme Avatāra", in "Manu. For the Man who will sell", I have related those events, which Jung would call "subjective" (and so he considered them, when he tried to communicate them to himself, trying to describe them to himself, and at the same time to explain them to himself, in some way). I am distressed to have to repeat them again here. If the reader has read my other works, he will be able to go through those descriptions. I refer to those difficult writings to clarify further. There they are.

Now, after so many years, as I turn my head, trying to look back, I see myself once again immersed in that transcendental experience, without any possible escape and facing the death of the "I", the disappearance and the end of this **adventure** which, in truth, was just beginning. Ah, if I had failed - oh, Captain, my Captain! If I had failed - oh, Captain, my Captain - all of us (all of my "initiatory lineage", those marked by the fatal sign) would also have "nanfrapped on earth". . .

The truth is that I have never been able to understand the term "subjective", nor its difference with "objective". The experiences that I have lived are real experiences, and as such I relate them in these "Memoirs". Whether anyone else has experienced similar phenomena, anywhere in the world, I do not know; but I have no reason to think that it is not possible. For one thing, the Master and his group, though in a different way and without so many difficulties and dangers.

10. Vi sion d ed mun do, approx imada nien te.

I was a moment away from it, then I felt myself ascending into an exjilion of light. I was not totally there, I was a little bit like "if I guided the uninjured soul away". And the body that I was looking at wasn't as straight, or *didn't* have the same shape as the one down here. It was almost rerf on river, as it just was. De rejientc, I returned, and found me again on my bed, without tion'lome very in del iz; a prisi onero e nter the four I="crles of the body tei'reno (im por- taite was the number four). The imj'srcssion -rec ue nilo that me queela- ha of the event, of the "esta r outside", was rie a great libertail. And she gave birth to me during the whole of this melody.

It is said that in a few very small places, in Boeotian Hijter, there was a polar race, referred to by the Greeks, which *possessed* a more subtle horn, less material, hence the reason, as Julius Evola pointed out, that there are no bony bones of that race. It is possible, then, that the actual physical body is the "astral body" in the ui'eci river, "retrificailo". And, thus, the Master's work and

What a time for it, in my case! It's been a whole life. I, and narlie mas, ji ucijo h acer ríe com art roma. Pa rto absol ute me nte soli tario, that already dui a m uch as 'ill as. And tleci i' this mc not mc refer to reincarnation uniquely, if not to lits vi rt is 'le a is ti i'ic and tte

this process - or "enfermer l'ad" - in which they have restructured their ceremony before the year ended.

That the matter should be more or less like this, is easy for our understanding and our faith in the Mystery of the Resurrection of Christ. When his tomb is opened, there is nothing there. He is risen with his *body* and with it he is "raised to heaven". He is utilized, "astralized," made pure electricity and vibration. The Taoist legendary masters were also resurrected in this way. And when they opened their sarcophagi, there was no body there, only a Sword, signaling the Triumph of the Warrior in that Combat of Immortality. The true triumph: the faith of *the Flesh*.

¡Excalibur!

The conversion of this body into an astral body, the materialization of the physical body and the materialization (for a few minutes) of the astral body, would make it visible on the Path of the Emmaus...

It is very difficult to understand, I mean, for those who have never experienced any of this; that is, the majority on this earth. We are not all equal, as Novalis said. And Nietzsche: "My monkeys straight ahead: we are little pre-boreans!". And he, for not finding the "way out", in his years and in his time, not having been favored by the "Law of Synchronism", like *me*, he went mad'.

The next few steps, while I was in my mental retreat, were very difficult. Almost every night these vibratory paralyses were repeated. In this state, I heard voices and external noises, leading me to discover that one way to escape was to get out of bed.

With great effort I succeeded, this being a form of "awakening". I would get off the bed and take a few steps towards the door, finding myself in a semi-darkness, in a gray cloud, I would find it difficult to maintain myself in a fortunate mental effort to achieve it, to continue towards Ariel before, without turning for any reason to my back, in the dark, in the dark, in a gray cloud, in a gray cloud, in a gray cloud, in a gray cloud, in a gray cloud, in a gray cloud, in a gray cloud, in a gray cloud, in a gray cloud, in a gray cloud, in a gray cloud, in a gray cloud, in a gray cloud.

I returned to the bed. In this case, it would have been interrupted. On the other hand, the place where I had been laboratory was not my room either, but something like the blessed "orb", a confused "astral plane", or

Lute reinos. I think that if they had been Catholic, they would have feared the possibility of overcoming, or solving, their problems.

I was a mixture of both, for I crossed the doors without opening them and even the walls; I reached the balcony and threw myself into the street, gliding slowly through the air. But, curiously, the balcony was not that of this house, but that of the old Lira Street, where I had also let myself fall, years ago, laughingly, during my illness.

After so many years of my experience in Inrlia, with work and external struggles, and interruptions in the "Parto Sacro" of the Parto de los Montes¹, only very late in the day does a phenomenon reappear today *jiarecirlo*. Perhaps the "Fire of *Kit ndalini*" *Be eB Le* extinguishing. The thirty-three years are the sacred years, as in Kristos and in the Masonic-Templar Initiation). Or, the Astral body and the physical body are already almost one and only wait for the right moment to become a *UFO (Vi -Maria)* and rise from this earth, like a *Chariot of Fire*, in the direction of the Throne, at the right hand of Ike bla.

Without a doubt, that "astral body" that was then called, did not yet have the shape of my physique or perhaps I would never be able to have it again. It was as if I had no use for it. I have already *rlicho*, it is the work *'le a vil a*.

Now, more than fifty years later, after continuous and conscious efforts in that direction, I discover that a gentle concentration is enough to feel the vibrations inside me. They no longer make any *noise* to me.

But, at that time, once, the vibrations were so violent that I thought I had reached my last hour. Then, in the air, and at the height of my chest, there appeared a basin full of water. As if on command, I put both hands in it and poured the water over my body, spreading it up and down. An instantaneous coolness calmed my body, making me feel a great peace. Here it is, I say to myself today, another *rlirect* action of that Being, that I have called *HIM*, and that has caused me to continue in this Combat.

One day, a shadow came into my room in the early morning and sat at the foot of my room. I felt its weight on my feet. It was a woman covered with a dark cloak. The cloak vibrated and transmitted a cold current to me. When she tried to look at her face, she turned it away, hiding it.

Again, I saw the giants on the mountain that rises like a great wall in front of the city of New Extremadura. Dark still, before the rising of the sun, 'the enormous

shapes were silhouetted inside it. One, on the right, raised its arms towards the summit; the other, on the left, leaned with its arms dangling towards the base. Their forms were traced by the veins of an hourly metal, and appeared immobile in their fixed positions.

I will never forget this vision. Years and years have passed, and there it is. In Barreto's old days, we dreamed of the giants of the Andes. Legend has it that when the Old Sun disappeared and the New Sun illuminated the world, the giants that inhabited the earth plunged into the rock of the mountain, to take refuge there, awaiting the disappearance of this Sun and the appearance of another, perhaps the same old one, resurrected. The spiritual Black Sun. And with it the lost Power of the Man-God will be recovered. And the Kingdom of the Giants will return.

LAORDENGUERRERA

In Chile and in different countries of the world, including India, I have been able to meet many so-called esoteric or initiation organizations, besides those deriving from the great established religions, such as Buddhism, Christianity, Mahometanism. All of them, in one way or another, are oriented to the perfection or evolution of the inner being, isolating the disciple from the external world, in order to better achieve his ultimate goals, either through knowledge or through developmental practices, such as those taught by Gurdjieff. All of these, to date, are controlled by Judaism, which thus, once again, isolates the disciple from the business of the world, and here too gives him adulterated knowledge.

Strangely, none of this happened with the Order to which I had been taken by the Cultural Attaché of the Italian Embassy, in the year of grace of 1942. Nothing similar I believe has ever existed in this land. A Warrior Order oriented to direct action on two worlds, the external and the internal, simultaneously and naturally. The internal action was directed exclusively to the development of the "astral body", avoiding theoretical or philosophical deviations. And it was

12. Non-Jewish.



The Maestro. To his left, Hugo Gallo; above, second from right, Nino Corradini.

The German Master of my Master.



As the "Resenator" of the most powerful warrior order, I have the obligation to meet the Dalai Lama in Chile.

This is precisely where the synchronism with the events of my own life seemed to me to be decisive and magical.

Where and how did this Order and its discipline originate? It was only known that it was brought to Chile by a German, who had been initiated by a Frenchman, who had been educated as a child by Brahmins in India. The Order also governed Tibet and India. However, I was not able to find the same in those regions, where I went precisely to look for it.

When I made contact with the Order, the German Master had already left the earth. It was told of his great powers and of how he "went out in astral" and traveled to any point, even to other stars, 'rliern!o, by a reci al jiructic, to materialize his subtle body, so as to be seen and recognized with the physical eyes. It was only 1°rOhibited to touch him ("*Noli iste terngere*"), because, then, his material body would suffer a discharge, as well as the body of the one who touched him. I remembered the Kritic legend of the road to Emmaus, when, upon being seen and recognized by his disciples, after his "resurrection with the body", Kristos asks them not to touch him. And, following the line of my hypotheses already exposed, I wondered if the physical body that the German Master left to art, while traveling in the astral, would still be the same, or if it would decrease in weight, being only a shadow, the reproduction of a photo, or the "scab of a wound" that had healed, which could be detached and undone. . .

It is well worthwhile for the scoptic reader to remember here the experiences that I relate in the First Volume of these "Memoirs", of the medium **Jaime** Galtó, when he "detached himself in the astral" to go to diagnose and perform cures. These experiences have also been corroborated by other people, by doctors and by former ministers of the State.

13. For this very reason I was the one who was asked to receive Da la i Lam a in the Hi ru al aya s, when he left Tibet and went through China, and in the An d es, when he visited C hi le, despite all the in utile i ru yed i ments with which they tried to avoid him. One Dig-ni ty re ce i v i n g another Dip°n i ty.

The Master speaks:

"The true war is f"/immo/nonosi/'o", as it will be called today) and is carried out in the astral, with the astral body and with swords, as in the lepenar saga and as in the sacred warrior ordeals of antiquity. We are the only initiates and magicians who are at the side of the *Fi'i ltrer*. We belong to your *UU imo Botallóri*. And do you know why? Because *Hitler's Ult tone Battalion, of the Aotára xn/'t*", is an *Astral Botlóri*. Absolutely invincible entity... Do you want to be part of i t ?"

"-Yes!", I replied.

Since then, I am izn *Einherier*"".

II WAR ON TWO FRONTS

Just as Hitler starts his war on rivers by invading Russia, so do I by restarting the publication of "The New Age".

My German friends, who have missed me because of the interruption of the magazine, have invited me to a private meeting. Among other things they told me:

"Why? What happened? You can't abandon us now, when in Germany itself there are so many defects. The *Fü ltrer* needs you!"

That was enough for me. I still see the loyal faces of those dear German comrades, and their joy when I shook their hands and answered them:

"-With the *Fii ltrer* and with you, to the end; come what may!"

One of them put his hand to his waist and - pulled out a pistol.

Walter PPK, with a useful Swabie:

"It is the same mode that the *Füh rer* carries. It's for you, camera, in case you ever need it... ."

And so the combat recommenced, rec liazanrlo the position of Hugo Gallo. For this I only took into account the old Germanic saga, which

14. The God who will return at the end of time to triumph over Evil and to judge. Tanibi éii is said of the return of Kri stos. It is an Archetype.
15. Astral" warriors, inhabitants of the *kYalli olla*, according to the Gernian mythology, go out to fight.

states that if a warrior, because of the combat with his In this case, to give birth to the "Son of Man") and the realization of his Absolute Self, perishable or in that external struggle, once in Walhalla, Wotan and his Walhalla would give him with what he could not achieve here, while rowing his body to the water.

And with this conviction, I was equally pleased to learn that in The "astral warriors", a tantric alchemy and an astral warrior, were also present in the select circles of the Hitler movement. The Last Battalion was already being "thought out", and its formation was planned, destined for a very special place in Hitler's plan. Therefore, Hitler did not attack England and invaded Russia, because for many years the Wehrmacht, the Con- ception itself, at all costs, even at the risk of everything, was the War.

II THE WAR

Just as before I used to go to the office of René Arriagada, at the "El Mercurio" newspaper, to get the latest news of the fighting on the fronts, now I went to the place where the "Círculo" met, to learn about the mouth of the Maestro.

He told us that if Hitler had succeeded, he sent Rudolf Hess to promote a peace agreement and had his generals destroy the army and the implied religious at Dunkirk. Then, and for countless times, the Master said the Führer would not to "get to the re-ivernication" of the colonies, and the *dort* to the *so* of the *U.S.* Hitler would not invade Russia. Certain that Rudolf Hess would go to the *late* *ri-a*, as with the *ición* like a *acueducto*, the The former American colonies have been returned to the United States.

What did it all mean? Throughout the years it has been going round and round in my memory, as if it were yesterday. With no one I can comment, I think that it was not referred to, and it would have been the result of a feverish fantasy. But it is on this that I mounted the conception of a *mondo* and I have to penetrate more and more into the person himself that being 'mistified' that was Hitler. I was always amazed by the reaction of the Master, who, up to the end, did not know what to do.

felt defra utl ard by the ge i'm a leader" , 'ensa n river that his actions were, however, just.

If he had attacked Incl aterra, he would have suppressed the world he was going to build for the white *ru s*. If he had not invaded the Soviet Union, he would have followed his own conception, so brilliantly expounded in "Meiii. If he had not invaded the Soviet Union, he would have destroyed his own conception, so brilliantly set forth in "*Meiii. Ko niy /*", demoralizing the most select idealistic youth who followed him - like Gonz ále z von Marées in changing the name, the hymn and the symbols of the Movement. Moreover, to recover colonies was to return to the plutocratic empires of yesteryear.

Indeed, at various times, Hit le r almost won the war. Even in the last moments and with the secret weapons at his disposal, even with the atomic bomb. But he did not want to; today he only did. And we also remember him at that time. His true rra was Magic. El tried to 've ncer with the Volu n tali iste steel, as the Master maintained) and the annihilation thousand agrosa ti the enemi-o, by meal io of the Ideal. But this did not succeed, because at the source he had - and he knew it - Satan **himself** as an opponent, the good already on Earth.

And *Hitler lost it*. To take him by the decision of the Archeti- po, who possessed him, could no longer do anything else. The transmuting action of a munilo, necessarily slow, will have to be irremediably fulfilled by the younger generations, who, without knowing why and in spite of the insiil ia and calumny, are still "born Hitlerists", to realize their ide als at the very edge of this world, or perhaps in some other. For it turns out that "*Hitler's Reich was not of this Init ittle*".

Until the end of April 1945, Hitler continued to fight with his elite troops and conventional weapons, surrounded and defended by the army of many nations, by the Germans, the French, the Poles and the Tibetans. Shortly before, the Master informed us: "In heaven, Hi tler has been ~~permitted~~ to perform an act of the utmost surprise. It was the last offensive of the Antennae, carried out by the SS, and with which *the Fi'i li rer* almost threw the Alyrians into the sea. But the Desti was not suitable for this type of action and the gasoline tank moved its divisions to the sea.

Then, it was the *Gátterclcimrn erii itp-*, the "Crcpúsc ulo de los Dioses". And in the midst of the fire, the m ctralla, the obu ses and the es panto, the "rlerrota m un mlial" took place, cl end to the paran rmoso, while the heroes "succumbed vncien'lo". And together with them fought the

Àngel is 'lthe sky, the *Dersecos*, the *Einlt.erier*. Il a mas enveloped the
 n" .l,'c-r 'le Hitle r and the an ti ua ci utlatl Ole Berlin.... And Hiilrfe rli
 n's voice was heard:

*"Doiide the young people rriu rteroit u e i i c uëic ing.
 All of us, A¿'ii a.s cant lu or
 /ite.s,
 Cnii londo lvi contion of Fate!
 Lm misery and the demario ne the
 li.ombres Estrem ecen int. alnia
 inniortcil.
 DE jame remember the silence
 Eit ta,s j lro[uu d ida€len...!"*

Those who knew were devastated. They could not believe what had happened. At the end of the day, **they** saw the secret weapons that Goebbels had announced. And I must look at all those who, without knowing these things, still stood by the *Führer* and Hitlerism, loyal and steadfast to this day, enduring persecution and torture, always with faith in the final triumph, like Skorzeny himself and the guran Leon Deprelle, like the General Remer, Wilfrerl von Oven, Peirer, Piebke and many others. They . . those who did not follow, those *who did not believe*. ...

By the Macs tro, at the Master's feet, I knew the truth. dli tler was alive, he had not died in the *Bit nl'er* of Berlin. Since long ago, at the very beginning of the war he had been held in a secret shelter at the South Pole. There he had gone now, translai!aiiilo to the elite of the race, with the most Jiorle roses i nventions, i!escubiertos p-thanks to the rlominio of the imjilosion and the antiprav itacion al ene ene reía. There the alchemic work continued for the creation of the "*Human Child*", of mortal power. travel to the Es trel.las. Al lí was already won the war".

-
17. hi iel J affé, Professor Juny's secretary, in her study on "C.G. Junge and the Nationalism", includes an appendix by Sir Lauren van del Post: "Reflections on the Shadow that refused to leave". Based on the collective consciousness of the

Adolf Hitler, the "Last Avatar".



SEPTIEMBRE - OCTUBRE						
26	27	28	29	30	1	2
Jueves	Viernes	Sábado	Domingo	Lunes	Martes	Miércoles

La televisión, elemento del gobierno diario de guerra
muestra una gran cantidad de gente en la casa.



Already in 1943 Hitler's Germany had the telephone with television as shown in this German calendar from that time...



Lunch at my bachelor party. From left to right: René **Arriagada**; lawyer Robinson Alvarez, President of "Colo-Colo"; next to him, me; second to my left, my cousin Joaquim Fernandes Sarratea.

And now, with the end of Exoteric Hitlerism, the revelation of Esoteric Hitlerism could begin.

Many years would still have to pass.

MY MARRIAGE

Also a world collapsed in Chile upon us, the supporters of Germany, who had fought at their side. The "Black Lists", published by the British and Americans, included me. They forbade trade to enter into any dealings with us. They also included the magazines "Acción Chilena", of Roberto Vega, "La Semana Internacional", of Roberto Vega, "La Semana Internacional", of Roberto Vega, "La Semana Internacional", of Roberto Vega, and "La Semana Internacional", of Roberto Vega.

Archaeology and Myths, ventures the most interesting interpretation ever made for the "defeat" of the "Hitler War". The *Führender* would have been possessed by the Germanic Myth and "walked as in a waking dream", within an immutable Destiny. The Myth dragged him irremediableniente to destruction, for being the Archetipo of the "Fall of the Gods", the *Götterdämmerung*. Let us remember that when the apocalyptic end is announced in the Berlin *Bühnen*, all the radios of Germany transmitted "The Twilight of the Gods" of Wagner. Van der Post revealed that in the full triumph of the armies of the Third World, they, in England, were restarted with the assurance that Hitler would wage "his" war in such a way as to lose it. The Myth compelled him.

And I remember that the Master said to Hitler: "You are not going to take a step!

more!...". And he gave it: he attacked Russia.

Good. We knew that. But we also know that the Myth of the "Death of the Gods" is continued with the "Resurrection of the Gods. And the Archetype, the Myth, must be fulfilled in an irremediable way, until the end! That is why we have always maintained that Hitler -*Death Pee mori o je de! utiio, Prisionero del Milo* - won the war, lost the war, and will return, resurrected. No matter how much earthly time he dies, in Eternity there will be no more than "Three" or "Nine Days.

It was a war of Gods and Gods. War of Myths and Myth is the untold biography of the Archetipo. And not from time to time, but from the beginning of the time. Tanién, on the contrarious side *there is* a Myth, an Archetype that holds the Eue nigo and that, in its apparent "triumph", reveals the certainty of its final defeat. It is the Jewish Archetipo, the Myth of the Golem ("Frank Estein"), of the artificial monster that goes out to destroy for its own sake and that takes off at the last with its inventor, the Rebbe Li'iw. It is the Fate of the Robot and of the cybernetic world that the Jew created.

Hitler said it: "If I die, the Jew will destroy the world. Both

myths are curried to the point of consumption.

Juan Barili na, and "El Roto", ele G urllici'nio Robillier. Ailem ás 'l e "La Nueva E hart" y rte mi nom hie, poi' his post. In "Arlolf Hitler, el Ultimo Avat?ara" I have pu blica river an al* i rt icc with the cli ile na "Ne gra List". In it are Cai Jos Ke ller, with his table "TransJior tes Ter-resti es", and Ii'ibci to Vega Blanlot. The name of Jorge Gonz/ale z von Ma i'ees does not appear.

In the year rie 1942 I had ríes;rosario with Ca rm in Rosselot Bor'leu , a very bella young woman, moi'en a, rte ras gos fi nos, delicarlos. I had met her in a summer rte Tejas Vci'rfes. Following the Nazi myth of the time, the Nazi mo exoté i-ico, rlccirl í marry her and have children.

One afternoon I told the Master about it. It was the first time - and the last - that I saw him with my hand. I hit the dream with my foot, he exclaimed:

"Otti'o mas que se encarlena!. ..."

Then, c'imo recajiacitan'io:

"Ducno. . . ., nothing is gained by acquiring, but one has to live one's own exjiei-ience. ..."

The Master was also married and had two sons. "If I hadn't married him off, he would be dead," he exiled me, in critically, even more critically, with the addition of

Bridge that has guer-it-it lo rleci r that h abr- would s itlo m ejor death, is rleci i', Parti r an tes . . This I have it in aliOr'a, because I myself, if I had not married him, I do not see a clear way out for my existence then. I was more and more drawn into the "astral world", aqoric fantasies, laugh jii'ese nc ias, rte soni rts, of beings who settled down to live in my moraila and with whom I became more accustomed than with humans. And it was in my honeymoon and before the fright of my wife that the doors of an armory opened and closed, the lights went out and closed, and the walls creaked and creaked with a sigh. And I, sword in my hand, the ring or man- ilobles in the ai re, oral e nal to those se res "e le le me n tales" 'lejar- us in peace and 'lesa pa reccr. Deci mli tci'mi na r with this, pa i'a sal var my m atri monio, reci ó n com enzatlo. And that's how jtu se a myth, an interre gno, an interruipei'n 'fe anos in cl way rte active magic. And this is paid, jnoi that the times are changing and are no longer the same to carry Joe netrar and i'ecorrer those a rol i'los terri torios. The old "friends" and "enemies", the inhabitants of those lands, in those exact years, are no longer there. Surely t h e y are gone. And the new ones do not coi uci ike n with the being that I am today. O

well, ad vertidos, they take their revenge. My rhythm today is different and so is the world that awaits me. Perhaps everything will be solved in the I///io//o, with Wotan lion EL), with Hitler and my Walkiria, who are waiting for me there, at the right time, I'll be waiting for them.

My wife was named Carmen. Her paternal family was of Norman origin, from Brittany, Rosselot, named after La Rousel (Roscelyn-Rose lin), a river. Hu gonotes, therefore. After the "h'oche ble Saint Bartholomew" they emigrate to different places, to Scotland, with the Saint Clai r, or Si ucl ai r; to Ne ucli ñ tel, in Switzerland, where my banker, at the "Suisse C recci t Bank" rie Zurich, Jean Pierre Rosselet, was from the same original branch. My wife's family comes to America. From Argentina to Chile. My father-in-law was a charming, retiring and profuncle man. My mother-in-law, a beautiful woman, also of French origin: Bordeu. She had a very strong and domineering character; however, she always got along with me very well, and to the last moment we were treated with great respect and delicacy.

The genealogist Jorge Allende Salazar, married to a pa- My wife's father, who has meticulously studied the "Arbol" of the Rosselot and Borc!eu families, as well as that of the Allende Allende (Allende Allende), of Salvaclor Allende. He gave me this study, which I keep for my three children, José Miguel, Carmen and Cristian.

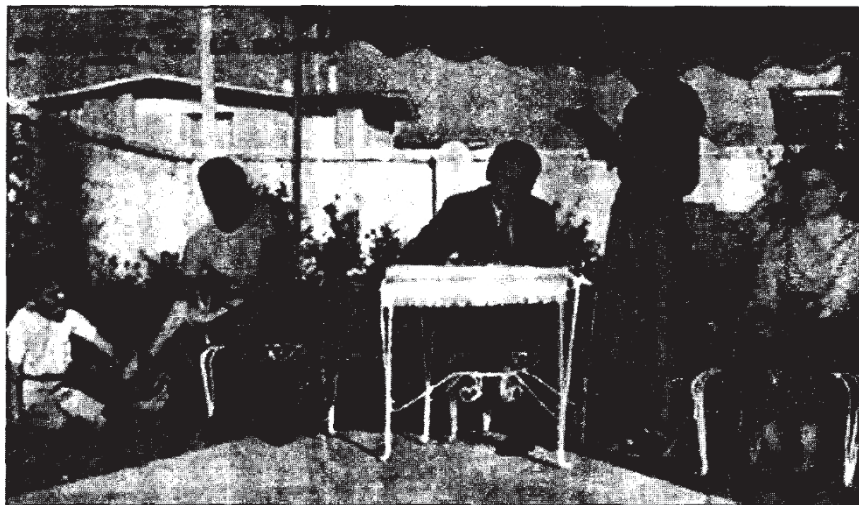
The results of the war and the "Black List" were disastrous for my marriage. My wife always accompanied me in everything. When, near the end of the conflict, I wanted to go to Germany to fight, she was willing to accompany me. She was expecting her first child.

In order to get the Germans to accept my trip with my wife, I had to go to Argentina to meet the Minister of Foreign Affairs, von Poh am mer. My gesture failed; but I was able to meet the Argentine National Socialists, who received me with great camaraderie and affection: Osés, the editor of the newspaper "El P a m p e r o"; Ferrando, of the firm "Lutz-Ferrantlo", and others. In a German hotel in Buenos Aires I was a guest without charge. Those were other times. In Chile, German friends, like Bruno Recciu s, gave me free medication for my sick wife and children in their pharmacy. Modest comrades, Dr. Ai'turo Rod ríguez and Melchor Riera, never charged me for the treatment of my lung disease, because of the post-war el ificultailes and worries. And in



My wife, *Carmen Rosset Bordeu*.

With my wife; my children: José Miguel, Carmen and Cristián.
And the "sausage" dog, Wopi", brought from India.



the Bank of Chile, its President, non fticai'do Le telier, opened its doors to me (I had a great physical meeting with the writer Pedro Prado). There were the teller Carrasco, a militant of Chilean Nazism, and in the "De l'artanaento de Com is tones Plc Confian za", created and directed by don Hum be rto Valen zuela, my com munist friend, Guillermo **Atías**.

Those were the times when friendship was the true religion of Chileans. He never forgot Luis Fernánlez Solar (brother of the santal and Luis Corre a Prieto, who gave me his "Bills of Exchange" so that Ricardo Letelier could discount them. And he never stopped paying them, even when he did not renew them very often, postponing their p a y m e n t .

That's how my children were born. First, Jose Miguel, with the name of my grandfather. How much illusion I put into it! He bought a leather-bound book. One day he gave it to him. I thought of writing something in it. But for my children the best I can leave them are these "Memoirs".

When I got married, I knew the following: In the lineages, e*I'ecial m ente in the "Est' lees I n ici nticas", the last branch of the arbÍ is esté ri l, 'fcòe be e.sléril, ¡rues estñ ries tina 'la not to give birth to a son tie the woman, if not to pari r the "Son ilel I lombr". The other makes pei'iler the spi'iler ritual energy necessary for the Oy izes *Mhz it non*. And the Woman Ia *Soror*) who acorn pane the Hons bre-Alq uimist in this Má gic Adventure, ileberñ be virgin. l.a m ujer pierrle su *uirgiiii* - *d'id ri ñgico* only when he has a son or daughter in his or her came.

Hitler knew this. He had no children. And his marriage to Eva Braun never took place. It is something invented. *He was already married* to the woman.

When the Germanic *frilore r*, during the real i zation of the exotic rich na zis- mo, pr' ició the ar'iO matri m onio, rewarding the abu ndancia roe children, lo hi zo ¡tara Protect the white race, fr'ente the p-rave pel igro 'le be anniquil aha ¡ior the great sea c!e the colored peoples. But the secret elite ilel Hitl emism Esotó'i'ico remained celi be like him.

I did NOT know it at aQuel then.

I lived through very difficult times. In order to support the family I had to sell my library, with my most beloved books, bought from Don Francisco Fuentes in my adolescence. I also had to sell my library, which was in my possession, and other precious documents collected by my great aunt, Doña María Luisa Manterola. Among them, a sheet of the "Diario rle Bi tacora" of "La Esme ralda", signed by Ar turo Prat, ordering the mizzen mast of the ship to be changed. Also a sheet of the menu of a restaurant in *Valparaiso*, with the signatures of all the com plotters against President Balmaceda. And an original drawing by Pedro Lira. All this was acquired by Domingo Edwards Matte. Today I believe it is in the possession of the family of the auctioneer Ramón Eyzaguirre.

As I said before, my wife became ill with lung disease and I had to take her to a sanatorium that existed at that time in San José de Maipo, where it was thought that the pure mountain climate would improve the patients. Just as in Tomás Mann's book, "The Magic Mountain", which the sick read as if it were their Bible.

The Peruvian writer, *Ciro Alegría*, author of "Los Perros Hambrientos", and *Esteban Rivadeneira*, brother tte *Gabriela*, wife of **Pilo** Yáñez fJuan Emar), whom he had already met at the funeral home "La Marquesa", Director of "El Averiguador Universal", le "El Mercurio", were also there at that time. His brother-in-law, *Eduardo Barrios*, also sick with lung disease in more antique times, had bought a house in the small town of San José de Maipo. *Esteban* was to die there, shortly after. I lived in that house, which is still inhabited by a daughter tte rlon *Eduardo*, *Carmen* bla "Pita") *Barrios*. The writer lent it to me and I was residing in it, attended by a huaso who, when I ate it, and having called his attention to the fact that the plate was dirty, he answered me, at the same time that he was passing the knife through his mouth: "It's not dirt, boss, it's only dirt...". Another day, talking about the times we were living in, he expressed his pessimism, explaining to me his belief that the snow would no longer come to the mountains, "offended because the Greeks have started to kick it". He was referring to the skiers, who were beginning to arrive at the ski fields of *Lagunillas*.

Together with my wife, *Nino Corradini's* wife also arrived at the sanatorium, suffering from the same illness, for the same reasons, I think. It was very hard for her Florentine family the loss of the war, the betrayal of *I tali a* and the assassination of *Musso*.

lani. The young woman's name was Liliana Ristori and she was a classic beauty, cultured and refined. She was a very close friend of my wife.

On weekends I would visit the sanatorium. I still remember one day when I was with them in the courtyard, under the g-ranfl es euca li ptus and, suddenly, something like a golden light, a glow, a flash of lightning, came and vanished quickly.

"It's Irene," said Liliana. "-

Yes," nodded Carmen.

I felt a cold chill run down my neck and it went into my heart.

Later, when returning to Santiago, in the carriage, in front of me would sit a lady dressed in black hair, with blue eyes, in a peaceful and calm manner, as she allowed in an en sonation.

My children, very close to me, were allied with my dreams. I lived in the house of my father, José Echex'ei ría, son of Flora Yáñez, or my sister Blanca, married to my friend Jorge Guerrero, when they were still resisting in San tiago, before moving to the city of Valdivi a. Berta, my other sister, was in Coih aique, a town recently created in Patagonia by her husband, Ernesto Me za. They had taken my brother Diego with them. My grandmother, Fresia, her sister Clari sa and "mama" Dclfi na, had died. My old boy had left the enclosure. A mu ml o to which I had long since let it belong to him.

n +U RA DE CH11.E CON KL KJE

For years Chile resisted breaking off its diplomatic relations with the "Axis" countries, especially with Germany. Although U.S. Ambassador Bowers lived in "La Moned a" and in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, he exerted all kinds of pressures to achieve this. Great Ministers, such as Mr. Ernesto Barros Jarpa, together with the best Ambassador Chile has ever had in ~~Berlin~~, Mr. Tobías Barros O'tiz, brother of Die o

Barros, another exceptional man, managed to thwart all maneuvers. In addition, one of the best Presidents that Chile has ever had, Don Juan

Antonio Rios, married to a lady of German descent, intelligent, cultured and interested in esotericism. President Rios died very soon after his death, being succeeded by another



Nino Corradini and his wife,
Liliana Ristori.



My uncle, the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Chile, Joaquín
Fernández y Fernández. He signed the rupture of relations
with Germany, Italy and Japan.

Presiil ente Rarl ical, also large, clone Gabriel Gonzá lez Videl a, married, in turn, to an intelligent woman.

However, although Chile resisted, it refused to do so to a point beyond which it risked its own subsistence. President Ríos changed his Minister of Foreign Affairs and his Ambassador in Germany. He took to the Ministry my uncle Joaquín Fernández y Fernández y Ríos, and he was the one who was willing to break off the relations and "make war rare" for the Axis.

Cua info ól se)ii zo earpo tlel Mi nisteri o che Relaciones Exteriores, visited him on several occasions, once accompanied by Dr. Armando Roa. He always received me with the usual familiar affection. The last time I saw him was one evening, at his home in the Plaza Italia, or Plaza Baqueriño. It was the day before the "rupture". He was lying on his bed and, leaning against the wall, he had the magazine "Zip-Zag" open on a page with a picture of President Juan Antonio Ríos. He asked her about the breakup of relations with her and if it was true that it would be very soon.

"-Yes," he said to me, "we can't do anything else."

"-Uncle, this is horrible, doubly horrible, for it is you who will sign that document. An eternal ballon will fall on our country and on the family.... Before you do it, resign. You cannot sign. Think of our family, your name ...".

He was pale. He stayed in silence.

And I did not see him again until many years later.

The next day, Chile broke off relations with Germany, Italy and Japan.

One night, at the M*rocho Station. We entertained our German and Italian friends. They would be embarking in Val paradise to their burning countries. There were many cla ilems wishing them well. I was accompanied by **Marcos** Antonio Sal um, who would later become director of the Laboi'ista Agrarian Party, laughed at Jaime Larraín García-Moreno, who took in many Nazis.

Hugo Gallo! AL lí was. We were in a tight embrace. More than cameras, brothers. We **would never see** each other again, in this "Ronila" . . .

THE ANTARCTICA

"Ní pnr Vitor oi per tírrn str.cotttrard et coittitio
that íleua to lrw híygrhíreos..."*

In 1938, Hitlerist Germany sends an expedition to Antarctica, led by aviation captain Alfred Ritscher. His ship enters the Antarctic Sea and stops off the coast of Queen Maud. In that extraordinary expedition, the Nazi aircraft fly over the corelands and descend into lakes of flat water, in the middle of the ice. They have discovered these incredible "oases", as well as enormous corridors in the sky, of an unknown nature. Where do these mysterious corridors come from? In Captain Ritscher's book about the expedition, a book impossible to find in its two volumes and that I have in my possession at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of Santiago, there was only the first volume of these millenary corridors, but there are photos of the "oasis" in the tern-pladas. And the swástika nestled in the mountains tie liielo.

During all the years of the war, the Lili Tlerists continued their expeditions, seizing that mysterious place on earth. Admiral Dönitz - a submariner - had surely referred to it when in an "Order of the Day" he congratulated the German U-boats on *"having discovered, in an unexplored part of the Hela plateau, a terrestrial paradise for the Führer"*. It is believed, moreover, that they have been able to communicate by secret water passages.

The "artificial" cracks in the ice of the Antarctic were supposed to be entrances to the Inner Earth, or "Hollow Earth". One hundred and twenty disassembled and highly autonomous "U" ships were completely unharmed with their crews at the end of the war and, like the Templar Fleet, Iran was never to be dismantled. Apart from this, it is a fact that the Germans discover the "Flying Disc". I have referred to this tern in detail in several books, as well as to the war experiment that the American Admiral Byrd carried out in 1946 in the lands of the Mau'l Island, in Antarctica, where he dropped one of the atomic bombs - out of the six that were piloted in Germany and that Hitler did not want to use -. This bomb does not lead to the ground and explodes mysteriously in the air, I feel the verrla'lera i'esponsable tie the "window ilel ozone". Byril loses, at emás, several acciones, rlebiern!o return with haste and decla- ranr it that "between the Pole and us están our veril aderos enemip-os". Byril has also discovered the "Hollow Earth".

The Master had 'liclio:



Cover of Captain Richter's book about the Hitlerian expedition to Antarctica.

The Third Reich expeditions place the Swastika on Queen Maud's land in Antarctica.



"-Hitle r has not m ue i'to in the Bunl'cr ríe Be rlín '. I have seen him underground. The tam bi ón mc vió. I've llam a river to him; l'ei'o has moved away. His face is the same, though his bi gote is Tn;is lai'go, like the one he wore in the Pi'i me i a G ue rra Mu nal i al."

The Master was never wrong. His visions are always fulfilled.

~ ~ ~

When Herm o'l, the Messenger of the L0i'iscs, went in search of Baldur at the Hueñe//i.e/i', in the cen tr'i 'le of the 'l'iei'ra, he heard a voice that came to him:

"-Bal'l ur will not forget, until all the animals, plants, plants, animals and men have had their tears for their country. . . . Only then will they return to i-,i".

Me nsajero riel Macs tro, I i ría in search 'le Hitl ci'-Bal'l ur to Antarctica, in the "Oasis" 'le h iclos and by the en tran as to the *Mun pelli erin*.

THE MISION

I n "*Ni J or Mo r ü.i Jior Tic'rra*", "*Inc. Aii lñ rm 'r Otro.s Alit os*", "*Qu iJ// llri ii io eli lo.s II ic'los*" and "*Afr/i.i/.* 'By the Hori i hre qac- VcitJr'i'" I have rel ata llo the e popeya a n tÜ i tica, and how Jim'le got him to be included in the Segu n rt a Ex pe el ici r'n X4 il i t,ir Cfr ilen a tic 19fi 7, without having ni ayores cu tec':rt en tes p:i r'i cllo, n i rel acion es ofi ci als, sie nilo, on the contrary, Lic n con oci ilo c'inio int zi, jiai'ti rla i'io tic Hi tle r e in la Segu n rl a G ue i i i'a M u n rl iii l, la 'que a cab.i bit ríe te i'mi n ar with ilcrrrota apare n te. But, lii seri e ríe "ru i tag ros" conoci rios y que me acompa Sia in Lic tresccn 'le uci a cases such as this, se j i'orl ujo. They are i'clata'ls in my books.

He traveled on the ship "Covailon ga", commanded by the sailor and submari nist, Captain o f the Frigate, Joi'ge Gran ria Bofill. It carried as civilian and foreign affairs officers, Oscar Pinocliet ble la Ba rra and José Miguel Barros Franco; Major Sa ave 'lra, Chief of the Expeilition, and Major Sa ave 'lra, Chief of the Expeilition.

1. The same was said by Staliu to the U.S.Secretary of State, Cordell Hull.



First on the left, Captain Hugo Semidet, Chief of the Military Base in Antarctica, in 1948. Next to him, Captain Llorente.

The architect Julio Ripamonti, builder of the first Military Base in Antártica.



With Navy Lieutenant Francisco Araya Prorromant, Chief of the Antarctic Naval Base and ex-companion of the Barros Arana National Boarding School (he has just died).

The first Military Base was to be established on the Antarctic Continent (the Navy had already established a Base the previous year), Captain Hugo Schmitt, who would be the first Chief of that Base, remaining there for one year, and Commander Rojas, from the Air Force, in charge of the Sikorsky aircraft that we carried on the frigate. La Cotilla was com ponía ike this ship and the trans porte "Pinto". The Commodore, Chief of the Expedition was the sailor Gonzalez Navarrete, who was also on the "Covarlunga".

It was the first time I had sailed and I was hit by several storms in the Gulf of Panama and in the Drake Sea, just past Cape Horn. To Comanriante Gándara's delight, the frigate was transformed into a submarine, the waves swept over it, passing over it.

But it was while navigating the Moralerl a Channel, in Patagonia, that I experienced the thrill of seeing the snow-capped peaks of Mount Melimoyu. I was only to feel a similar thrill many years later at the summit of Montsegur, the sacred mountain of the Cathars. It was a clear sunny day and on the deck of the ship I was motionless and in ecstasy before that vision. Between the two peaks of that extinguished volcano, as between the horns of a Viking's helmet, a luminous, transparent disk rose and was lost in the sky of the gado. As we have said, this same vision was seen by Don Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa in these southern channels of the world, in the sixteenth century.

I must have learned about this extraordinary Galician navigator from the description that Commander Gándara gave me when I entered the Strait of Magellan, at the "block" of Fort Bulnes and the "Puerto Hambre", where this tragic hero founded his King Feli jie.

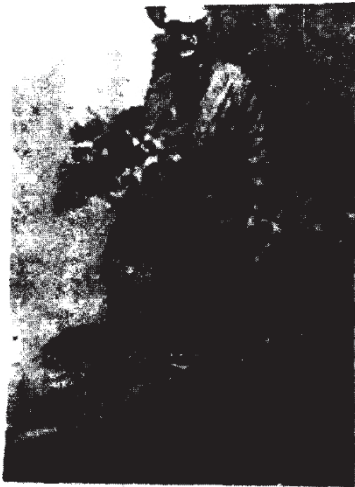
Since then, don Peilro goes with me, as if a strange bond unites me to him, something that I can't explain and that more than once has made me get excited with his laughs, as if I had been at his IarJo, or my soul was j'ai "te ble his.

Tip Y enas, and the 11amarl a laughs the liielos. ... Who 11ama on the ice?....

In the Salesian Museum you can see in a photo the man Seffi'ii or iii, with a laughing cap j'i eles. It was the same ru ism that I was ai'are-



From left to right: photographer Gerstman, Major Jorge Gandara, Commodore Gonzalez Navarrete, Major Eduardo Saavedra, Chief of the Military Expedition, Miguel Serrano and architect Julio Ripamonti, in Punta Arenas, in 1948, returning from the Antarctic expedition.



The author, in the "water world" during the Antarctic expedition. Photo by Gerstman.

I was in my faraway country, when "he was dead," and he said to me. "You'll get here!"

Before starting the crossing of the Mar ble DraLe railroad, we were visited by a strange man. He was coming to Pu n ta A'enas to bid farewell to his soldiers: General Ram ón Canas Mori tal va, Commander-in-Chief of the Army. He was rou ro esjii'i tu, like a fine golden sword, which vibrated with a mellifluous sound when he spoke to the Patriot, like a mystic. Later, in Antarctica, we saw him again. He transmitted to us his vision to enlighten us:

"-Chi le is a unique creation in the world, a miracle of this earth, which must be preserved even with the delivery of our lives. As you know, we have iiio Jierli enllo valuable pieces tte ends tte tro te rri tori 1° '£tp-onic and fuegui ^° 1°°°I-i np-e n ui'l art and jiacifi s- mo bad ente url irlo. But this was not to continue, at the risk of Chile's end. The An t i rtica is jra i'te i'te i't our thei i i tori o pa trio and that is why we come here, to con fi i'm to con fi'm our sobe i any. From the very beginning, we are oak-wooded in these oak trees, and the dead, the oak trees and the blackberry trees, the oak trees and the blackberry trees. N ucs ti'o mesti is not the sole-

We will be great as long as we are warriors, strong, brave and powerful. We will be great as long as we are warriors, strong, brave and powerful.

In recounting it, I have fought to the limit of my strength and my strength, a tenacious campaign against our sacred territory, the Desert Lake, Patagonia, the Tiei'i-a riel F ue go, the 14 Con ti ne n tal Ice Fields and Antarctica itself, when politicians and government officials, whether blind, cobai iles or ve n als, have tried to sell our other treasures to the voracious and insatiable foreigner. Today elia Ch ile, our ama el o C li i le , has ac a ba 'lo , com pro m eti rl o in ac ue retos m un mlialistas as the "Mcicosur", with a men tali el a'l d e emjiresarios m aterialistas, with blind m an tlatai'ios, without "m emoria rte la sangi e", without sabi im ría, with the ancestral oró io jtor the land that they do not feel as theirs, an n cuii ntro saw them born'. O are i upen uos, ip norantes cincú l tos, sonan rio with a "alliea global", con tranatura, in which the I3sta'lo-Nación cai'cce 'le i'l en ti art 'i future. For years I have stable jtu bl ica n river ca utes and libi'os jrra try 'le i m pe'J ir the cri men and cl s nici el í o rt c Ch ilc. Here they are: "With r'ration

Mu nrlialis ta y Tra ition a C hil e", on 1= *rrl ill a rte I aqu na riel Desie rto; "Consjiii'ación Mun 'l ial ieta II , Lm Qi n a del Desie rto y el NAF"TA"; "Ejiiistola'i o jra i'a I m pcili r el Fin ble Ch ile" e "Imi tación rte la Veril all", against la conc-rcióii tic a "País-Mall" y la "Polí tica



First photograph taken by me of Mount Meli moyu, from the Mo- raleda Channel in Patagonia, during the voyage to Antarctica in the Frigate "Covadonga", at the end of 1947.



Fotografía histórica. Desde la izquierda: el Comodoro de la expedición, González Navarrete; el Comandante Jorge Gándara Boffill; el Mayor de ejército, Eduardo Saavedra Rojas; el Capitán Hugo Schmidt, Jefe de la Primera Base Antártica Militar. Arriba, y como el



espíritu inspirador y guía de los chilenos, el general Ramón Cañas Montalva.



President Gabriel Gonzalez Videla reads his speech in Antarctica. He is accompanied by the Commander-in-Chief of the Chilean Army, General Ramón Cañas Montalva and the Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, Admiral Daroch.

Cibernetica", with a Pi es iilun te-€i eren te, qti c v v iaja rl fa Jior metodo
II exti anje ro a ven rte r ju orl uctos , tei'rn in a n river with the in riel'
ntlcñ-
cia rte l a Nac ion-Es tallo.

Our experience to the A n i t i c a i n was qualified at the end of the
year.

194.7 and at the end of 194.8. It was at this event that he gave the political
Conti nen, in the transjnoi te "Pi nto", the Presi Mente rie C h ile clon Ga
bi icl G on ziloz Vi rtela, acom panarlo ike su es posa y de su liija y de
Mi n isti'os 'le Estadio, plus the Coma ii 'la ntes en Jefe 'tel Ejó rci to y rie
la Mai'in a. The jmcñ Head of State was the one Nation in the world that
has been in power for the past few y e a r s . The Indians, were eager for
their travels and for their ex perf ition in territories they considered to be
t h e i r own, sent the "Nigerian" cruiser, believing it to be a threat to
them. And it was very nice to see our Marine Corps and Admiral Daroch,
'Jcscti br ienr the bust tic P rat in the Base, at the same time that our
Presirlente Pron u ncied a riiscui'so 'lesafia nte. Recu oi llo ahi n su s jie
labras: "Un imjter i el ismo 'lcca'lente con el oí mullo 'le 'los gucm "ns
gnnarl's...". Mc i "eñci'ia a I l glatci'z'a....

Yes, fticl "on the gohic ""cs i "a'licales, 'le the me'lia class and
t""ovin- ciana rt o Chile, those who ru ejni- i n ter jii cta i'on cl se n tir 'le
l;a ve rtla-.

Pa ti'ia, al i eves (le the ii tocrá ticos gobi c mos jel ii tocrá ticos, gr i mil
os only 1^{ooo} °l an sia ike aqu ru ulaci'rn rie rt i nci'o, Rior m atci'ial ism
more ríese n fi in art, rte em pi csai ios without oi'giillo rle cliile nos,
without tradi- cation, si n cul tu ra nor see the a ilci'a al ma. The social
economy, which is the only one in *the* world, will be completed by
bringing the goal to this country, which is the only one in *the* world.

I also know that we have had a lot of success in Antigua, thanks to
my friendship with President Mi nisti'o Nehru and his daughter, I url i
ra Gan Pitt i , cl i'eti i'o 'le the motion that this great Asian Country *had*
r'-**entailo in l the U n i l l Nations, jtai to in te ru a- cionalize l the
An tai tica. All, even the U n i a l States, *had* failed to recognize
t h i s , as recognized by their special envoy to Inrl ia, Heri ry Cabot
Lori ge J. With this re ti i o made possible the fii'm a (lel Trata 'lo An
tái ti co, which h asta cl pi'csntc has con gel aito the claims tei i'itori
al es cii the con ti nent surljrol ar, the mori o qtie Cfr i° l'-scrva su s rt
e reci tos.



Above, in the foreground, the dog that was lost in Antarctica. Below, with Oscar Pinochet de la Barra, in Punta Arenas.



Except for my friend Oscar Pinoclict dr lii fiarl'a, com panero ble that expetlition and current Direcctoi' 'del Insti tu to to Aiiit5i tico Ch ile- io, naflie lta recognized this fact piiblicam ente. A Nazi is not to be recognized at all. As the years go by, we are considered to be more "lepers" than before.

How was this achieved? I am going to tell it here, moving forward in the story. Because if I don't do it, nobody has. And it is a fact

I hope that the letters I sent to my Embassy in New Delhi will still be in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. At the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Chile, I hope that the documents I sent to my Embassy in New Delhi will still be there to tell you about these important events. Unless they were burned in the bombing of La Moneda during the 1973 coup d'état. I have recounted the episode I saw, when I was in search of some antique documents to present to the Military Council, about the Argentine Comics, with documentation obtained from the "International Atomic Organization", I laughed in Vienna, where I also met a young official collecting and filing documents in a room with no furniture and with panels scattered on the floor. I laughed for a moment, and I discovered a familiar seal on some sheets of paper that had been partly burned. Eru the seal of the Government of the Inrlia, with the rivers lion is riel E m'icra'l or Asol'a. I took it riel sue lo and saw that it was n art a less than the Ti'ata tio Commerci when signing it for me at *N ue va Delh i* , in the years 'le ni i E mbajarf a. Tomy memory came the ros tros el c los 'lel cgat los ch il enos who accompanied me and ayurl aron in those im J'ortan tes ges ti ti ons and works: José Maza, Presirl en te rJc l to the Assam ble a rt the United Nations; Guillermo Care y, ilelegailo 'lel Cobi e; Retiro Alvarez, rlelcgailo 'lc1 S alitre and, above all, that dear friend hi n el ú, Min istro de Commerci o, Me th a, as sober and with as much sen ti llo tiel tiel hu m or as cli ilenos.

The memory of our nationals is weak. Moreover, they do not like to be reminded of things. I think that is why they do not read "Memoirs", or if they do, they forget them. Who today reads Pé re z Rosales, María Grali am , clone Tob ías Barros, General Pinochet himself? Moreover, the payment of Chile to its servants, to its best serviilorcs, is heavy. Only when they die are they exalted. And for a short time. After vei n te rte rte vei n te anos tic tic to have served Chile, until the limi te ble what jingle, mi su the river tle jmi side is one hundred to sete nta thousand pesos. I have never been awarded a li terary prize, nor any recognition. I am an in zi, I am not a com munist, much less a capi talist. And how did I manage to live with so much style and "knowing myself" in your subjects, your subjects, your ethics, and your government?

Ah! it is that I am a lot uirn iste and m eye. DiS1)° i go riel rt ii *ru in j'ol et bile* y 'le my friend juni.s, cl *Uri i ii ii c malo.g.* .

- With I-iri s h na Men on. This photograph is curious because it also shows, in the background, the poet of the "M and rágora", E n ri que Gómez Correa, on a visit to India.

W.

" "

Krista na Menon was a hinil ú esjiecial. Trained in England, He was included in the Socialist Laborism corric nte ci. He also worked in "Penguin", in London, the publishing house that has published his book "NOS. Libi o de la Resurrec- ciói". Of a disarming arrogance

Life, every time he attacked the white nations for their racism, which delighted H'ehru, who appointed him Repre- sentor of Ireland to the United Nations and, later, Minister of Foreign Affairs. Shortly before 'le began an official visit to several countries Pie 'lel South America, not in con tró narrative better than

'leclarai that he was going to see those nations 'tomato "liabía a revolution '*everyotlter diriy*'". That is to say, 'lía jtor rne'lio.

Immediately I went out of my way, stating that "my country was not going. And I made this known to the Ministry of Foreign Relations.

They gave me all kinds of explanations and sent me a request for Krishna Menon to come to me to make excuses. I received him in my house, together with my wife and my little daughter. I remember the scene very well, jtor I missed him. It was trish na Menon a jdei sonage that the in me'liato called my attention by his presence. Al to, tlelgarlo, m uy moreno, with a scrambled Joelo, long to the neck. He was dressed in the Tamil style, 'lel south, from the M ala bar, with a fa'l'a larp-a jii eniliila at the waist, a luck rte thin cloth, with a red guai 'la o lora'la on the bor'ies. His bare feet, in open toes, were bare, as in the Chilean "ojotas", a s in the Chilean "ojotas". Big, dark, deep-set, feverish eyes. He gave me an explanation, which I accepted. He had served an intrascenriente nonsense, a inofen- sivo gossip. Our conversation was pleasant and brief. In the meantime I saw my goddess get up and leave

the room with my daughter. Afterwards I

she explained. My daughter had told her mother that Krishna Menon, by sitting at the fi'ente ike the las and eating one leg on top of the other, from a very specific mold, was in fact doing exhibitionism, for his fami a í "jroll era", we Chileans and with even more projieilat the Esjiañoles, in this c a s e) was opening up, leaving his "jii-as" (I don't know if essential) to the tlescu bierto. This strange man was not a politician, he was an intellectual, with itie as some brilliant, others the isparatail as. As Minister of Defense of India he was responsible for the invasion of Goa and also for the short and disastrous land with Cliina, for having d i s a r m e d India, with counter-judgmental and absurd ideas of universalist pacifism, mixing them with arrogance and anti-militarism. The humiliation that China inflicted on India took its toll forever, and I would venture to say that it was responsible for the hasty death of Ne l ru.

From the beginning of my years in India, up to the end of my mission, my relations with Krisli na Menon were rlestinely confrontational, which is not to say that a current of sympathy and understanding did not develop between us, The relations, as I explained in the First Volume of these "Memoirs", are established in the personal, in the personal, in the personal, but they do not take very seriously what happens in the immediate, in *Meyrt*".

Kri slina Menon presented the case of Antarctica to the United Nations in 1906 and 1958). From the Iranian point of view, the reading was brilliant, as Menon understood the enormous importance of that continent of the river.

If I had not gone to Antarctica, and if I knew what I now knew, from the Master and the unique experience of the trip, I believe I would not have been so alert to oppose the Initiative, before I received instruction from my Government. The first time it was not so difficult for me to get the motion withdrawn; but the second time, when I presented it to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, it became almost impossible. Ai'gen tina's Ambassador Fatone, a stable friend of mine because he was a scholar in linguistics and a university professor on the subject, had failed. E igu al me nte the special envoy riel Government laughs the Es tarlos Un iii os, Cabot Lod ge,

2. The Ilusi ójj, l which is not true ciiM16 i c a l l y .



Presenting credenciales
to Nehru in New Delhi.



Indira Gandhi.



Indira Gandhi wearing a vicuna shawl, which I gave her.

a Bostonian aristocrat. I myself had no greater success with my friends in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in New Delhi, obedient to their fanatical Minister. So I resorted to an extreme remedy. I telephoned Indira Gandhi, daughter of Prime Minister Nehru and without any political office to date. She lived in the Palace with her father. I begged her to get me an audience with Nehru. She was on the record and said to me, "But you have already taken up the matter with the Secretary General of the Ministry . . ."

"-Yes," I interrupted him; "but it went badly. Help me talk to your pad re."

"-*We will seel...*"

Half an hour later he was calling me to tell me that he had a hearing with his father.

What a wonderful friend! How beautiful, how great! How much Chile owes her and how much I owe her!

There he is toy, in front of Nehru, in his Government office. He was a Prince, he was a King, a Emperor, like the most ancient, like Asoka, the bu dista; like Akbar, the mogul; like Baber, and more, much more, for he was also like Leonardo and like a poet of that English language, which he mastered to perfection, or like Tagore, or like Bartrihari. Total Aryan, Brahm án of Kashmir, his features were classical, like the sculpture of a Buddha of Gandara. He was waiting for me at his desk, serious, yet relaxed. Not long ago he had sent me to his new yoga teacher to teach me some concentration practices, where breathing was linked to the absorption of water through the nostrils. Now, in silence, was my intervention.

"Excellency," I began, "when I first came to India and presented my credentials to you, as Chargé d'Affaires, I was an inexperienced young man.... Which is not to say that I am not still so," I added, "although certainly not so young anymore.... I have been in your country for many years, so long that it is almost my own, my second homeland..."

I saw Nehru hinting at a smile and his eyes with a light of sympathy, friendly tie jirofunrl.



Happy moments.

Nehru with his daughter, Indira, Ana Tagle de Carey and don José Maza arrive at a reception hosted by the Chilean Ambassador.



June 6, 1961, I inform Nehru of Professor Jung's death.

"Then, at that first meeting, I told him that I was coming to establish friendly ties and to try to increase our trade, to sell them saltpeter and copper. . . . We have achieved something in all these years, when our Relationship has been promoted to the rank of Ambassador and I have been appointed Ambassador. However, the International has presented the case of Antarctica to the United Nations, which means its internationalization and, for Chile, the protection of its sacred rights in that mythical region of the world, a logical and natural continuation of my long and narrow homeland. We are a very small country, Excellency, compared to the Continent that is India. And a small country, in order to survive in this world, has only one thing to preserve: *Honor* and the Dream of an Ideal. If we lose that, we have lost everything and anyone who wants to will be able to pass over us. The Air for Chile is the Honor, is the Dream, Excellency! You enter it. Withdraw the Indian motion. Do it for Chile...!"

Nehru was dressed in white, in his *Andritsu*, made on the looms of Gandhi (I also have one and wear it in his memory). In the buttonhole of a button he always wore a small red rose. On the table on her desk was a glass with several others. He took the one out of his buttonhole, took another one from the glass and put it in its place.

The smile, which had only been there for a year, opened wide and beautiful.

"-Ambassador, go calmly and inform your Government that the Iranian Government will take very much into account the Honor and the Good of Chile. . . . ""

3. When Nehru returned on May 26, 1954, at the age of 74, he found in his desk drawer a manuscript sheet of paper with a copy of a journal by Noliert Frost, which described the rainforests and the cities in which he was going to get lost, and the possibility of doing so, "because he still had things to do, homework to do. One day Nehru said to me, "Everybody modern becomes a Buddha; but I can't, I have a lot of work to do; really, I'm a 'modern Buddha'." That is to say, he was reified in action. But, no matter, because already today, in the Aryan *Walli allo*, his true Fatherland, in *Aiyai.ahali*, Wotan-Vishnu and his Walkirias will have given him everything that he failed to accomplish here, for delivering the hero's luck. They will have made him a double Buddha. And he can now lose himself in the golden forests and peaks of Siam.



Communicate our problems.

The same afternoon, the Invita withdrew its motion on Antaitica from the United Nations. Testigos ble esto fueron el Embajarlór de Chile, Hernán Santa Cruz Barceló — he rm a no d e Guillermo, nuestro camarada nazi de juventud—, de visita en India, a quien yo había hecho decl arar Huésped ble Estado; el Embaja-

I was also the special envoy of Eisenhower, as I have said. As he departed back to his Nation, he thanked me effusively, "*Thank you, dear Arriba ssador!*"

But I did nothing for them, much less for the United States of America, but for my homeland and ¡tor Antarctica, for the icy fire of its glaciers, which still circulated through my veins. Y, What good has this done -I ask myself today-, when inept rulers, with iniquitous agreements on "polygonal tra- zaclos", with military men who cross Lirazos, have already fundamentally compromised our Antarctic rights by altering the geopolitical boundaries and limits?

I believe that, since a long time ago, Chile is being governed by bad people, by sell-outs and sell-outs.

Chile no longer exists.

But, let's go back, many years ago, fifty years... And at the end, we will recover our faith. For this reason, writing these "Memoirs", although it hurts me and hurts me, also comforts me; because

here -better said, n/fu- I find consolation again. And I return to the ideal, our Ideal.

ANTICTON'. THE ASTRAL EARTH

"Q ureli neo eit e/ Noctoiiof,socinf.t.soio .sófr' a political nioutotiert/o,
ii.o h.o cii fendi'fn itado. N'icioital.s min lt.smo e.s nósg ue uno religióit.,
is the comii.tad 'le creor the !Su perhorii hre".

Adolf Hitler

Punta Arenas, the Map-allanes Strait. It is three o'clock in the morning and it is like daytime. On the horizon, a moving, trembling clarity, which gives us luminous signals. Someone is calling... Who is calling in the ice?

I am on the deck of the frigate without being able to sleep; almost all the crew is in the city, a few are resting. I think of Don Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa, who came this far, and I imagine him one night like this, also alone, contemplating the Strait, while his people sleep in his ship, or in huts provided. His sight is lost in the south, farther south, in the Great South, and he thinks of Plato's submerged Atlantis and Dante's Hill of Paradise; he remembers Berosio, Virgil and all that he knows and has read. He dreams of reaching the "Second Earth", the *Aitlictioi*. With no one he will be able to talk about these things, his crew is uneducated and illiterate. Its pilot, perhaps; possibly its King. But how to reach him, how to explain it to him and be able to tell him that you would like to make him "Emperor of Two Worlds", like John Dee to Queen Elizabeth of England? Don Pero would get to know them both during his imprisonment on the Island of Albion (*Albedol*).

Don Pero has known these secrets for a very long time, as if he had been born knowing them. Ah, if the wind were to suddenly blow southward, to the farthest south, and drag his sailboat to the eternal ice, perhaps he would be given the chance to remember the *orichalcum* and the river, which in the shape of a figure eight, descends to the

4. Píatóii's "Second Earth".

Paradise at the center of the Earth and to Atlantis, whose remains of palaces and submerged temples he had already seen near the Pillars of Hercules. Only the info.s knew as much as ól.

Ah, poor clone Pero Sarmiento de Gamboa, the wind did not blow you in that direction, but blew your ship back to the mediocrity of men, the envy and disgrace of your saddest Destiny.

I will try to help you, to recover your dreams, almost five hundred years later.

And here, in this city on the border, in this strait that should bear your name, since you were the first to cross it from west to east, to Spain, I have found the poem of another dreamer like you, who perhaps was yourself, because all great dreamers should be called Sarmiento le Gamboa. He was an Englishman. And the English understood and admired you better and more than your own countrymen, the Spaniards, the Galicians. His name was Ernest Sliackleton and he learned to sail over an iceberg:

*"We were the /ool s coaUI ito rest
In the du1 earth we left behind
But burned with passion for the South
AnJ drunk strange frenzy from it wind
The world where wise men sit at ease
Fates from our unreprefeful eyes
And thus across uncliated seas We
.stnzz er off oii r Dreain" "*

This poem was written by Sir Ernest H. Shackleton in July 1916, in the Album of Don Francisco Cam pos, in the city of Punta Arenas, when the Chileans came to his rescue after he was shipwrecked in the Antarctic *and* had sailed over an iceberg.

-
5. "Soni os those madmen who have found no
rest In the land p-ris that we left behind,
For to want to two jtor the South yassion
And drunk on the extraiiii a madness of their lives
The rti ndgift of the wise men re yosa n through ii q uil os It is
erased before our eyes fr o m that ii a n tes
And, thus, above all, we know two Pe
rsev era nios in our sound".

with some members of his crew, when his ship was wrecked.

The crossing of the Drake Sea is like passing through purgatory for the souls. Great **gray** waves, clouds blinding the horizon. No one speaks. The commander scans the enclosed space with his spyglass. He thinks: "The 'Nigeria' may be around here somewhere". With his white silk scarf around his neck and his cap like that of a German diver, he reminds me of the motif of the "Desti- no" in Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" which Goebbels had played in all the "UF A" newsreels of the war, while the German armies were advancing in the Russian steppes. Fate ~~knocked~~ at the door and on the keel of this ship.

In the Officers' Mess, the Second Captain was telling Lieutenant Paredes about his dream of the night:

"We engaged in combat with the 'Nigeria'. To make up for our inferiority, we positioned ourselves behind a large iceberg and, calculating the position of the English cruiser, we fired **several** salvos over the ice. And we sank the cruiser..."

I was amazed to see that even in dreams these heroic Chilean sailors found a way to fight and win in inferior conditions. New proofs of their courage would be given to me when, in a fragile boat, we were lost in the midst of tempests and rough waves. And I still think that Chile would have needed a war to focus again on its roots and recover its heroic sense of life, with faith in its great Destiny.

The Commander removed the spyglass from his scope, turned to the Commodore and to us, those of us who were beside him on the bridge. With clear, luminous eyes, he exclaimed:

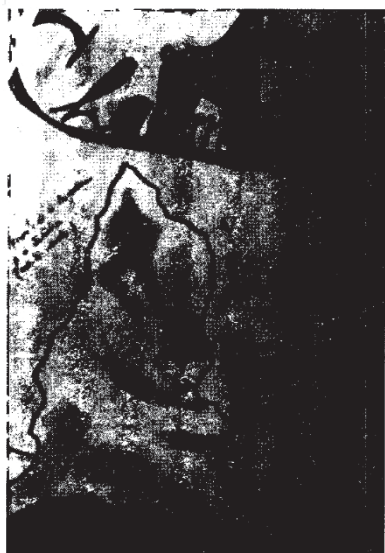
"-This is Antarctica, we've arrived!"

An explosion of light, a unique light, coming from the icebergs, from the immense ice barriers, from the sea and from the sky, burst outside and inside, in the soul, while I was still listening to the "Fifth Symphony" and the tragic motif of Destiny. I was dressed in pants, a shirt and a "park a".



Izquierda: con el jersey con la estrella de ocho puntas en la Antártica. Al fondo, en el mar, la fragata "Covadonga".

Abajo, con un sadhu, en los Himalayas. Llevo puesto el jersey con la estrella Venus, de ocho puntas y cristales de nieve que usara en la Antártica.



Revista "Chamaco", editada por los tripulantes, a bordo de la Fragata "Covadonga", en la segunda expedición chilena a la Antártica. "Chamaco" era el nombre del perro mascota de la expedición.

and a sweater with a drawing of an eight-pointed star with snow crystals: Venus, the Star of the Mariana. I still have it. I wore the cap of the *A frita Korps* tankers. I was thinking of Adolf Hitler, Rudolf Hess, Joseph Goebbels. The *Führer* had already come to visit me at the beginning of the voyage, as I reveal in "Neither by Sea nor by Land". And a submarine, or a "Disco", had appeared to me in the channels of Patagonia. They gave me security to continue in the enterprise, and to accomplish the Mission.

In my works "La Antártica y Otros Mitos" and "Quién llama en los hielos" I have narrated that trip, that extraordinary adventure; but I did it in code, "*troué clus*", like a Cathar troubadour from Languedoc. Only many years later, in "Manu. For the Man Who Will Come", revealed part of the secret. The rest, I will do it today, as far as possible and permitted, after almost half a century (1947-1996a).

Only one companion of that trip suspected something in those days: Oscar Pinochet de la Barra, today Director of the Antarctic Institute, who might know more than he says, because of his research and many expeditions to Antarctica.

For the readers of these pages, I will continue to recommend the four works already mentioned. The descriptions of that world have been made there. Today I would be unable to repeat them with equal emotion and freshness. In "Manú. For the Man Who Will Come" I emphasized my experience on the glacier, in search of the dog lost among the ice. It was the first revelation. But something I have not told is the encounter I had with Oscar Pinochet, who also marched alone on his skis, on his return from that solitary exploration and in the distance of those high icy plains. We both stopped and stared into each other's eyes. He spoke to me:

"I know what you're up to. You're looking for Hitler...!"

I had just buried in the ice a photograph of the Master with his disciples. In it also appeared Oscar Jiménez, the assistant of the "Chief" of Chilean Nazism, and myself.

I thought that the ice could preserve these images for eternity. Or that one day the comrades of the *Fourth Reich* would find them.

Syniballei n!

Up there, in those pure white plains, next to the cutting polar wind, the revelation of Hitlerism's *We ltari scltounung*

Esotúrico had asked me to deliver it, with the "thought not thought" and in the 'memory not i-etorda'la". I transcribed it in "Manu...".

But there was still more to come.

£A GfUTa E tCAN3'ADA

"At first the oJos resisii'iti n be, tio because of tte ía obscuri.d. si.ti.o due 'i the light that j'etieIr'iba flush with 'igtm, golyeatttdota bóvtd'i and ías yareüts of ice. Ahurtos /aeqiieros Imperio.s ffeço6ott irripuisodo.s By to current and went o dor against the walls of the grotto. From the letlto coigo6nri as barbns of u.it lo6o preliislórico. La was refractabo in. those tears def ltitlo. proJutietido new tomes and un.n tnayor rrtoV'íidod. Al ígu'it qtte in otrns parts of the Anlñrti.cu. I'inbiéii 'mii the disruption and efjite,go of in Sur rcjxt/nec; mins, due at esfacio liertitiilico and the fear of a possible desj'readitnituto, its iti

inedi.da that the boat n aazabn j'or the i.interior of ema gritta, poreciase i.r crossing Jmr di "Mttles scale" of the tofor. First the uerde; then the atn.orillo,- desj'iils et scorfoto and the azat. They spoke desj'itio for fear of itie ci soli.u:lo of ía voice yrodujexe a derru.in.bt.

""-This cavern debt leiter utia ed'id (abtdosa', dJo Julio Riyainonii.

""-May tio -re/'íicó e? doctor Lertnarida, ert voz 6njo-, what in other places itecestto int torio Time to (orm'irse, cii et Iti.cio is conti.que in only dí'is, or in reinonos. Also deserves with ulüittica raJ'idey'.

"To corroborate I'is ezprestottes dei doctor, the light treated in the y'irttds dt ía ciuerna all kinds of siluelas and fast forms. Face." /The colors, shadows, shadows, which only lasted for a moment and then disappeared, giving place to new creations. On the unbearable background of the ice, what was happening was like a symbol or a reditious image of the Universe. The Universe is a fubri.ca of symbols in trñiisi.lo. uri game dt lvi was on a fort.do of ice.

The current, was tranxilattdo Itaci.n et inside that grotto abi.erta in the çlocior.

"-A lo irrejor eiicoitrorenios diba jos ru pestres de alglii ltabi - tante rertioto, de un le jairo anteposado de la Edad Glacial,' continued the architect Ri pamoiti.

"-What inós dib ii jos ru pe stres than those colors and these trotsyostciones lu miin.olas on the walls!', said Lermenda. 'The li abitaate rertioto is the Light. She is n west ro Aritepasado'.

"The men covered their eyes with their eyeshades. West was the myopic enclosure of light. But of the Cosmic, uncreated Light. Of Other Light, prior to light. A White Light. The boat was inipelido ltacia a point unknown by the current siiaue. And they were traversing through fields of wonder; tutors eri where there was empty light, sown in which grew spikes and flowers, and to them it was given to them to osislr or their harvest and blossom. In the as plios solar col ueros the purple and the emerald were growing. Light is the creative will of the form. It is the seed before the symbol. Light is the Wandering Wayfarer, the Ancient of Days.

"-There, in this cave, the memory of all that once was is reproduced,' said the doctor. But, in the caverns of the lacial edod must go to the bottom, pnes colt est!í eí point say rado, the inner sanatorium to the Deceased And the siz not hermetic".

And they came to the end. And here is what they saw and told me, because I was not going. This I wrote in "Who Calls on the Ices".

"The boat's keel was raised on the ice jugs and the green water was splashing against the wall where stalagmites were rising. The clarity was projected diofirtn, extrahuman; it bounced eri the ice empejo and it was not possible to look. The men were es%rzo- ban and it seems that they managed to perceive the uri ctrc ufo that surrounded the e.slalagmitas; with a weak trosalúcido space, erimorcada by the blue uenos of the ice, through which ran the soiiz-re irtmaterial of the light. Looking even more closely, it looked like a mapic sphere. From far inside, or from the inside, shadows loomed. Then, everyone thought they had

G. But here I give the real names of those explorers, like those of Ripamonti

and Lerrn anda. In "Qui éJi Llama en los Hielos" I gave them fancy names.

uit stgno in the fereiiicin circle. It was high or so corno a no longer re;Irodu cycle in lvi yared of liielo, u no u/sion in.st'siitrineo re teiiidci eit the glacier, or a me zorin;screen in the cold. The uision of alt or remote, enormously far o. Uina uasta lla riuro, firiinero, surciida of rietas, Lucy o sorri bron and the summit of in otites escar;:rados. Cimas y abremos. A liilillo of ap ua serpenteobo slip dudose Gto.stu where ice settlers inte- rmin píaH,the firt,so. But the liitillo incliccibrtel corntno; sumerz iene by Jebci jo ble the ltelndo,s turrets and reay nrecía eit the center of nit u a l l e . IInbio ii ft rati lake of az-iios Iraitquilas that descrei- elia ca juores. Around it grew orbole,s and leuaittoban ni uieitdas. The route of the corridors was very n a r r o w . . . The layout yorectn corres poitder or a central coittiiteitte, iiii|irii- to me itte le)or not..."

This was written by me so many years ago. That time I was going to continue with the night and amazing expedition, trying to cross the high mountain ranges of the Graham Peninsula and reach the Weddell Sea, which was my dream. I knew of the German experiences and the carelessness of Captain Ritsclier, of the oases of barely feared among the heroes. I had succeeded in convincing Major Saavedra, and he embarked on this wild adventure, without the necessary equipment, without the necessary elements, without the least amount of knowledge to carry it out. But my loquacity was contagious and I am sure that I would have achieved the desired and fatal ending, fulfilling Destiny, except for the extraordinary event that I will now reveal and that I have kept in the chest of secrets of that polar time.

On the site where the "Bernarrio O'Higg ns Military Base" was to be built later, small tents of the "Aconcagu a" type had been erected, where the "ex officio tiel We dele11" would be housed. All of them were military personnel except me. For this reason, the Military Geographic Institute gave my name to one of the Antarctic peaks. Of course this rleci sion has not been maintained. We are the country of the im pe rm anent'.

7. On February 13, 1948, after arriving at the Military Base, I sent the following cable to "Fil Mercuri o":

"Ul'irarinii Ra.se O'H'se 's pmarele mute /. Frcigoto reror rtri Eric ro cool o.s Tie r rn O'I-Ii zz-iii. , eii ccii tre Bei li.i o excellent lla uri ii clola Couodoa a. Fre ii te eii cueii cueii t rci. e Corcli fiero Geii eral Cei iata.s, dcii dc



With Major Saavedra.

I had to sleep in the same tent with Lieutenant "Narvae z". This is the name given in "Who's Calling in the Ice" to that nice guy. His real name is Araos.

And it was just the night before the departure of our expedition that the following happened: I saw myself alone inside the tent. A light illuminated the entrance and someone was there, dressed in black, tall, spiky. He beckoned me to come in.

to get up. Without difficulty I shed my down jacket and stepped out.

estári hills 'El Mercu rio'y 'Nuevo Ztg-Zag'. The house was built near 'Iva bel Riquelnie', surrounded by rocky outcroppings, cut cofr'nin pingil iii,os. Pr riornrnn extraordi nary beauty, sunny day. House equal to 'iSriheran.ía', cnnt f'6ite se parte niet álica, ya rte made ra, u riidas ue.sft'hufu-esclu.sa. Architectect Ri already ntoti ti a provec'hñ un.terior experience. Uuttto Teiieite Ma rim, Baha en no de,s con htm yó Base. House tiittálica, diuidicla cont ya rtitiiieritos, dorm itorio.v, sala esta r. The part dt riiadera cont y6iiese ecer eta, paliol- groceries, carpittteria room, jala rumors, tteite tower secales, nii rador-escape. Very buerme nmuebles kitchen, ZHóquiiin the var roya, radio equipment, dotoda everything necessary for two air fe rntaii whole Antarctica. Behind Base, solire 'Cerro Miguel SierraGto', nm rcitos con. tm yeit odeniós Faro, guardió rt house and obserualnrrio n elcorológicn. From here parlieroit explnrაციიეს military interior Continu nte. Je/e Dolauioi Military, Cacitóri Hugo dchniidt, moved with his people to viuir house doo of yahará mt year. It carries it perrCi.v i rineo, eve ja,s, ga Hiri a.s. They begin to do same uida geti,te Ba se 'Isohera aía'. This correspori sal was drlico civilian housed in Base Na val 'Sribera ttía utio . emana, confiere itdo with the Naval Dotación directs Teiiti te Araya, was nir cont paliro cofcg'o ru Internado Barros Araiaa.

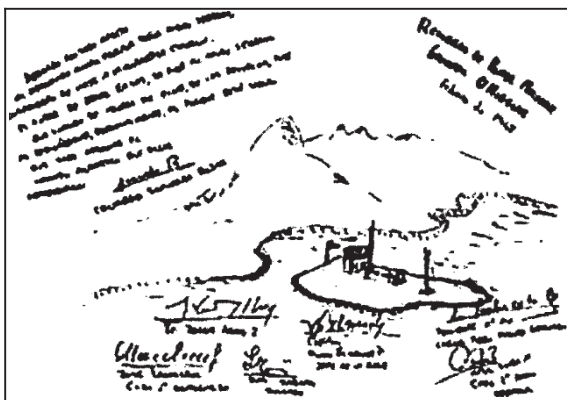
Sigue/ Sierrano.

13 February 1! 48. 'Bahia Couadonga'''.



He gave a speech at the inauguration of the Cross, at the Naval Base in Antarctica.

Cover of a whale vertebrae on which Major Saavedra, Chief of the Expedition Militar, drew the Base Bernardo O'Higgins, recently constructed, and dedicated it to the author, the only civilian who accompanied that expedition on the ice. It was signed by all his components. This is a very precious and priceless jewel for the author of these "Memoirs".



Reproduction of the drawing, dedication and signatures on the whale vertebra cover.

With rapidity we moved over the plain, now in complete darkness and the sky without a star. We could only see the lights of the frigate on the bay. Soon they too disappeared and we came upon the mouth of the glacier cavern. We entered and were greeted by a burst of light. The ice wall at the bottom opened up and we were in the center of a wonderful world, next to a lake surrounded by forests with unknown species of trees. Armies of SS were on maneuvers, or were driving a round vehicle, which might be of shiny metal, but was possibly of pure circular vibration. Officers opened the way and led us to the Disk. There were no doors and we crossed the metal, or the vibration of the metal, as if it were air. Once inside, the vehicle vibrated even more intensely than I thought it was my own usual vibrations. Even while inside, probably seated and held tightly in place by luminous ribbons, I could see everything that was going on outside. We rose and quickly plunged into the waters of the lake. For a moment it was total darkness again, until we reappeared in a universe with a central sun and its perposed ciurlades. This was the hollow Earth, the Double Earth. And it was an astral Earth, absolutely mental, *far eitH ietido of my yeitsomieito to exist, that coiitituarci fietisúirtdola*. There now stood the triumphant and triumphant For-fied *Reich*. I was led by young and martial officers, who smiled at me with affabiliflari, to the presence of the *Fúltrer*, of the U/ti/no *Auatíira*. h'o I saw his face; but I felt his reality, moved to the depths of my being, of my 'lo", always om ni present. And I heard him say to me:

"Heil, Sieg Heil! Good to see you! You can be part of my Last Battalion, the *Eiitlterier*, when you are already purely astral, when you have dissolved your physical body and regain your subtle form of Hyperborea, by learning the practice of your Master to materialize your astral body and dematerialize it at will. This was what the God-Men, the Supermen in Hyperborea, the Gi Ga nts did, until they fell in love with the daughters of men, with the robotic robots, with the plagiarisms of the Demiurge, and lost their Power and their ability to return to being a pure mental body. They crystallized. You could now stay here among us, waiting for the precise moment when my Curious *Horde*, my Wifdes *leer* will destroy the poisoned and corrupted Earth, which I have left in the hands of our Enemy, to prepare for us the work of

final destruction. But you need to return there, to *comp/etorfe*, to find your *Wally iria* and with it to learn how to subtilize yourself, to continue my Combat there, up to a certain point, gathering and encouraging the best, to save the soul of the Earth; that is, the Artf ic/ort, where we are now. For I still need you there. And it matters not if you sleep in the Combat before you give life to your astral; for I will give you multiplied what you lose for me. I wish you to know that *the Last Battalion is uri Astral Datallon* and that the Inner Earth, the Second Earth, is also. I am it now, though someday you will see me with you out there. And I will be you yourself. For *I am nothing without*
 ii. And ?ü ere.s *nothing* .without enf. ..."

I "came back" in the tent. An enormous triumph swept over me. Automatically, almost mechanically, I continued to take part in that mad expedition. And when, crossing great cracks, over high plains, seeing almost nothing because of the thick fog that enveloped us, we followed that delirious Major, revolving around the same point, until we found ourselves at the edge of a dark abyss, I was no longer there. It was then that the Brigadier rebelled and refused to follow. And the Major, looking deep into my eyes, questioned me with his eyes to know my thoughts. If I had supported him, he would have given the order to follow. We would all have rushed into that abyss, at the bottom of which perhaps would have been *Agnrt/ti*, *6/iom6o/o*, *Trapanatido*, *Thitle*, *El Dorado* and the *Ciudad de los Césores*, by Don Pero Sarmiento de Gamboa.

Yes, we would have gone in there, but with death. And the *Führer* didn't want that. Now he knew that. And that's why I'm still on the surface of the Earth.

That was the real reason for my attitude at that time and for leaving alone that unforgettable Major, who had already become part of our Myth; but to whom I could not reveal the last secret.

And we sailed the waters of return. As we sailed the Drake Sea once again, I remembered the song of the

They walked before the Morning Star, they went along the old routes of the Am bar, descending from the Arti co, from the Highest North, from the Lost Thule, and they sought the Jarlin of King Laurin's Roses and the burning ices of Lucibel, the "Most Beautiful Light", from the Black Sun of Midnight... which is our Merliodía...

*"Everybody thinks that down there
We will meet on the shores of Hell, But I will
protect the Paradise.
Because of this, one enjoys true earthly happiness.
Algil ft dta uofuererno.s
y eiicon fry sa entryd'i
And ef secret quc' rse com fia.s
Me feast of [elicidad.
My mouth went out of my mouth and said it to jennós a rtadic
Ho.sto you irre air torices
For our time has come..."*

From afar, even before the frigate anchored at the Punta Arenas dock, I saw through the prisms the unmistakable figure of a woman standing, waiting for us. It was Blanca Luz Brum.

Already on the ground, with his serious and saddened face, he told me of the death of Vicente Huidobro.

This is how I learned it, from Blanca Luz, when I returned from Antarctica. It was at the beginning of 1948.

She was in that city in the far south on business and, knowing that I was on my way back from that expedition, she wanted to meet me, so that she would be the one to give me the news of Huidobro's death. Blanca Luz was well aware of my difficult situation at the end of the Great War. Before I asked her to meet me, for the frigate was to continue to sail back north, she told me:

"I know your rlifical tad es and I'm going to help you, so you can take care of your family. When you get to Santiago, call me".

Blanca Luz had recently married Carlos Brunson, manager of a North American airline, "Panagra". In the most curious and incredible way, he gave me a job. Until then, I had participated sporadically, with my

Enrique Correa Fuenzalida, in deals that almost never worked out.

What an extraordinary woman Blanca Luz was and what a wonderful, faithful and reliable friend, especially in misfortune. Fate would have it that years later I was in Chile when she took away this munt- llo. I heard about it in the press and went to where her body was being watched over, in the red church on Avenida El Bosque. Nailie was there; neither Braulio Arenas, nor Eduarato Anguita, nor Julio Molina Müller, nor Etluarilo Molina Ventura, nor Enrique Gómez Correa. He approached me to the coffin and contemplated his aged face, which had a bitter rictus, almost the same as that of Indira Gandhi when she was assassinated in New Delhi. He sat me down on a bench to meditate, to remember. I looked beside me and saw a huge bouquet of flowers, the only one in the whole compound. It had a card pinned next to a ribbon with the colors of the Chile Flag. With surprise *I read* the name of the President, General Augusto Pinochet Ugarte.

One more mystery of this mysterious being.

PRINCESS DADDY

"It is mysterious the Country of the Lăgriri s".

Saint-Exnpéry

I walked the streets of Santiap-o without being in them. I was still listening to the wind of the high ice floes, the thunder of the icebergs breaking off the barriers, and I could see the gliding of those castles, palaces, sailing ships, mountains of ice on seas of transparent blue. With my imagination I crossed the wall of the grotto again to find myself next to the warriors dressed in black, with their ceremonial daggers in their belts and I longed to hear again the deep voice giving me comfort. In truth I was an expatriate, an expellee from Paradise, marching with my eyes lost in distant Hyperborea and stumbling here with the people on the corners, avoiding acquaintances, for I had nothing to say to them, no longer having any communication with them. From time to time, an ambling musician, an organ grinder, with his songs of years gone by - "Barrilito Cervecero" - made me stop almost with tears in my eyes. There was a song from those years, "Riders in the Sky", which I could hear on the radio stations and which transported me to the pure regions of Antarctica, imagining the ride of the heroes, of the "Last Datallon", of the *Wi ldes Heer*, over the icebergs.

"Mie ntras urió.s ne a!-J<ba del Polo Sar y de la entrada a la Tterro Interior, look close was..."

Oscar Jiménez came to visit me. He was a brain without rest. He informed me about a military coup that was being prepared and behind which, as always, was General Carlos Ibáñez del Campo. We could not allow it, he told me, because Ibáñez had betrayed him to the Nazi soldiers, allowing the massacre. It had to be prevented, at all costs.

"You have to help us. You can reach President Gabriel Gonzalez Videla. Tell him what's going on".

I gave it some thought and agreed, on the condition that I would not be given the names of the plotters. I did not wish to inform on anyone.

This plot of the post-war years was also described in the book of the Military Auditor, Leonirias Bravo, "Lo que Vio un Auditor de Guerra", already quoted by me in relation to the massacre of the Seguro Obrero. He mentions it under the name of "Complot de las

Patitas de Chanco", because the participants joined together to taste this delicacy in a restaurant on the outskirts of the capital.

If it were not for my intervention, the plot would succeed. I saw the President and he received me in his office in La Moneda. They took me prisoner and released me, as well as Oscar Jiménez and Sergio Onofre Jarpa. I can vouch for Oscar's total loyalty. He would never betray anyone. I decided to see Gabriel González Videla again and I visited him at the Cerro Castillo Palace in Viña del Mar. Nestled in an armchair, almost like a child, nervous, listening to my opinions and suddenly interrupting me to declare myself:

"Look, don't talk anymore, don't say anything else. You are a pure young man, you know nothing about politics. This is very dirty and I've been up to my neck in mud..."

He made a quick gesture with his hand. We said goodbye. And we would not see each other again.

There were other attempted uprisings, in which former nationalists, such as Guillermo Izquierdo Araya, were involved.

I was already working at "Panagra", an agency controlled by the American firm "Grace". Before accepting this job, which Blanca Luz Brum got me with her husband, the Director, I spoke with him sincerely. I asked him if he knew about my position during the war. He replied that he did, but that he vouched for my discretion: "You are not going to advertise on the 'Grace', nor on the 'Panagra'". Brunson was a huge man, with a bulky physique, sparing with words, but a very good person; he was a horse man. He was of Swedish ancestry.

When Guillermo Izquierdo was taken prisoner, he held me responsible, surely thinking that I had given up my ideas, going over to the side of "Yankee imperialism". He declared that it was I who had introduced him to Scorza, director of the "Histonium" magazine of Buenos Aires, and former secretary general of Mussolini's Italian Fascism during the Socialist Republic of Milan, at the end of the war. And so it had been.

The journalists came to interview me at my Public Relations office at "Panagra", on Huérfanos and Morandé streets. I asked them to wait for a moment while I went to talk to my boss, Manager Carlos Brunson.

I explained what it was all about *and placed* my hastily drafted resignation on the table in front of him.

"-I can't compromise your company," I said, "I can't abandon my friend either."

Tirunson took the paper and tore it up.

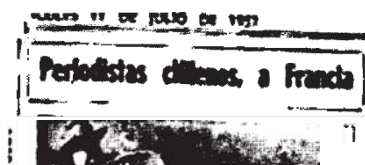
"Are you crazy? Do you think I'm going to accept it? Go and defend your friend. I absolutely support him. Friendship comes first.

That's how it was then in Chile. And perhaps in the world.

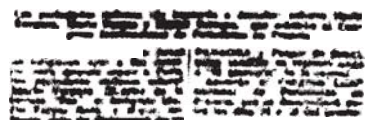
Guillermo Izquierdo was a lawyer and took my defense when the Bolivian Ambassador, Ostria Gutiérrez, sued against me, ex officio, for an article in "La Nueva Edad". But on the day he was supposed to plead in my favor in court, he forgot. I was sentenced to prison, removable under the symbolic payment of four pesos, if I remember correctly. The President of the Supreme Court was Don Humberto Arce, a Mason, a friend of Don Eugenio González and Don Pedro Silva Fernández, half related to my family. They all had sympathy for me and were on my side. They could not understand what had happened with the "flying fascist", Guillermo Izquierdo. In the end they took the matter with a sense of humor.

NEITHER BY SEA NOR BY LAND

My refuge was still the Maestro. I introduced him to Oscar Limón, thinking that we could achieve something with him. I soon had to be convinced that this would not work. He lacked a deep psychological background, rooted in the "memory of the blood", in addition to his scientific profession, as a medical doctor. He ended his days with Salvador Allende and with sympathies for communism, his mortal enemy in his younger years. But we were always friends. I unleashed my penchant for the Deep South, the idea of writing a book with my experiences, my dreams and visions followed me. So far I had only published "Antología del Verdadero Cuento en Chile" and "La Época más Oscura". I began to write what would be my first short story. I thought of it as an ejiopia at the ends of the world, a great voyage to the ice. The work was to be repeated inside, in a symbolic journey through the territories of the soul, until finding there too an "oasis", a point of cold, in the middle of the heart, as a counterpart to the lakes of temperate waters in the middle of the ice. And thus was born "Neither by Sea nor by Land", an unfinished work that I had to continue, years later, with the publication by Nascimento Publishing House.



The delegation of Chilean journalists to the World Congress in France. From left to right: Mario Vergara Parada, director of "Vea" magazine; photographer Mario Vargas Rosas and the author.



of "Quién Llama en los Hielos", which was also left unfinished, due to an event that I will try to tell, if I can.

The name "Ni por Mar ni por Earth" came to my mind from a quote by Nietzsche from a verse of Rindar: "Neither by sea nor by land will you find the way to the Hyperboreans...". And so it was, and I knew it well from my strange experience in Antarctica. That title was in itself a key, which today I also reveal.

I wrote that book in a style and rhythm very similar to that of these "Memoirs". As far as I know, never has a book been more commented on in our literary circles. All the critics, with "Alone" at the head, cared about it. The magazine "Estanquero", of Jorge Prat, dedicated three issues to it; the Spanish writer José María Souvirón and Eduardo Anguita, the magazine "Atenea" and all the press commented on it. The book had a profound impact on a generation and perhaps two. It was the history of mine and of the Homeland. I said a lot there, although I should have kept a lot to myself.

I gave a copy to Carlos Brunson, when I went to see him about first time in search of a job. He read the title and exclaimed:

"Neither by sea nor by land!... Where, then?
'Panagra'!... Here's your job!".

"Panagra" was an airline company...

HERMANNHESSE

In 1951 I had to travel to Europe for the first time. I did it for "Panagra", and accompanying a Chilean journalistic delegation.

to a World Press Congress in Evian, France. Mario Vargas Rosas and Mario Vergara Parada were the Chilean delegates. I represented "El Mercurio". My good friend Don Rafael Maluenda, its Director, gave it to me, at the same time that I would publish all my articles as "traveling correspondent". I wrote about Berchtesgaden, Hermann Hesse, Giovanni Papini and my first impressions of Europe compared to South America. "Europe and South America" was the name of that chronicle and it is still fully valid. Don Rafael also sent me to Antarctica, representing his Diary. But I could not write anything about this Continent. My emotion was not transferable. In Fernando Undurruga's "Daedalus" room, I gave a talk: "Antarctica and other Myths". I published it with a prose poem, which I titled "The Return of the Ice". Almost nobody knows it.

After almost five years without seeing or speaking to each other, I was to meet my uncle Joaquín Fernández in Paris. He was the Ambassador of Chile. It was he who facilitated my visit to Berchtesgaden, through the American Commissioner in Paris, Philip Bonsard, and my meeting with the writer Hermann Hesse.

Berchtesgaden! I walked through the ruins of the house, which still existed, since Eisenhower decided to destroy it completely only some time later, to prevent it from becoming a place of pilgrimage. I tried to recreate it with my imagination, in its times of glory, when the *FU hrer* received there the main protagonists of the war.



Adolf Hitler's house in Obersalzberg, Berchtesgaden.



With Hermann
Hesse, at his
home in Mont-
agnola, in
Italian
Switzerland.

of today's history. I saw their shadows, because they were shadows.

-shadows of other shadows, which had been reproduced for a short time in space, here dimensioned. But I had already visited the real place where they were now, out of wear and entropy. One minute beyond Eternity, on the other side of the ice.

Hermann Hesse, all dressed in white linen, one afternoon in July 1951. The high hills of Montagnola, where I would also go to live for ten years, more than twenty years later. I, a stranger, a young admirer, coming from the other side of the earth, bringing him the first edition in Spanish of "Ni por Mar ni por Tierra" (Neither by Sea nor by Land) as an introduction and a visiting letter. We entered his office. He spoke only German and I only Spanish. We understood each other I don't know how, a little in French and a little in Italian. Did we speak in the language of the telepathic aliens, the "binary" of the computers? No way! Only the language of the soul and of the many lives before and after, of the Eternal Return of his beloved Friedrich Nietzsche. For this story has repeated itself eternally, especially this first encounter.

I tell him:

"Contemplating these high peaks, you will be happy here.

"Here it is given to me to listen to the Voice of God.

He went to see me off at the door in the garden of his house. I took her hands in mine:

"-If you come back, maybe you won't find me anymore. ...".

Hermann Hesse was a little over sixty years old. It seemed like a lot to me then. And today I am almost eighty.

Our relationship was delicate and magical, and remained so until her death. I found out about it when I was going to Belgrade, with my son José Miguel, reading a newspaper from England.

When I first visited him, Hermann Hesse was almost unknown to the general public. When he died, he had been awarded the Nobel Prize. Later, he became the most famous writer of our time.

When I was living in Montagnola at the Camuzzi House, at a seminar sponsored by the Americans, I read in English a paper written by my great friend, Professor Frank Mac Shane¹, entitled: "The Forging of Hermann Hesse in the United States".

In the early fifties, five years after the end of the Great War, how difficult it seemed to find a way out of any material existence here in Santiago de Chile! I was leading a double life and this was noticed by the people around me, especially by my wife, who came to attribute her illness to this ambiguous situation, rather than to the difficult material facts which had affected us since 1945.

In Verilal, he longed without fixed address, visited new friends, as clone Francisco Antonio Encina, the historian, at his estate "El Durazno", rlornle Leopoldo Castetlo, a Spanish refugee of the "Win nijseg", summarized in three volumes his monumental Historia rte Chile. Today he is best known for this masterful "achica- miento". The jrol ític Eduardo Moore used to take me to his hacienda to read me his stories, which he would never publish, because it was not well seen to be a writer in the conservative class of political leaders of the region. A separate case was Jaime Larraín García-Moreno, an aristocrat, also in the spirit, in whom many young people sought a plank of salvation: Sergio Onofre Jarpa and René Arriagada himself, among others. He was a senator, like Eduardo Moore, and was the leader of the Agrarian Labor Party. Candirlato a la Presi-

In those years, he did not find support from his class, for he did not defend the interests of capital and his corporatist ideals were inspired by Ussolinian Fascism. I even got the support of Carlos Dru nson. In his estate, "La Esmeral Fla", Don Jaime listened to "Tann häuser" and "Parsifal" until the early hours of the **night**.

One day when we were watching the sunset over the Andean peaks, while riding on horseback, cross-country, with Eduardo Moore, he said to me:

"I have seen many countries and many sunsets in the world, but these colors of the Chilean sunset are unique. There is nothing 'cheesy' here". (He actually said "siú tico", which means the same thing, not in Chile).

Another day he confessed to me that in the National Society of Agriculture they were "preparing" Rene Silva Espejo, a former Nazi, who had been appointed Secretary General of the Society. They were preparing him as a journalist for the Directorate of "El Mercurio", where he succeeded Eton Rafael Maluend a, who held this important position until his death.

The Master had moved to Val para íso. He lived there in the "Hotel Adria", owned by Abraham Rorlríquez, a hotel that would later become the property of Itodolfo Carnio. Norero, director of the "**Costa**" firm, also lived in that city. The hotel was located in front of Plaza Victoria. The building still stands. Carnio had fought in the Ethiopian War and managed the pro-fascist newspaper "L'I talia" in the Port.

Returning once by train to Santiago, I looked again at the red sun descending in the horizon. It took me a slight swoon, more like a dream. And heard a voice saying to me: "The sun is sinking with its temple of spirits".

Mr. Willielm Mattern was a German photographer living in Chile. In the showcases of his office in San tiago almost all Chilean politicians had their portraits taken by him. There was also one of me. Mattern had been longing to get rid of his life after the defeat of Germany and only came to find unexpected consolation in my lecture on "Antarctica and other Myths", where I made it known that Hitler was alive and residing in Antarctica, according to the revelations of Lailislao Sz abó's book: "Hitler is alive".

Mattern was inspired and began to investigate on his own, connecting Hitler's survival to the reality of the Flying Discs, claiming that they were Hitler's creations, his last invincible weapon and that he would use them at the right time. He made this research the reason for his life. He published a book on the subject, which was edited in German and English by Ernst Zündel in Canada, and which was widely circulated and even banned in Germany. Hitler's own aviation hero, Hans Rudel, came to Chile to visit him. Mattern put him up in his house in Lo Curro. He told me about his first interview, in which he asked the famous "Stuka" pilot if what he had written was wrong, a product of his fantasy. Rudel replied: "No, you are right".

I did not know Rudel, because when he came to Chile for the last time I was in bed, with hepatitis. Surprisingly, he phoned me to tell me that he would come to visit me that day, if he was not invited to lunch by President Augusto Pinochet, which he always did when he came to Chile. In addition, he would send his car to pick him up at the airport. They were friends. The telephone conversation ended with Rudel's farewell words, which I can still hear: "If we don't see each other, goodbye! But be sure that the Divine is with us; he won't abandon us! ...!"

Extraordinary words, spoken by this hero. With him I studied

saw on their last visit young comrades, such as Jorge Lavín and his wife, Lidia Achurra; also Gretel Hamann.

Another day, Mattern invited me to his house to have tea with a Japanese delegation that was coming to Chile to interview him, since they were following the route that Hitler would have started in Norwegian ports, with the caravan of submarines that would take him to Antarctica. They brought a German interpreter, resident in Canada, collaborator of Zündel and who had a good command of Spanish: Herr Pardascher'.

Until the last day of his life, Mr. Wilhelm Mattern waited for Hitler to come in a Frisbee, to transfigure the earth and to take him away.

1. This dear comrade has just died.

No one can imagine today, much less know precisely, how many bridges in Chile - and not only in Chile - were supporters of Hitler's Germany. In Vina del Mar, for example, rlon Wilhelm Wilms, father of Teresa Wilms, the Trappist writer, sent a letter to the *Fuhrer* offering him all his merchant ships. He had a company born in Val paradise. This was told to me by his granddaughter, Silvia Bal maceda, a resplendent woman, also directed by the "memory of her blood".

"THE WHITE DOMINICAN".

I don't know how I got my hands on this sticky book, written by a very little known author among us: Gustav Meyrink. I would later talk about him with Hermann Hesse, with C. G. J. J. and with Juli us Evola, who wrote the prologue to his extraordinary posthumous work, "The Angel of the Western Window", a novelization of the life of the English alchemist and mathematician John Dee, who came to have influence over Queen Isabella and, possibly, even met Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa during his captivity in Albion. John Dee claimed to see the apparition of an Angel, who spoke to him in a strange language, which he dubbed "Enochian" (after the prophet Enoch). John Dee also visited the Emperor Rudolph of Habsburg, in Prague, and became intimate with him for alchemy reasons. Rudolph was also an alchemist. The Castle and the "Street of the Alchemists" in Prague are two jewels of this world.

In the "British Museum", in London, I have seen the onyx mirror in which John Dee looked like the "Angel". I believe that this was the same mirror that the Princess Papán used in Mexico for her visions and that Hernán Cortés took to Spain, having been brought to her by some English corsair. Or was it, perhaps, the magnetized mirror that Don Pedro Sarmiento de Gamboa used, inside a circle, for his magical divinations, during his residence in Mexico, precisely?

The novel "The White Dominican" puts into action - "constellation", Jung would say - the archetype of the legend of Ophelia, of "Hamlet", and is written in an atmosphere of waking dreams, of a translucent beauty. It impressed me in a similar way to the movie of my adolescence, "Dream of Eternal Love".

I consulted my friend Nino Corradini about the author of "The White Dominican". I knew him very well and I had another novel

by him: "The

Green Face", translated from German into Italian. Meyrink was Czech and, like Rilke, wrote in German. I suggested to him to make a Spanish translation of "The Green Face"; I would see about publishing it in Santiago. Nino proposed the translation to his wife, Liliana Ristori. And that was how I managed to get the work published by Editorial Zig-Zag, with the help of my great friend Juan Despich, who had worked there. The literary director was José María Souvi rón, a Spanish writer. He also knew Meyrink and edited "El "Rostro Verde", in the translation of our friend. It is still possible to find the edition of this novel in old bookstores.

But I wanted to know more of the same author. I read "The Golem". Then I got my hands on "The Angel of the Western Window", in a German edition. He spoke to Liliana again, but she did not know the language. She hesitated for a moment, narrowed her eyelids. Then, as if in a sudden inspiration:

"Do you remember Irene, that German girl who was also ill at the Sanatorium of San José de Maipo? She is still ill, now here in Santiago. She is in bed and would be happy to be able to work on this. It would be a great help and distraction for her".

I felt, suddenly and without knowing why, a coldness in my heart. And I seemed to perceive as a gust of wind, passing swiftly, leaving like threads of gold in the evening air.

"No, I don't remember her...".

Why do I have the impression that this has been repeated so many times? And that I know this street, the number and the door of this house, where I am standing, waiting.

She opened the door. It was dark inside, so I hardly saw her. It was an old house on Sweden Street, of German type, from before the thirties. It still exists. She showed me in, and appeared to me in "her presence and her figure"" covered with a dark red smock, which fell almost to her feet. Very thin, with a pale face, her blonde hair falling over her shoulders and transparent blue eyes, illuminating the night of that room. From them a light from another universe was emanating, as if that being, possessor of those eyes, was looking from far away, from beyond the ice, from that region that I visited in my Antarctic "detachment".



Irene-Papán.



Hoy sigo sentándome en el sillón de mimbres, que "crujía como una caja de galletas".



La walkiria Irene.

Something happened in me, something broke inside. I don't know why, but I had to make a great effort to hold back the tears. I was still very young. Neither the War, nor the end of 1945, nor the birth of my children, nor the departure of the German and Italian comrades, nothing.... And now, with this apparition... I could not speak, I could not find the right words. It was she who spoke:

"I know what you're here for. I also know who you are. Liliana told me. I was waiting for you. That's why I got out of bed, for the first time in a long time.... Meyrink's book is a pretext... Come in..."

The corridor separating the living room from her bedroom was narrow. She leaned against the wall and I passed almost touching her, my face very close to hers, feeling the breath of her lips on mine and the perfume of flowers on her hair and skin.

She lay down on her bed, while I sat on a wicker chair, which rustled like "a box of fresh cookies," she said, and which is the same one I have today, on which I meditate and concentrate, and on which I am now writing these last pages.

"-Do you know," he said to me -and this time he was on a first-name basis-, "that it doesn't matter what we talk about with words, because there is a dialogue underneath the dialogue? If we are attentive, if we are able to listen to that other dialogue, then we will know the truth.... It's like the music of the spheres.... I know you have been moved... So did I."

His eyes were gone, lost in another world. He looked at me without seeing me, apparently. He didn't see me, but "Him", that "He".

Being beyond myself and who is more than me.... (*HE* had met his *SHE*...). He turned his gaze to the evening window, which overlooked the garden.

"One star more, one star less, will that one be Mars, will that one be Venus? I wrote these verses when I was very small, a 'baby' indeed. ... "*".

And he burst out laughing with his crystalline laughter.

And I knew that in that fine crystal I would drink the liquor of Eternal Life. And of the infi nite pain of the *forsaken*.

2. Chi leni smo for baby.



Extraterrestrial figure sculpted
by Irene.



The "Navigator." Drawing by Irene.



The Keeper of the Pigeons".
Drawing by Irene.



Loreto (O pis). Drawing by Irene
tAllouine).

In the "Vi'ja's Diary" that she kept and that I came to know later, she wrote about that first meeting:

"Yesterday, October 14, 1951. [It was an important day. Miguel Serrano uicoa uerrrie joor first uez to ask me for the traducciónde 'Der Enz-el non Westliip-er Fett ether'. But the conuersa - cióit audible rio was Gnós that part of the communication. When two people with a similar 'wavelength' are focused on each other, a communication is established at the other end, from which a much larger balance of knowledge remains. This, of course, requires a certain amount of etherz "ia that, when the contact is newly established, is greater. But, as a result, I have been able to eittrect great possibilities. It may be that this encounter is the beginning of something like a stone that falls into the water and

%orma its concentric waves. In this I am uri instru mento. I do not believe in the existence of the same quality. I prefer a rapprochement of the two spiritual currents that we represent".

Her name was Irene Klatt. Her father had arrived in Chile recently married, hired by the Army as a weapons specialist. At the end of his mission he returned to Germany, where his only daughter, Irene, was born. He always longed for Chile and one day he returned to work for our Army. And here he stayed forever, building his house on Sweden Street. His daughter was educated in German schools first and then in the English speaking school "Dunalastair". She was a very good sportswoman, interested in horseback riding. She became champion of Chile, beating the best military equestrians in jumping, even Larrapuibel, before he became world champion. Perhaps that effort was too much for her youth, tlaning her health and being the cause of her lung disease.

Irene alsohad a special sensitivity. She was a painter. He was also a poet and was interested in the research of science in all its most recent discoveries, prolonging them with his imagination and his imagination, and he was also interested in the research of science in all its most recent discoveries, prolonging them with his imagination and his imagination. He was also a poet and was interested in the research of science in all its most recent discoveries, prolonging them with his imagination.

and his exquisite sensitivity, in an eager quest to extend and go beyond human limits.

One day he told me about one of his experiences:

"You know, I can feel what will happen to my car in advance. I am one with him; there is a relationship between us. It will never let me down.

A sort of "spiritual cybernetics"!

I left Meyrink's book with her. A week before I had begun to write the continuation of "Neither by Sea nor by Land", "Who Calls in the Ice". In the Cajón del Maipo and in the small town of El Canelo, in its Inn, I composed the Introduction: "The Sea". As I progressed in this book I began to read it to Irene, so that I was more interested in knowing her opinion than in the translation of "El Angel de la Ventana de Occidente", which she had begun with great difficulty.

I would come in the evenings and go straight through the yard to his room, on the second floor at the back of the **house**, with a window overlooking an orchard of fruit trees. I would sit in this same creaky armchair, read to him or we would talk. I met his mother. She was the beautiful lady in the carriage house, surrounded by a gentle peace and caring for her daughter as if she were a sacerdotisa, fulfilling a ritual. Her husband had died. Irene told me that her heart had not been able to withstand the defeat of her husband.

Germany. He had the same eyes as she did.

One day, Irene told me a story about the Aztec Empire:

"Papon, the herriana of the Emperor Montezuma, had extroñs ni.siones. They appeared to her in an onyx mirror. Eiiia uiula on the outskirts of Teiiochtillóri, where she died. When Moctezurria was notified of his death, [ne to see her. But Papón

There was no death. It was only a dream. He returned to life, and told his brother the visions of 'his death': A house was coming to the sea and was surrounded by white, bearded men. With them returned Quetzalcoatl, the Serpent with Plu- mos, the Star of the Mariana. Moctezuiita was not to fight, but to be greeted with horrors.

Princess Papan.

"The Aztecs had long awaited the return of Quetzalcoatl, the White God, the Man-God, who had deserted them when he could not convince them to perform the holy sacrifices. But he had promised to return...."

"But the one who had in that co,so 9oíonte was Hernán Cortés, bearded and white like the mythical Quetzalcoatl. But he lacked his goodness and wisdom. Moctez uma did not fight him and he destroyed the Empire of Tenocltitlón. Even though the Aztec Empire was brought down by Papon's Missions'.

"Quetzalcoatl did not return," continued Irene. "he moved to the other end of the world and he re-established here the Empire of Tiahuanacu, with the 'atumarunas', the 'moon-faced whites', the true authors of the 'ways of the luka', and those who established contact with the Templars, in the o//on/ic sanctuary of 'Sete Ciudadg.S'. Here they called it 'Koiitiki-Virahocha' and when the 'atumarunas' [were defeated by the cociqoe fort, they migrated to Rapa-Nui, our Easter Island, where they were known as the 'ore jones', similar to those Buddhas -shastri yan of Aryan India... Did you know that the mo- mtn.s found in Paraca, in Peru, the most ancient of a month thousand at°ios, have European blood groups? Quetzalcoatl, Confi/zi, Masa-Oclo, all were Oibingos, of the first ones, of the disappeared hyperboreans of Groelandia, of Greeiilarid...".

Irene had modeled with earth, also in stone-cardboard and terracotta, small statues worked with the file from her

nails. He named one "Tiontiki" and gave it mirror eyes (like Papan's mirror). I have it with me. His mother gave it to me. If I look into her eyes, Papan will also appear to me.

After she told me that story, I stopped calling her Irene, to give her the name of the Aztec princess, Papán.

"You were Papán, you have come back to life to tell me your visions, the ones that will make me immortal....".

We addressed each other as "you" and "you", indistinctly, depending on whether it was our "I "s or our *SHE's* who were speaking.

She listened to me lying on her bed, with her beautiful hands resting on the white sheets of her bed. And her eyes were open to a deep sky, which she surely saw through me, piercing me, lost far away, as if she were listening to Bach's "Art of the Fugue", which she loved so much.

I read and read, not noticing that she was tired. When I noticed, I asked her. With a sweet smile, she would say yes. And I would be pleased. I would stare silently at him through the window, at the red colors of the twilight and the approaching night.... Ah, the night, the Big Night!



It was becoming an imperative need for me to see her in full. When I left work, in the afternoons, instead of going directly to my house, I went first to visit her. She told the Master about her illness. *But I did not al-*

Kontiki, made by Irene.

I wanted to take him to meet her. I don't know what happened, why this was not fulfilled. The image of that beautiful young woman, lying on her back in her bed, with her golden hair falling like liquid *gold*, slowly draped over her soft neck, her arms of the finest skin, illuminated by her own light, her pale lips, her soft, unmistakable voice, I kept her in my mind at all times. I would call her from my office to hear from her.

"-This is bad for me to go on fighting alone -she told me-, I am getting used to your care (this time I was "her" and not "you"). I feel surrounded by your affection..."

Another day she called me to invite me to meet some "friends".

When I arrived she was resplendent, covered by a robe.

The flag is made of three colors: black, white and red. He thought of the flag of the

Third Reich and told him so.

"-Yes and no," he answered me. "It's the *Opera Al química: Higredo*.

Albedo and *Rubedo*... If you want, I will be your *Soror*..."

On the floor of the room were some strange figures, some sculptures of red wood, of toromiro, from Easter Island, from Rapa-Nui. I have never seen others like them. A man with wings, a bird and a heart, also with wings.

"These are my friends. Make them yours too. I present them to you. If you accept me as your *Soror*, I will make you grow wings. You will be the Man-Pajar Man, the Manu-Tara. And if you let me into you, into your heart, it too will grow wings. And the gold that you will drink, will be the liquid gold of my hair.... Do you know who you are? You are Pedro Sarmien- to de Gamboa. And if I am Papán, your Papán, you will be Pedro-Papán: *ELELLA*, and I will be Papán-Pedro: *ELLAEL*..."

(Thus, the title of my works, which I would write many years later, were given to her; there, on a distant afternoon, in the city of Santiago de la Nueva Extremadura).

I greeted those idols of Rapa-Nui, of the very distant and first Rapa-Nui, I passed by them, bowing down, and I kneeled down next to Papán's bed. I touched his precious hands, with devotion, as if they were those of a saint, and with a quiet voice, half-breathed, begged him to speak to me about love.

.....

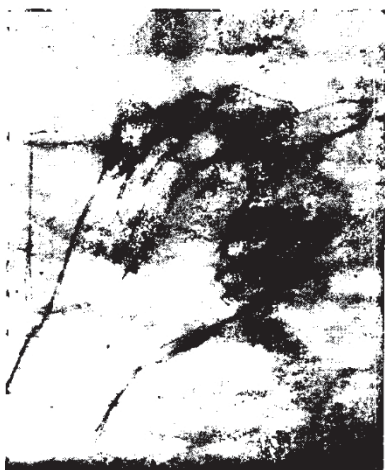
"In the Carecía art!!d -, when the remains of Hiperbórea still

existed, ttegaron three socerdoftsos from Tim le. They came to



The walkyrie Allouine.

ELLA viene volando y me
trae el Grial.



La mano de Allouine-Papán, dibujada
por ella misma.

*establish eri Delos the cult of A fiolo, the hi perbóreo. They caitlabait the songs of the bard Olerl. They were Argo, 0 pis and Allouirre. This last, the superior, the born quruta in Hyperborea, directed or the other. Her blue eyes still gazed at the ice of Thu le and her golden hair floated in the wind, together with the e nciies of Hi perbóreo. She awaited the coming of Auri.s, or **Ar-Bar-Es, the Winged Wayfarer**, the one who would announce in Ancient Attica the appearance of Orpheus, of Eurydix and Jason, - of the Golden Fleece, the firstborn of the **Carol....** And Allouine loved Auris. He loved him since before the creation of this Universe. And even since after his birth..."*

"Behold love, the eternal A-Mor."

She sent me a letter:

"(During the witching hour). "My dear Archorigel.

"2 What treatment should I give to my Archangel! Should I treat you as you, or should I treat him as you! My good Archangel, it is very late, I cannot sleep, and I have set myself to write to you. Everything is as silent as in the field, the only thing you can hear is the cricket chirping in the J'ordin. I'm very tired, but my subconscious doesn't want to rest, and my conscience doesn't want to be still. Maybe later I'll be able to sleep.

"(Last night because it is much, much later than twelve o'clock). The arior should not be analyzed, because to do so is to destroy it. We are far from knowing the full truth of the arior. I imagine that the truth must be like an esfero and that to know it is to be able to cut it on all sides to the judge, by its circumferential and o traoés.

"But let's talk a little more about the Arrior. I have to thank you, because it is because of you that I have returned to love. With your trolley and your boridod you have made my soul bloom again. It's been a long time since I felt that way; I was 'dry', like those recipes they talk about. And this made me feel unhappy and unhappy, as if I were an aiiorrrrial stock in the river. In the

nights, when I tried to pray, I felt hollow, meaningless, because my prayer did not have the matrix force of Love. I had even lost contact with my beloved Krislos, and that was what worried me the most. And I have to explain this to you, because it may surprise you. Once, years ago, in a story, I remembered (it was my dream) that I was a child and I was sitting at the feet of Kristos, leaning against his white robe. ¶ I felt uri love, a confidence, the security of being protected, something so i'de scri ptible that I will never be able to express it well...".

(I received this letter half a century ago, and as I copy it today, from his handwriting to my handwriting, here in Valparaíso, in front of the sea, at the window... well... What I wanted to say is that I remember my experience, far away, in a bus, when, also in a dream, I saw, I felt that Being, that *HE* who, in a way, was myself, and who gave me a security, a faith, for the rest of my days... Irene also "had been leaning on 6tt Regazo").

Continued:

*"After that, every night I turned my thoughts a little to Kristos and felt again some of that [eltness, that security. But I had lost that ability some time ago and only now, a few days ago, I have, through Love, regained my direction. Now I love again **Lilia** na and momo and o lo uida and my destiny and everything. zAnd how can I ever stop loving you again? Sometimes I don't want to say: "God bless you!*

"Dare I send this to you? Perhaps this love is that which is stilted between angels, or herrrians, or master and disciple; but it has made me feel very happy, and even if I did not hear you, it will linger in me. You have acted as the detonator on the diriacita. But I could not have s a i d it to you face to f a c e, because your physical personality and the ria prevented it. Now you are speaking to my soul, half asleep, to yours....

"How long will you be my root and my protective oiigel? 0 long, long, long time. And perhaps one day I will be able to repay you for all that you have done for me. Although I think I've given you a!d O ft. ... I'm sorry. I'm a lucky woman and I wish you: the best of luck!

3. "Y .si Dio.s lo qntere, le oyiore núm nari.s e stniido Diucríó" -El izabeth Barret.

Victory! z You know! Sometimes it seems to me that one **would be able to give my mortality** because someone else **would have**, if it were possible, that it is just the sacrifice of destiny, of destiny and of happiness ... But I am diuap-andò, everyone has to save himself or herself 2 Why did I write those things!.... But you gave them so much to this jorince.sa that now I had not obrtrte his heart.

"How long this has gone on! I think altora will sleep. Good night, Miguel! Your eyes are closing already.

I ran, if I could say, that tarrle, and lle'nió directly to his room. There was no one else. Just the two of us. And he threw me on my knees beside his bed, I took his hands and pressed them against my moist eyes, while I recited to him, in a trembling voice, a poem by Joseph Goebbels:

*"Kneeling on you, I
read you asking for
your soul. I enclose it
here, between my
hands,
V care I must be careful
that Gto is broken. It is
so delicate and {irte
Comio the hundred of the
South, Que cantooi do
may low
Uri dominates or in the
evening Around ne your
forehead **Feverish your**
urra..." '.*

He caressed my face. hair, while her tears ran down her face.

I decided to climb the mountain, taking my oldest son, Jose Miguel. Cristi án, the youngest, was still very young. We went to the

4. Goethe was a poet and a philosopher of the German Romanticism. Only a great poet could end his life as he did.



Lost in the forest.



I thought of her and looked for her among the eroded rocks. And there, contemplating the snow-capped peaks of the Andes in the distance, I thought of her and looked for her among the eroded rocks. And I found a dry bud of a hawthorn flower. It will last forever, I thought.

I went to see her. She was alone again. When I opened the door to her room, I saw her lying motionless on the bed with her blue eyes wide open. She motioned me away and showed me a towel on her chest. It was stained with blood. I understood, it was a hemorrhage. Slowly, little by little, I reached her, bent down and kissed her on the lips. I drank her blood, and said to her:

"-I love you, even beyond life.... Daddy, I love you!"

His eyes were flooded with tenderness, they looked at me beyond where I was, at my essence, at my Him. And in a very weak voice, very still.

"-Cuitfe to your children..."

"-This dried flower is for you. It is from your high peaks. It will never die, it will last forever. We found it with my son..."

LOVE

*"Defenceless and alone I stand
Be/ore my li fe's deep sea.
Won't you tak'e me by tlte hand
And find the way [or me!..."*

THE IGNEOUS LYRES

*'la te jierido en el alma
Lo teti ire erie/nnco//o .siz {iriisi inn red
And the dull ruinor of ion memories
Darkens ci space.*

5. THE AI4OR

Ind efensa and alone I do not find
Aiite uri profuii do niar.
i.I.I take the child's
And you'll find the carnine for m i?....

*"Surp-c- del te/ini/o lu renewed certainty Of
the eternal éleuenir,
linpregtton'lo them damente coda fiber
De ltelado ni.eblo.*

*"Everything is death, term, fiital. ..
Eyes fall rest itoclcis, painful Ame its
immense, frnp-i/tdod, Twisted flower
the clamor stri'feitte Of the being that
luclta
For evading the tneuitable.*

*"The al!^~ diro and turns
Inside the black esj lace,
By receiving the vap-o aitttelo rte itself, the
spark creates,
The tibia llaina grows and grows
Crepitatttc and mógtco.
The witch yields to its color.*

*"In the silence of the white cii covers,
Blooms the igneous lily of etcvito love".*

"She is the little spark of Meis ter Ekharri," Papan explained to me.
"She restores our faith, in the dark night of the soul."
And then, in German:

*"Eültr uns den Web, de// graden Und
derer, die niclil irre ieltn!"*

("Lead us on the straight path
of those who do not err!").

But when Irene wanted to write for herself and no one else,
she wrote in English, a language only she knew in her family.

Love weakened her. Her defenses against the disease that
consumed her were lowered. In those years, the pe nicillin that
would defeat tuberculosis did not appear.

"My husband took me to bathe. I saw my naked body in the mirror. I could not love with him. I could not love with him. Only with my soul.

Papan believed in reincarnation and wondered:

"-There, in the ternal ir ternalos of a rinena encoriiiación, z lingers the persotta, the iridiuidiial? And if not, with what did I remember you?"

"Many times I have wondered and thought about the reason for this indescribable and fervent Charity, this orinonio I feel at your side. Is it that I have known you this other way? I have met many others without flowing in us that in uisib le current that fills my spirit with joy Jnnto you, and even at the thought of you. We are children of the Light, Michael... Have I not born the sign in your [rente...] Still within you burns the small intense flame that one day brought you to the union with the Great Cold Fire, to face the Light, to that Lrz liiefab le Jutito or which your sun is like my dark shadow! It is that call hidden in tiosotros, which cristo that icy bonfire, pa rt/tcodorn, which will set it free.

W hen we are together, we will be able to combine these two little flames to better reject the shadows that rivers want to surround us from all sides, and to leave a little skin all our way. That's why our Imas are German and uibron of Si nipathy and Love and the llainites burn more clear and strong. Why, is Love your best fuel?"

"THE INVITA TION

*"Come what may I will proceed
To walk the may
Of beaiit y,
The way tltat leads toward ltte /ietgftl
tltat seems to touclt
The s!iy.
!Steep is the path b ui filled stt/i light
From those ileaf clinibed
Before me,
Who le ft on euery Jiz/fttrtg
roch A lantern glowing willi
Their dreams".*

("Come, I am going to
start The Path of Beauty
That goes to the high peaks, That
seem to touch the sky.
Steep is the road, But
wrapped in light
Of those who climbed it before
me,
And on every overhanging rock
They left a lantern Shining with
their dreams "J.

I received a letter from Liliana. She was leaving for Buenos Aires with Nino.

It said to me:

*"-For fear of not meeting you before my niaje, which will probably be pa sado uahana sóhado, I greet you and Carmen. I am not fronqut/n, thinking that you have replaced me with **Irene**. I know, besides us, that you can help her more than I can, and that makes no sense.*

It was only a short time ago that Liliana and I had given Irene blood. And holding her hands, we looked at her and smiled. She said to us:

"-Now we are brothers."

I took all my medical friends to try to do something. Dr. Oscar Avendaño, Julio Dittborn. She was seen by our dear doctor, lung specialist Arturo Rodriguez. Dr. Héctor Orrego Puelma had also seen her. One day when Dr. Avendaño was there, she asked me to bring her some ice cream. I looked at the doctor, asking him with my eyes. He also approved with his eyes. Then, he explained to me:

"-It doesn't matter anymore, he has very little left..."

I begged her mother to let me stay overnight at her house to help. She asked me to look for an oxygen balloon so that her daughter could breathe. With my good friend Raul Vicherat we went to bring it. He is still alive and, like me, remembers all that.

That day I talked to my wife. I told her:

"-Carmen, do you remember Irene, that young woman who was with you and Liliana in San Josó de Maipo?"

"-Yes, of course, what about her?"

"She is dying, alone with her mother. I beg you to allow me to spend the nights at her house, so that I can help her."

"-Surely, do it..."

He was choking! I would get up from the couch and run to his side. The oxygen balloon tube had come loose. He would take my hand, squeeze it gently. And he would thank me with the look in his clear eyes. I stroked her damp hair.

His mother **brought** a nurse. She was better that day. She talked to me:

"I do not want to die, I do not want to leave you alone, Michael. I am **yours**, I am your Papa, and I have to pass on to you the visions of my resurrection. **In** any case, I promise to fear that you will resurrect me. I will give you my eternity... I don't know where I'm going, I don't know what death is..."

Why did I leave her that night? Why, Lord!

I came back early, at dawn. And something was going on in that house. There were people in the corridors and even in the garden. I don't know how I got past the door to her room. It was locked. I opened it and found Papán dead, lying on the bed, with her three-colored dressing gown and her hair spilled down to her waist. Her beautiful hands crossed over her chest. Her eyelids closed. I felt I could fade away. I sat on the edge of the bed and hugged her body, wetting her face with my tears, kissing her still warm lips, her cheeks, her eyelids, her hands, and said to her very quietly, and in the ~~sun~~ **sun**:

"How is it possible that again this is happening again, that again you go away and leave me? Again, again... In this Eternal Return...?"

His mother came in, unnoticed by me. And with her hands she tried to separate my arms from her dead body.

"-Mutti, you /li / I want to go with her to. ..."

"-No, Miguel, she needs you here, to remember her, to resurrect her with your love, inside you.... with your remembrance... Calm down, it doesn't do her any good her suffering. .."

I sat for a moment in my chair. And his mother told me what happened.

"-He died shortly after midnight. He called me. She was drowning. I embraced her, took her head tenderly and said to her: 'Go easy, my child, my little daughter, go easy....' Then, she stood up and looking towards that corner of the room, as if she saw someone there, she exclaimed: '*Lord, help me!*', and she left.... It was much better that you were not here. Recover her as you knew her, not at the moment of her death..."

I had to leave the room, because Dr. Rod ri'gue z came in.

Irene (Papan) had asked to have a vein opened to make sure it wasn't catalepsy. Ours, Papán's.... I stood for a moment walking on the garden path.

I went back and forth. Until I saw Dr. Rod riguez come out. He was crying. He hugged me:

"-She's dead!"

THE ARCHETYPE OF ETERNAL LOVE

W even if all your cousins cried, they would be few".

Glosaby Ezra Pound

The preceding story is not purely personal, although the reader might think so. Nor are the characters, despite having names of their own, individuals, centered in a specific epoch of our history. By the fact of having been victims of the archetype of *A-Mor*, they transcend individual time, passing over their selves, to become part of a frightening Collective Unconscious and of the painful Circle of the E Fear Return. They will return eternally and with different names, but always the same, to repeat the same story, legend, saga or Myth. This is the drama of the Archetype. And their immense pain must be irremediably recounted, either by Dante or by me, since the name matters little, since it could also have been Orpheus, Eurydice; Jason, Medea; Sigfried, Isol de; Michael (Avris), Irene (Allouine). It doesn't matter. Because it is no longer the story of an I, but of a He and a She, who in the end could become *ELELLA* again. The Divine Androgyne recovered.

Therefore, in recounting all this suffering for the first time here, I do not think I am exposing to curiosity something very personal, but rather -and within the sinp-ular style of these "Memoirs"-something that belongs to many, albeit within a restricted elite, in the deepest waters of the Collective Unconscious and the Saga of El, embodied in the dual structure of an earthly self, buffeted by a glorifying gale.

The ancient Minrtesarigers, the Cathar troubadours of Languedoc, with their omosio *uzor*, the *Fedeli d'Ainore* of Medieval Italy, the Alchemists, with their *soror rriisl icae*, and the Aryan tantrists of the Right Hand and of the Left Hand also knew of this Drama. They thus insti tuted the Initiation of *A- inor*. Like the Etruscan *Fulgiiradores*, the Druids and the SS, they allowed themselves to be pierced by a ray from heaven, without carbonization. The Ray of the Archetype of *A-Mor*. Very young, I managed to survive. My self did.

This is an *Archetype*, in the deepest and truest Platonic sense, who possessed us (a man and a woman) and who therefore gave us the vivid impression of his request. For the Archetype is one and seeks its fulfillment, equal, identical to itself and forever, by the E ternidarL We are toys, leaves swept by a cosmic wind. And we can do nothing but



"INDUSTRIA", ritual of the "*Fedefe d'Amore*", from the 12th century, northern Italy and Dante.



The mother, "Mutti".



Drawing of her mother, by Irene.

that which is, returns and returns eternally. Eternal Love is indissolubly united to Death. So it was in Tristan and Isolde, in Romeo and Juliet, in Ophelia and Hamlet, in Orpheus and Eurydice, in Dante and Beatrice, in Adolf Hitler and his niece. So it was with me and Irene. With Avris and Allouine. And that is why, because I knew it before I was born, I was so impressed by the story of Peter Ibbetson and "The Dream of Eternal Love".

And so, on March 13, 1952, Year 6 of the Hitler Era, my time came. And, as always, in the Eternal Return of the Archetype, its atrocious gale almost killed me.

When, still in this land and in this homeland of mine, I walk the first blocks of Avenida Suecia, in Santiago del Nuevo Extremo, my beloved city, I see myself as I did half a century ago, very young, walking without seeing the palms that are still there, because my eyes are clouded with tears.

I wanted to die, to go with her. To enter the sea, to its center and let me succumb there. This was also a symbol of that Saga, of that Myth, because the Sea represents the Unconscious, the deepest soul, where the Archetype acts.

From that day on I destroyed everything, any possibility of another love like that, even my own marriage. I have never been able to love anyone like that again. I have loved only Irene. And with all my Being, with all that I have, with all that I am. Me and Him! For Eternity, if Eternity exists. With this life, my life alone, until I die, or until I am taken by a Vortex and reunited with Her.

I went back to his mother. She handed me a quetzal feather. "-It's for you," she said. "Irene had it in her hands."

He also gave me a silver oak leaf from a German comrade killed in the war and the Nazi decorations of Irene's father. And a white linen handkerchief, stained with the red rouge of her lips. And a bunch of her golden hair. I put that silver leaf, the handkerchief and her hair in a gold brocade bag, which I had made in India and which I always carry around my neck on special occasions, like today, when I am writing these pages. The bronze pin, with the swastika of Hitlerism, which I also inherited, I have worn on the magical celebrations of Esoteric Hitlerism and on the 5th of September, in memory of the *Führer*, of the murdered heroes, of Irene, of his

father and his mother, who gave it to me.

In Nepal, on the heights of Pokhara, walking around the

I let the quetzal feather fall into its waters, so as to unite the Himalayan peaks with the Andean peaks of our homeland and so that the "Igneous Lilies of Earthly Love" would also grow there.

As absolute proof of possession by an Archetype, there is that sticky bag, which I still carry. Without knowing it then, I was repeating the gesture of the "*Fedeli d'Ainore*", those initiated poets of the thirteenth century, from northern Italy, to whom Dante also belonged, and who at the death of the Amarl a made a small bag with some of their belongings, to carry it all their lives. The rite was called "*Ind ii st ria*".

Her mother asked me to make her a bridal veil to cover the body of her dead daughter.

"-She's going to de-possess," he exilicates me.

With my friend Vicherat we went to buy it. I brought it to his mother. And that afternoon **Dr.** Dittboi'n arrived. He was holding his only months old son in his arms. And he asked *Mii tti* to let him lay him down on the bed where Irene died. I watched as she left him there for a long time. And today I think that this young man, also called Julio, who has been a politician, does not know that he has received a ban of eternity, which commits him and which could help him (to navigate the Egyptian waters).

But I couldn't take it anymore. I told his mother that I was leaving, that I couldn't stand being in the cemetery, that I would break.

And I left in the direction of the foothills of the mountain, where were the lands of my family. And without proposing it, I arrived at the Benedictine Convent. And there I was listening to those masses in two altars, and Gregorian chants. He remembered that in this convent had retired the painter Fray Peilro Suliercaseaux, that Irene knew. I asked to speak with him. And he received me in the garden, in the evening. He remembered her.

"-Quó bella! An elical..."

I told him that I had died ofmel lung.

"This disease has a mystical side; unlike cancer, it produces a sense of resignation and surrender".

I gave him lodging for the night. He looked deep into my eyes,

and gave it to me. I had co rrentlled everything.

I could not sleep. I got up in my cell at five o'clock in the morning, the hour of matins and first masses. I went to the garden, sat down on the ground and let my head fall between my arms. Friar Subercaseaux found me, extended a hand and helped me up.

"-Go to the funeral," he said to me. "-Thank you, brother...!"

His mother saw me arrive unsurprised, and smiled brightly at me.

Irene had rested on a wooden table, dressed in her bridal veil. Thus she was placed inside the coffin.

I went with her and Julio Dittborn in an automobile behind the horse-drawn funeral carriage.

In the cemetery was Mattern. When they lowered the coffin, I was at his side. And the lid opened by itself so that I could see his face and his liquid gold hair again.

Pastor Karle said that "she was a daughter of the light," and related that "when Schiller was dying he saw his mother approaching him, bringing a young man by the hand, holding a flower. With that flower she touched the forehead of the dying poet. Irene was also a flower.

And we were on our way back. We marched along the dirt roads of the cemetery. I was next to Matte ru. Deeply moved, he said to me:

"-This is a very old Aryan Saga. It's their Saga..."

Then, I felt that I was being called from far away. And it was Irene's voice, asking me:

"-Come on, don't go away, man leave me alone.... The wedding is coming".

And I saw myself, alone. And, there, "at the foot of his grave, in the midday sun, in the shadow of the light, I felt that we were married.... Her remaining energy was passing from her dead body to my substance. Therefore, she was not buried in the earth, but in my soul. Something of her eternity belongs to me". And if today her grave were to be opened, nothing would be found there but an Es pa da), for she is in me. I am she!

SAHAM!

+++

1. From my book "The Mysteries.

*"So long the way
Be still,
Wife meet ego irt
Some other day II
hope trot /alte r
External iri/liieitce*

*"You [niece tart q rerido for me.
This ao That a ainor ferretto,
Qt/e of man and o /o runyer oyri.siorito.
Uiio force miu clio inó:s poŨei-osa
In m rndos esy irituales
n ues/ros o/mns ii/ie.
ii el el ti.em po, nor the space
can cut the chain of the chain so we
can cut the chain of the chain.
No matter how strong the point is
We are going to find another one.
Us new day".*

A SUEÑO

"Quión Llama en los I lielos" was left unfinished, in the same paragraph where I finished reading to Irene. I could not continue it. And so it was published by Nascimento, five years later, in 1957, when I was in India. Also "The Angel in the Window of the West" was not translated. Lull wig Zeller, the translator of "The Great Elegies" by I4öldelr in, wanted to finish the translation at *my* request. I presented it to "Mittí i" Klatt. But it was not successful either. Only recently has the book been published in Spain, with the foreword that Julius Evola made for the Italian edition.

Mrs. E rlwig Klatt, our "M utti", our "Madrecita", was the one who first learned of my distress and desperation. Nothing, not even my memory of Antarctica, nor my conversations with the Master gave me any consolation. I was rlestruiJed, humanly disoriented. But I knew that Hi tier could understand me, for he had experienced something similar to the death of his niece. And he fulfilled a ritual, to the last on this external earth, in remembrance of his *She*.

In "The Tibetan Book of the Dead", the "Bardo Todol", he looked up the *post inorterii* rite. I also asked the Master what I could do to resurrect her.

"First you have to resurrect yourself. And with you, she will be resurrected. There is a *mantra* for this. But it will only take effect if it is uttered by a *Resurrected One*."

Then, "Mutti" traveled to Valparaíso. And there he had a dream:

"I dream with Irene

"(April 6, 1952, at two o'clock in the morning).

*"For the second uez uueloo to release with Irene. The first time was not very clear. Now it is repeated colt clarity and I get up to copy it. **Estó** radia rt te; but with a gesture of concern eri her luminous face. neo trying to approach rt someone, uri man pacing and sitting nervously. She has a large sheet of paper eri la murio. She turns to me and shows it to me. I read on it.*

*"Miguel Serrano. "For
every day:*

*"M o r n i n g Star, Be born
and rriarii{téstate in me, In
deep and radiance.*

*"W Td, Spirit, ifqunda My
amaia and renew Me.*

*"Full of You and that
All the rest is gone! "For you:
Up with the heart!*

*"If you want to sow for Eternity, sow in the deep, infinite
[aquitades of man, in his fantasy and in his heart. You can't.'*

*"When I finished writing the suerto, I felt of une oo to Irene near
and I lled " corro in waves a coriteutainieiito, that came from it
and lienó me to mt of joy."*



El Héroe resucitado le devuelve la Eternidad a su ELLA, tras haber cruzado las llamas y portando también el cadáver de su camarada, "Jasón".

EL y ELLA se desposan junto al fuego sacro de los arios hiperbóreos y sellan el pacto por la Eternidad: *"Iunctio dextrarum"*.



La Walkiria Allouine recibe a Avris en el Walhalla.

This dream, this message, had the mysterious particularity of putting a balm in my heart, until the present days. Since then, I get up in the mornings and contemplate the morning Star, Venus, Quetzalcoatl, Lucibel, the Most Beautiful Light, and I pronounce that prayer that Allouine taught me. And from that distant star, the waves and vibrations of light come to me, like a caress from her hands. And then, I feel that she has really made wings grow in my heart. And I discover that Irene's name, written backwards and adding a "v" at the beginning and an "s" at the end, is *V-ENERI-!* Just as Leonardo, who also found the Face of his soul in the Gioconda, would write it.

Yes, I have tried to "create for Eternity, sowing in the deep, infinite faculties of man, in his fantasy and in his heart". Thus I have realized my work; my Mi to.

Before leaving for India I went with my daughter to the cemetery. She was very small, only five years old. On the paths we found a flower. I picked it up and carried it to the grave of Papan, from Allouine.

When we were returning, taking her by the hand, she said to me: "Dad, you are in love with Irene...".

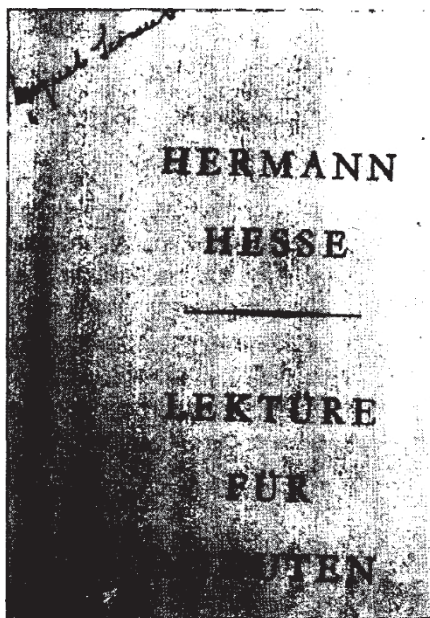
"-Yes, my daughter, even beyond this life and beyond death..."

The *Fü hrer* had told me, I still had to find my Walkiria. Now I could continue the search, I was complete; I could continue the Combat. No matter what happened to me, because *She* would be waiting for me in Walhalla, with open arms to give me a hundredfold, together with *Him*, what I had lost here and to remake my broken heart with *zu A-Mor*.

"Because - as the '*Popol-Vuh*' says: "*There is nothing more beautiful in this dead man than to be resurrected after having been torn to pieces. ..*"



Irene. I
sent this
photo to
Hermann
Hesse.



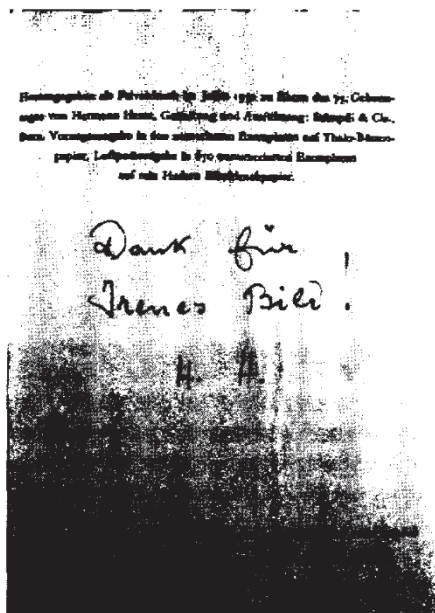
Portome off libro fr Hermann
Hesse, "Lektüre für Minuy n".

m o
u

Herzogsbibliothek der Universität zu Bonn am 17. Februar 1931
Geschenke von Hermann Hesse, Gekaufte und Erbschaft: Schöpfung & Co.
Bonn. Vorzugsausgabe in der schönsten Ausstattung auf Thier-Bücher-
papier, Leinwandgebundene in 8vo formatierte Bände
auf sehr feinem Buchdruckpapier.

Dank für
Irenes Bild.

Handwritten words by
Hermann Hesse at the end of
the same book, thanking
Irene for her photograph.



I wrote a letter to Hermann Hesse:

"Slantioz o de Chile, June 12, 1952.

"Dear Mr. Hesse.

"A year has soon passed since I visited him at his home in Lugario. I am sending you now a photograph. I know that this picture will bring you joy in your heart. It is the picture of urt ofmn, if an alrrio can be delayed. Look at those eyes, that smile, so tender, so sweet and melaacolic. The being who thus leans out of the window and smiles, seems to know everything, corrects himself that he is only a visitor there and then he leaves, returns to the shadows of the ririisterto, to the dark river that lies at his back and that awaits her. Forgive and look dulcerrieite, smile in tns/on/e ert lo eternity.

"After my return from Europe, I was gazing for a moment at this soul at the window and her radiance pierced me. I met her just a few months before her departure from this world and together we talked about you. She loved you and wanted to write or send you anything that would make you happy. She knew all your works, and, even more, she knew you through your works. Today I am, erw ioridole your

/The human form is a mi.sterium, a mi.sterium, a rapid palpitation of light. The human form is a mi.sterio, a rópida pal pitacióii of the light. And, then, nothing for rt aestros oJ Tt in this fracc ión rios is given a similar uision, one such glory radiating from some point, then this redeems us and helps us in uida and eri muerle.

"Irene Klatt was the name of this rtiuchacлта who fought her way through the weaknesses of a cruel en[ernity, which she overcame, because, as she knew, enerrnity is a test to [ortalize the spirit, which in overcoming death, or what we think of it as such, is liberated, trans - forrria and glori fica. If this iicyiilso and discipliia is filled to the end, then is born ei rnt/o and the sirtiboío that [ec undan our al rnos of hernia nos and of lovers. The soul odq utere tai uez a%rrrio that can become ufiá rriisina for many. In that common form we will comalgaremos and we will unite perhaps Gnós beyond ía uida and of the death.

"I write this to you at the command of uri impulse. Irene Klatt, a descendant of Germans, was a cultured and extraordinarily spiritual being. He was a poet, an artist and a saint. And, more than this, she was beautiful, very beautiful. To Germany I owe the greatest emotions. To Afemnnio and o stis ltimos.

"I think that if Ire rie Klant, or whoever her name was, knew a little about you, /om6ie'ri it is only fair that before you leave you know about her and that you recognize her, because, perhaps, you have always known her, too.

"With the most sincere affection, your friend

"Miguel S!erratio.

Hermann Hesse's response was almost immediate: a beautiful book of his, in very fine paper: *"LeL'tü re fii r Miniiteii"*. And on the last page, written in ink and in his handwriting: *"Dond für Irieres Bild!"*

"Thank you for the photograph of Irene!"

PAVANA

*"Crra n zeu s, só lualo! O elía lentaró a tus pres a
relatarle la iarga lista de sus iargas
penas!"*

Ezra Pound
(Paraphrase
)

"Princess Papon was cold. It was uri cold of the bones, cold of the alriia. Because Princess Pa póii had died. And after she died, she was resurrected. Then, her hermiono Moctezumo uico from leJ'os, from Te nocfiti//ón, lu city of the roofs of gold. He stood beside his sister, but without touching her, for he was afraid of that [river. Of that cold that was passing into her heart. Because when a Princess dies, it passes whole to the heart of her hernian. And there nor ue. there it begins to utuir se death. And if Papon was now resuscitating, shivering with cold, it was only because of my short and only pure time to narrate to his brother the utstones of his death. Visions that, after all, he knew so deep in his heart.

*"W **Papon** told him about the **White Gods**.*

"Antaíio, mu and antaíio, those Gods came in the Oasis of Ice. Then they went through the waters and, through them, they came to this world.

"But what does it all matter?

"The only thing that counts is the Oasis that everyone fills in the center of his heart. A warm Oasis, surrounded by ice. And that is where the dead rest, like autumn leaves. That's where they die. There they endure. That is why Papon could not continue her life after her resurrection. She knew that the world was born. That there was no more space, that her place was in the heart of her brother Montezuma, where the gold of Tenocltitlári reuerberaba and the heat of the ice discovered the eternal uida.

'W that's why Papon uolnized to rriorir.

"And how many times has he died since then! The last judge was here, next to my heart.

*He could not believe it. And [ni Remiten up to his dead body, surrounded by golden loops, corno los tec llos de Tenoclitlári. And I kissed his dead lips, and rrie querrié of cold. Their joints were riie traspasarort. And I knew of the White Gods and the pain of caruinas through the waters that depart from the distant **Paradise**.*

"Papon, mt sister, was covered with a nonia uelo. She was betrothed in her death.



ENOIA -ELLA-,
the Mental Woman.

The priestesses of Esoteric Hitlerism, in a
ritual ceremony of the Third Reich.



The Puii al Sacro of the
Hyperborean Druids, which
the Magician Dagda
probably also carried,
together with his Harp.
With it, the lazos of the
Eternal Return were cut and
one entered the Eternity of
the Absolute Self.

"It is so gue for some can no longer exist another form of uiioon [nero than the one established by ani lee rmana Papan. She deótó mortr pure reir acer in my heart. And there she began to uiuir, de.s porada, surrounded, giraticlo cleritro of mt blood. She fell into my heart, like a cold, like a golden Gtoja from the roofs of Tetiocli titlón.

"With her inside, I walk the iriuiido, agitated by strange orisia, but immóut eri my courage. I will look at the innndo with her eyes, I will want for it what happens outside. And he looked inward for me. And when I carry, I'll follow Papon's orders.

'W someone rrie will wait for the Blataco Gods.

"This is the ring of the de sposado, the one that existed o/@fino uez in the Parattheo.

"It is iarribién the oui llo of loneliness.

'W the diéílogos that are in he bron in the solitude, are the dialogues of Papán. And the being that I want to be in solitude is Princess Pa pl n. And the ring that I have around my finger, is the ring of Popóri. If the invisible monkey is in my heart and I know the days and hours that lie ahead of me. Weaving the fabric of loneliness between the horiibres, we can perhaps bear the [river of the Oaxis, which is not look atthe cold of the Popon Vision.

"This rite is simple. All that is needed is to empty the heart, exhaust all its blood, burn it in life, leave it dry and dry, so that it can be filled by the Visions of Papon.

"We will have to learn how to cross over, to show the Star of the Mariana; to watch the uitelo of those one.s opc uras that rise from the earth and are tmpreg non of its soft lranspareiic ía; to learn how to fall those /iojos promisortn.s, that are deaprenden of the sol/, as in the autumn of the beam.

'W then, may one of the petals of the morning light ffor descended on your eyelids and close them, so that we may laugh more this autumn of the lrz. And to open our eyes ol near the ice.

"A flouta de nte ue narraró esto Itietoria".

EPILOGUE

This second book of the "Memoirs of Him and Me" was completed in the early morning of November 1, in the 107th year of the Age of Hitler (the "Witching Hour"), on the Druidic Feast of Snmfinin, when the veil that separates this world from the other becomes very thin, or disappears. And the Wizard of Music, *Dagda*, who traveled with a harp, was ritually united (*Mysterium Coniunctionis*) with the goddess *Morrigan*. Avris is betrothed to Al louine, for a short time, to be separated again... Until a new Day of *Snrn/inin*. The Catholics have taken over this feast by transforming it into "All Souls' Day" and "All Saints' Day".

Mas, *AURUM NOS-TRUM NON AURUM VUEGI*.

Our gold is the liquid gold (from Papan's Hair) that we drink and that we delivers Eternal Life.

The first volume of this *Opera* was in black (*Nigredo*), the present volume is in whiteí Albedol, the third and last will be in red (*Rubedo*, reddening, "gilding"). The "cit *rinitas*" phase: the Resurrection of the Flesh-Astral, red, of Vnyrn. Hard as ruby, as diamond. Immortal.



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